FIGHING IN THE PHILIPPINES

Interesting Story of Events By Lieut. Orrin Rawson Wolfe, Who Is Home to Recuperate From Wounds.

WO holes through the left lung, two through the left arm just above the elwo, all plowed by the same bullet-these are the souvenirs that First Lieut. Orrin Rawson Wolfe, of the Twenty-second United States infantry, has brought home with him as the result of little more than a year's campaign in the Philippines.

Lieut. Wolfe got rather a short leave of absence, when it is remembered that 100 men out of his regiment, and two officers, have stacked arms for all time.

Lieut. Wolfe entered the regular army eleven years ago, falling in the footsteps of his father, Lieut. William Vernon Wolfe, who made Louisville his home. The Lieutenant's mother lives at 920 Fourth avenue, and it is she that he has come home to visit. He returned from Manila on the transport Meade, which left there May 5, and reached San Francisco J ne 4. He expects to remain here for at least two months, or until his wounds are sufficiently healed to admit of his resuming soldier life.

The Twenty-second infantry sailed for the Philippines one year ago the first day of February last, and ever since its arrival there has seen much hard service, losing, as stated, a number of men in killed and wounded, in addition to two officers killed, Col. Egbert, to the memory of whom a monument has just been erected at Cincinnati, and Capt. Geo. J. Godfrey, the latter being shot down on June 7, in the same section where Lieut. Wolfe was so badly wound-

This latter incident happened on the night of March 24, about 100 miles north of Manila, in a mountainous section of country. As the aide-de-camp of Gen. Funston, the famous little fighter, Lieut. Wolfe accompanied his chief on the expedition in question, the object of which was to capture the Filipino General, Pio del Pilar, a celebrated fighter, who has since been taken. A native guide led the party, which consisted of the officers and twenty mounted scouts. Finally, about 3:30 o'clock in the morning. Funston told his men to dismount. The horses were tied in a circle and left to take care of themselves.

"Then," said Lieut. Wolfe, "began a march, or I should say a crawl, of about three miles, for a good portion of the distance we were compelled to make on all fours to escape observation, the object being to get in between the outposts of the enemy and their camp. This we succeeded in doing, and by about 4:30 o'clock in the morning we had reached a point within about thirty yards of where the men were sleeping in rows. A single man was sitting beside the camp-fire, but he didn't discover us. We partly surrounded the sleepers and then opened fire, killing half a dozen and wounding others, but Gen. Pllar, the man we were after, escaped.

"I had fired my carbine twice and was just in the act of sighting for a third shot at a Filipino standing on a little rise twenty-five yards away, when he saved me the trouble.

"His gun flashed fire, then I felt stunned. I knew I had been shot. In dread of falling and bleeding to death in the darkness without anyone finding me, I staggered to one of my scouts, who

stretched me out on the ground. I then began to choke with blood from my lung. There was no surgeon in the party, and I was told afterward that my case seemed very hopeless to the men, who, however, built a bamboo litter, four men carrying me to the point where the horses were stationed. Here a horse litter, made by one horse being placed in front of the other, the litter swinging in between them, was constructed, and all that day and until 12 o'clock that night we marched. Reaching San Isidro at midnight, we found a surgeon, and thereafter I received the best of attention.

"It was found the ball had passed entirely through the fleshy portion of my left arm, entered the breast below the left nipple, passing entirely through the lung and coming out near the shoulder blade. Yes, I had a pretty serious time for a while, but I'm nearly well

"How about the situation in the Philippines at the present time?"

"Well, the large battles are over," replied the Lieutenant. "Gen. Lawton's last campaign into Northern Luzon broke up the big armies of insurgents. I had the honor to serve under Gen. Lawton on two of his expeditions. I had previously served with him in Cuba. He was the ideal soldier and knew how to fight. In the Philippines he was with the advance guard all the time. He rode a large American horse, wore a white duck uniform and a white helmet, thus presenting a fine target for the enemy. The wonder is that he was not killed long before.

"As to the situation now, the better class of citizens are allied with the United States, and the principal towns have been garrisoned for the protection of the loyal inhabitants. Of course, It will take time to end the fighting, which is now little more than guerrilla warfare on the part of the natives opposing our troops. These bands have never had respect for any form of government and never will until forced to do so.

"It is a beautiful country over therea country of wonderful resources. Money is to be made later on.

"For thirty miles around Manila the whole landscape is as level as a floor. The old walled city of Manila in contrast with what is known as the new city is a curlosity. A great many of the people are well educated and have studied in Paris or London. From this class the United States Government receives most loyal support."

MAIL NEWS FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

A detachment of the 22d Inf. recently had an interesting experience while in the Igorrote country, in the mountains of the province of Nueva Viscaya. Seventy men were in the detachment under Lieut. William H. Wassell, with Lieut. O. R. Wolfe second in command. The column started from Bayambang for the northeast of Dagupan. The trail dropped into the bed of a stream, and for four miles they waded and struggled in that narrow way. The heavy forests along this stream were alive with monkeys that chattered and called. Many deer and hundreds of brightly colored parrots and paroquets were seen. These birds would gather in flocks and set up a concerted cry that sounded just like the football yell of a crowd of college boys.

The destination was Quiangan, high up on a mountainside. It was reached at 7:30 at night. A stockade surrounded it. Lieuts. Wassell and Wolfe made dispositions to meet an attack, and then the two officers, with a guide, went boldly up to the stockade and knocked. With a great groaning the big gate was opened, and the chief and his guards were found ready to receive the visitors; the chief proved hospitable,

and the Americans were not molested.

Lieut. Wassell was cautioned repeatedly by the natives about allowing his men without the village-even for fifty yards-as the non-Christians of the tribe were known to be on the lookout for stragglers. But this caution was scarcely necessary, for one poor fellow of the command had been seized before reaching Quiangan, while loitering along in the rear. Later he was found with head and arms hacked off, the severed head raised aloft on a long bamboo by the trail-the work of "head hunters." During the two weeks the command stayed at the place they had no salt and the unvarying saltless rice became sickening. Lieut. Wassell became seriously ill of fever.

The greatest care has to be exercised by our men in going beyond the outposts. On Feb. 22 two hospital corps men, A. Medlock and E. Sexton, left the hospital building at Santa Cruz, south of Manila, saying they were going for a swim in the river. At night they had not returned and a scouting party failed to find them. It is supposed they were captured by insurgents.

INDIANA COLLECTION

TO THE THE PARTY OF THE PARTY O TALK WITH LIEUT. WOLFE.

Back from the Philippines and Says the War Is Over.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT. FORT LEAVENWORTH, KAN., June 16. -Lieut. O. R. Wolfe, 22d Regular Infantry, arrived at Fort Leavenworth last night, where he will be stationed for some time until he recovers his health. He was wounded twice, once through the left lung and the second time in the arm when he was with Gen. Young's command, that started from Malolos to capture Aguinaldo. He was in the hospital at Manila a long time, and

finally come home to fully regain his health. Lieut. Wolfe says that the fighting in the Philippines is about over and that not much importance is now attached to the capture of Aguinaldo.

'Aguinaldo is no longer a factor in the was Lieut. Wolfe's reply when asked about him. "His power has been broken and there are a number of petty native chiefs in the islands whose influence at the present is much more potent. His capture, in my opinion, would make no difference in

the situation one way or the other. His influence has probably been overrated from

the start. When asked about the general situation in the Philippines, Lieut. Wolfe replied. "There will be no more heavy engagements. The fighting will be limited to the outposts and to attacks on small squads of our troops by bands of rebels who do their principal fighting by ambushing unfortunate stragglers who may be caught away from their commands. The fighting in the Philippines at the present time is that of a guerrilla nature, similar to that conducted by the Indians on the frontier for so many years. The large organized bodies of rebels have been scattered to the four winds. The natives engaged in this guerrilla fighting are not of the better class. They seem to be a class who would rebel against any gov-ernment and are simply brigands. They have no special love for their own countrymen, but will destroy all who may oppose them if they can.

"The upper class of the Filipinos are favorable to American rule, and wherever I have been brought in contact with them have found them loyal and willing to do all in their power to help the men from this country. Treachery among the natives has been confined to the rougher element, and the marauding bands that infest the country, and whose hand is apparently against

"The towns of importance are being garrisoned as rapidly as possible. Of course, at the commencement of the trouble in the islands it was impossible to do this on account of the lack of troops, but now that this trouble has been remedied the work of garrisoning is progressing steadily. For miles around Manila you would not think there was any fighting in the island. The inhabitants pursue their usual avocations and seem to be contented."

Lieut. Orrin Rawson Wolfe, who has been home on a short visit to his mother, Mrs. Mary R. Wolfe, left last week for New York. Mrs. Wolfe will join him in ten days, and they will spend the summer in the East. Lieut. Wolfe is recuperating from a wound received in a battle in the Philippines, and as soon as he has recovered he will return to his regiment.

A friend received a letter from the Hygeia Hotel, Old Point Comfort, from Mrs. Mary R. Wolfe, who is there with her son, Lleut. Orrin Rawson Wolfe, who is convalescing from a wound he received through the lung in the Philippines last spring. She says: "Rawson seems improving, but is under the constant care of the surgeon, and is not allowed to dance or go in bathing, which is pretty hard in him. Dr. J. M. Mathews and Mr. and Mrs Clarence Turner, from Louisville, are here and Mrs. Harry Somers, of Elizabethtown, Everyone is nice to Rawson, and make quite a hero of him. Capt. Robley Evars (Fighting Bob) is here at his cottage with

his family. They are charming people, he always has a good story to tell."

Lieut. Orrin R. Wolfe, of the Twenty second United States infantry, a Louis ville boy, who since his return from Manila has been visiting Secretary James Kerr at his home in Pennsy. vania, arrived here to-day to meet his mother, Mrs. Mary R. Wolfe, who is en route from Louisville. Lieut. Wolfe and his mother will take up temporary quarters at the Ebbitt, but later expect to spend some time at one of the n. merous suburban hotels in the vicinity of the city. * * *

Mrs. Mary Rawson Wolfe has returned from New York and the East, where she has been spending the past six months with her son, Orrin Rawson Wolfe. The latter was on recruiting serve ice in Trenton, N. J., during October an November, and was subsequently stationed at Fort Slocum, N. Y., until ten days ago, when he went to San Francisco with one hundred and seventy-five recruits. will sail soon for the Philippines with his regiment, the Twenty-second United States infantry.

Leave on surgeon's certificate of disability granted First Lieut. Orrin R. Wolfe, Twentysecond Infantry, is extended two months.

CHEERING NEWS OF HER SON

Cablegram From Manila to Mrs. Mary R. Wolfe

Mrs. Mary R. Wolfe of 920 Fourth street, received a cablegram from Manila yesterday morning under the date of April 6 from Lieut. Davidson, which read, "Wolfe all right." Several days ago Mrs. Wolfe received a telegram from the war department at Washington, stating that her son, Lieut. Orrin Wolfe had been shot through the lungs in a skirmish with the insurgents.

The message received yesterday by Mrs. Wolfe is, of course, a great relief in her. She is now eagerly awaiting further details which will doubtless arrive by mail in due time. Lieut. Wolfe is a member of the twenty-second infantry.

During the past month Mrs. Mary Wolf has received several very interesting letters from her gallant young son, Lieut. Orrin Rawson Wolf, who is with his regiment, the Twenty-second infantry, at Manila. One of the letters was written in the trenches five miles from the town and one was fifty-one days reaching Mrs. Wolf. Lieut. Wolf says the insurgents are terrible fighters; being fanatic, they have no fear of death. He had been in three fights. When the Army Bill added new companies to each of the regiments Lieut Wolf was detailed to form and drill one for the Twenty-second, called L company, He wrote: "My company behaved beautifully in their first fight and I was mighty proud of them, because I have, as it were, raised. them all and trained them myself." Six years ago, in 1893, Lieut. Wolf's grandmother had a barrel of china packed at a store here in Louisville, little thinking it would be opened first in Manila. She sen' It to Fort Keogh, Mont., but he had gone to Lame Deer. When the china reached there it was sent after him to Pembina, up on the British line, to Fort Leavenworth, Kan., Fort Cook, Neb., ard at last to Manila, where it was opened for his mess last month. It speaks well for the skillful hands that packed it that the Lieutenant found only one small dish broken after all its travels. Lieut, Wolf's First Sergeant was killed right by his side and he also lost his Colonel, the lamented Col. Egbert, so well known in Kentucky so beyond doubt his regiment was in the thickest of the fighting.

LIEUTENANT WOLF SHOT.

Telegram Received From Him in the Philippine Islands.

A telegram has been received by Mrs. Mary Wolf, of 920 Fourth avenue, from Assistant Adjt. Gen. Johnson, at Washington, informing her that her son, Lieut. Orin Wolf, had been wounded in an engagement on the Island of Luzon, on March 24. She received a telegram from her son yesterday, stating that he was all right. From the official report it seems that young Wolf was shot through the lung.

EXPECTED TO-NIGHT.

Lieut. Wolfe Invalided Home From the Philippines.

Lieut. Ralston Wolfe, of the United States volunteer army, who was wounded in the Philippines and was invalided home, is expected in Louisville this evening. He will spend some time with his mother, Mrs. Mary Wolfe, of 920 Fourth avenue.



IEUT. ORRIN RAWSON WOLFE, who has numerous relatives and friends in Louisville, belongs to the Twenty-second infantry, which is now with Gen. Wheaton's command in the Philippines, and was in the fight last week when the town of Pasig was captured. After taking a most gallant part in the late war Lieut. Wolfe came home on sick leave, and was for some months very seriously ill with fever, and his mother, Mrs. Mary Wolfe, of this city, went East to nurse him. Her last letter from him was received recently from Honolulu, where he spent several days on his way to Manila. He was charmed with everything in Honolulu, and said the shops were particularly attractive, and compared very favorably with those in New York.

O'TITUTE TO THE OWNER OF THE OWNER OWNER OF THE OWNER OWNER

LIEUT. WOLFE, OF LOUISVILLE, SHOT ON ISLAND OF LUZON.

Went With the Twenty-third Regiment and Is On Gen. Kobbe's Staff.

First Lieut. Orin N. Wolfe, of Louisville, who is with the Twenty-third infantry on the Island of Luzon, in the Philippines, was seriously wounded in a battle fought last Saturday. This news was received here last evening in a telegram from the War Department to Lieut. Wolfe's mother, Mrs. M. I. Wolfe, of 920 Fourth avenue. Lieut. Wolfe got his commission in November, 1893. He was a hard student and rose from the ranks, having enlisted in the regular army as a private.

The wording of the telegram would indicate that he is not expected to live. He was an aide on Gen. Kobbe's staff.

Mrs. George S. Hoyt, who has been seriously ill for the past six weeks, at her home, 920 Fourth avenue, was able to be out yesterday.

Philippine Casualty Bulletin.

Washington, March 30.—Maj. Gen.
Otis' latest casualty list is as follows:
Manila, March 30.—Killed: Luzon, Fortyfifth infantry, March 20, Camilig, Company
M, James T. Hill: Samar, Forty-third infantry, March 8, Mataguino, Company H,
Eibridge H. Webster: March 11, Lanang,
Company I, Ferdinand W. Myer: Panay,
Eighteenth infantry, March 22, Cabugcabug, Company L, Max Hohne, Corporal,
Wounded: Luzon, Twenty-second in-

bug, Company L. Max Hohne, Corporal.
Wounded: Luzon, Twenty-second infantry, March 24, Penaranda, First Lieut.
Orrin R. Wolfe, lung, severe: Thirty-fourth infantry, Company C. James E. Murphy, elbow, severe: Thirty-seventh infantry, March 20, Camilig, Company G. Floyd Hummer, Sergeant, wounded in feet, serious: Forty-fifth infantry, March 18, Polangui, Company A. Odis Smith, Corporal, wounded in thigh, slight: Forty-seventh infantry, March 14, Gulnobaton, Company I, Thomas J. Gould: March 20, Camilig, George H. Momeny, Corporal, Muphileyete: Forty-third infantry, March 13, Hilongos, Company C, James F, Burns, wounded in chest, serious; Panay, Eighteenth infantry, March 22, Cabuycabug, Company L,

PROBABLY FATALLY WOUNDED IN PHILIPPINE BATTLE

John G. Carl, Sergeant, mortally.

A telegram from the war department to Mrs. M. I. Wolfe, 920 Fourth avenue, announces the fact that her son, First Lieut. Orin N. Wolfe, of Louisville, has been seriously wounded in the Philippines. Lieut. Wolfe enlisted as a private and earned his promotion by hard work. He received his commission in November, 1893.

He was an aide of Gen. Kobbe's staff and was wounded in the battle of last Saturday. The telegram was very brief, but it indicated that the young man is not expected to live.

LIEUT. WOLFE IMPROVING

Cablegram States That the Wounded Louisville Boy Is Doing Nicely.

Mrs. Mary R. Wolfe, 220 Fourth avenue, received a cablegram from Manila, saying her son, Lieut. Orrin Rawson Wolfe, who was so severely wounded in the lungs at Penaranda March 24, is getting along all right. The cablegram was from an officer of leut. Wolfe's regiment, the

"WOLFE ALL RIGHT"

CABLEGRAM FROM MANILA TO MRS. WOLFE REGARDING HER SON.

Mrs. Mary R. Wolfe, of Fourth avenue, between York and Breckinridge, received this morning from Manila under date of April 6, a cablegram from Lieut. Davidson, which read: "Wolfe all right."

Several days ago Mrs. Wolfe received a telegram from the War Department stating that her son, Lieut. Orrin Wolfe, had been shot in the lung and very seriously injured.

To-day's cablegram direct from Manila naturally gives great relief to Mrs. Wolfe's anxiety.

The Trine

Mrs. Mary R. Wolfe has received a letter from her son, Capt. Orrin Rawson Wolfe, of the Twenty-second United States infantry, announcing his arrival at San Pidro on his way to the city of Manila. Capt. Wolfe was badly wounded in the Philippines and was home on sick leave for nearly a year. During the time he was promoted to a Captaincy for distinguished bravery. He is a son of the late Lieut. Wolfe, of the United States army, and a grandson of one of Kentucky's greatest lawyers.

ILLNESS -

OF A BRAVE SOLDIER.

Lieut. Rawson Wolfe Seriously Sick in This City.

Acute Gastritis Follows Fever and He May Die.

Lieut. Rawson Wolfe, of the Twenty-second Infantry, U. S. A., is lying seriously ill at the home of his mother, on Fourth avenue, between York and Breckinridge streets, and his life is despaired of. Lieut. Wolfe was in the thick of all the fighting before Santiago de Cuba, and, while there he contracted a fever.

Along with a number of other sick soldiers he was brought to the general hospital at Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, L. I. He was there joined by his mother. He recovered very rapidly, and was brought to Louisville last week and was able to be on the street. It was thought that he had about recovered from the fever, and that he would be as well as ever after a short rest.

Friday he suffered a recurrent attack of acute gastritis, and his condition has since been considered most serious. Yesterday he had a number of hemorrhages, and for a while it was thought that he could not live through the night. This morning his condition is slightly improved, and his physicians have hopes of his pulling through.

ci

hall

Gen

cape

Two years ago Lieutenant Wolfe enlisted in the army as a private. By dint of hard work and study he rose rapidly, and finally was appointed Second Lieutenant. At Santiago he commanded his company, his Captain having been wounded, and the First Lieutenant of the company being absent. His record there was a fine one, and he received the highest praise from his commanding officers. He is well known and popular in Louisville, having been reared and educated here.

"HULLO."

Wen you see a man in woo Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo" an "how d'ye do!"
How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Ering yer han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "hullo!"

Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wroppin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true.
Hale, an' hearty "how d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crawd to go,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"

Wen big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot and sail away.
Jest the same are you an meLonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let yer speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift yer hom an cry "hulle!"

Say "hullo" an' "how d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en yer leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the far-away.
W'en you travel through the strange
Country tother side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, an' say "hullo!"

LIEUT. WOLFE

Sick in the General Hospital at Montauk Point.

Had Command of a Company in the Santiago Fighting.

Mrs. Mary C. Wolf of 920 Fourth avenue, received a telegram Saturday evening from her son, Second Lieut. Rawson Wolf, stating that he had arrived at Montauk Point on a transport from Santiago after a week's voyage. He is suffering from malarial fever and is now in the general hospital at Montauk Point. His condition, however, is not serious and it is expected that he will be discharged from the hospital within a few days. Mrs. Wolfdeft today for Montauk Point to be with him.

Lieut. Wolfmentered the army about three years ago as a private and by dint of hard work went up from the ranks and was given a commission. He was assigned to the Twenty-second infantry and took part in all the engagements in front of Santiago de Cuba.

In one of the first battles the Captain of his company was wounded and had to retire. As the First Lieutenant was not with the company, Lieut. Wolf took command and led the company through the other engagements. He displayed great bravery, for which it is more than probable that he will recure recognition in the way of a promotion.

A telegram from Lieut. O. R. Wolfz of the Twenty-second infantry, announces that he has arrived at Montauk Point and is in the general hospital there suffering with malarial fever. His mother will leave to-day to attend him.

SOLDIER'S RETURN

Lieut. Rawson Wolfe, of the Twenty-second Infantry, which fought at Santiago, returned home last night from Cincipnati, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Mary Wolfe. He has entirely recovered from the attack of fever from which he suffered.

WILL S. HAYS TO JOHN A. STRATTON.

Friend of my old friend—friend of myself,
And husband of a noble wife,
Let me congratulate you on this day,
The honored birthday of your useful
life.

In common with your many, many friends, In lodge or common life you stand An honest member and an honest man

With open honest heart and willing hand.

God bless you, John, shall ever be my prayer.

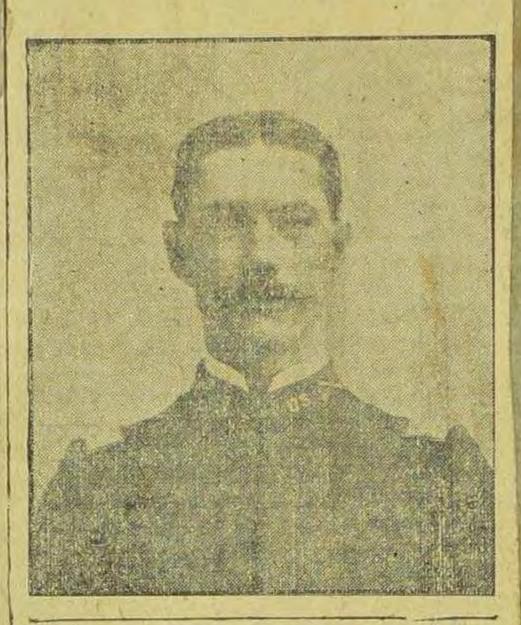
May you be happy all life's sunny days, And as you journey through the walks of

I hope you'll always think of

WILL S. HAYS.

LIEUT. ORRIN RAWSON WOLFE.

Lieut. Orrin Rawson Wolfe is a young Kentuckian who is with the troops of the regular army now at Mobile. Lieut. Wolfe was named for his grandfather, Mr. Orrin Rawson, a well-known Louisville merchant of other days; he is also a grandson of the legal Goliath, Nat Wolfe, the great criminal lawyer of Kentucky, who was even the peer of Ben Hardin. Mr. Hardin, it is said, gave a laughable account of the sensation created once when Mr. Wolfe arrived in Elizabethtown to oppose him in a murder trial. He said when he went to the barbershop to be shaved the barber announced: "Mr. Wolfe has come to town." Hearing it on all sides, he went home, when his daughter called to him, before he was off his horse, "Pa, Mr. Wolfe has arrived in a barouche drawn by four horses and filled with



law books." He hurried into the house and sat down to dinner to his favorite dish of bacon and snap beans, when his wife began: "Mr. Hardin, Mr. Wolfe has come to town." He pushed his plate away, for his appetite was all gone, and exclaimed: "My God! Betsy, can't a man eat his dinner in peace even if Wolfe has come to town?"

Lieut. Wolfe is a son of the late Lieut. William Preston Wolfe, U. S. A. His mother was Miss Mary Rawson, of this city, and an old friend of the family, in speaking of him, said: "Of course he is good looking; he could not be otherwise, for his mother was one of the prettiest girls in Louisville and his father one of the handsomest of men."

He was appointed to a lieutenancy by the President in 1893 and assigned to the Twenty-second Infantry. He was on duty during the strikes, guarding the Union Pacific rallroad. He graduated last June from the Cavalry and Infantry School at Leavenworth, Kas., and immediately came to Louisville to visit his mother. He stayed some time, and was very popular with the young people he met. Later he joined his regiment at Fort Crook, Nebraska, where he remained until last week, when they were ordered to Mobile. He writes his mother that the five regiments of regulars who are now at Mobile are very much pleased, that they are encamped in a lovely pine grove near the city, and he adds enthusiastically: "They are a splendid body of men."

On his mother's side Lieut. Wolfe comes of splendid fighting stock, his grandmother having been a Putnam of the same family as grand old Gen. Israel Putnam, who was known throughout the Revolutionary army as "Old Put," and who is said to have been second to none in courage and presence of mind. When a youth, the story goes. he descended! o a savage wolf's den and shot the animal by the light of her own glaring eyes. Lieut. Wolfe's father, the late Lieut. William Wolfe, used to laughingly say: "Yes, in days of old a Putnam captured a wolf, but in my day a Wolfe captured a Putnam.

SALLIE MARSHALL HARDY.

THE PASSING SHOW: PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

I saw the other day a number of letters that Mrs. Mary Rawson Wolf of this city, has received during the Spanish-American war from her son, Lieut. Orin Rawson Wolf, of the Twenty-secand Infantry, U. S. A., who is now in the general hospital at Montauk Point, ill with fever. He sent a number of the letters in the same envelopes that had inclosed his mother's letters, just cutting the edges, turning the envelope inside out

and sewing it together again. Lieut. Wolf was a Second Lieutenant when the war began, but has been promoted to a First Lieutenancy and has been in command of his company, as his Captain, Capt. Jones, from Mississippi, was shot in the calf of the leg within fifteen yards of the Lieutenant, He says of the battle of July 11: "We started in at 7 in the morning and fought steadily, not giving away an inch, until 5 o'clock in the evening, when the Spaniards surrendered, but we practically annihilated them. I never thought men could fight in the face of such fire as we got, but they behaved just beautifully, and, just think of it, 90 per cent. of us had never been under fire before. An English officer said to me: 'I never knew men could fight so.' The Spanish were in stone block-houses and behind intrenchments, and we drove them out. Oh! the fighting was grand. The water is good here. I am literally in rags from the awful thorns and bushes in this country. We all look like beggars. Talk about the poor Cubans, we are really worse off. I have been wet all the time from the rain. No change of clothes for three weeks. When the sun comes out I wash my clothes and sit on the bank until they dry, which, fortunately, is not long. I bought a pair of blue cotton trousers from a Spaniard. I had to have them, for I was a sight. The marching through the country is awful, by paths through underbrush that you can not see more than five or six feet ahead, and may be shot at any time, and carrying four days' rations and water. I think of you all the time, especially when about to fight, but when I am in the fight I think only of my men."

Lieut. Wolfehas this to say of the Twenty-fifth infantry, colored troops:

"Not a man under six feet marching along they look splendidly and they did magnificently."

His last letter written just after he reached the hospital last week says:

"Had a pleasant trip. Have been sick with fever for three weeks; had the best of care, good food and comfortable quarters; indeed every comfort in the world here. Oh! if we only could have had it in Cuba it would have saved so many,

many lives." Lieut. Wolf is a grandson of the late Nat Wolf, the distinguished Kentucky lawyer, and of Mr. Orrin Rawson, who was many years one of Louisville's leading merchants, and he is a nephew of Mr. Vernon Wolf, of this city. His father, Lieut. William Wolf, was in the United States army and died some years ago.

In a recent letter to his mother, Mrs. Mary Wolfe, of this city, Lieut. Orrin Rawson Wolfe, who is in the Philippines with his regiment, the Twenty-second infantry, says: "Col. Warden Pope, the chief Quartermaster, is one of the most popular officers in Manila." Col. Pope is a Kentuckian, a brother of that elegant gentleman, the late Judge Alfred Pope, of this city, and an uncle of Dr. Curran Pope.

22D INFANTRY-COL. J. W. FRENCH.

1st Lieut. Orrin R. Wolfe, 22d Inf., will proceed to Fort ocum, N. Y., for duty with recruits to be sent from that ost to the Presidio of San Francisco, Cal., and will then oceed to join his company. (Nov. 23, H. Q. A.)

FROM LIEUT. WOLFE.

Louisville Boy Commanded a Company in the Battles Before Santiago.

Page

Mrs. Mary C. Wolfe, of 920 Fourth avenue, has just received several letters from her son, Second Lieutenant Rawson Wolfe, of the Twenty-second Infantry, who has taken part in all the engagements before Santiago de Cuba. A rumor reached here last week that the young officer had been killed in the fierce fighting of July 1, so his family was naturally under a great strain until the letters were received from him, telling that he had come out of all the skirmishes unscathed.

In the fighting which preceded the capture of Caney, Capt. Jones, of Wolfe's company, was wounded, and was compelled to retire. As the First Lieutenant of the company was absent, Wolfe took command and led the company throughout the other fights. He says that it now seems miraculous to him that he was not hit, considering the hot fire and the number of men that were shot down within sight of him. Wolfe says that he is in perfect health, notwithstanding the poor food and the fact that his clothes have been soaking wet nearly all the time since the troops were debarked.

Wolfe entered the army about three years ago as a private, and received his commission as Second Lieutenant about one year ago. His father before him was a soldier, he having been a First Lieutenant at the time of his death a number of years ago.

LED HIS COMPANY.

Good News From a Louisville Boy Who Was In the Santiago Fighting.

Mrs. Mary C. Wolf of 920 Fourth avenue, is in receipt of several letters from her son, Second Lieut, Rawson Wolf, of the Twenty-second infantry, who took part in all the engagements before Santiago. It was reported that the young officer had been killed, and his mother was under a great strain till the letters were received.

Lieut. Wolf was formerly a Louisville boy. He joined the army several years ago, and rose to the rank of Second Lieutenant. His company was one of the first to disembark on Cuban shores. In the fighting which preceded the capture of El Caney Capt. Jones, of the Twenty-second infantry, was wounded. The First Lieutenant was absent, and Lieut. Wolf took command of the company. He says his men obeyed every command and fought like Trojans. He saw a number of his men killed and wounded. Lieut. Wolf's company was under almost constant fire from 5 o'clock in the morning till late in the evening.

FEVER WORSE THAN BULLETS.

Gallant Lieut. Wolfe Dangerously Ill at His Louisville Home.

Lieutenant Rawson Wolfe of the U. S. A., who fought at Santiago, has fallen a victim to the dreaded fever. He is now seriously ill at the home of his mother on Fourth avenue, near York.

Lieutenant Wolfe contracted yellow fever while near Santiago. With a numof other sick soldiers he was brought to the general hospital at Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, L. I. He was there joined by his mother. He recovered very rapidly, and was brought to Louisville last week and was able to be on the street. It was thought that he had about recovered from the fever, and that he would be as well as ever after a

Friday he suffered a recurrent attack of acute gastritis, and his condition has since been considered most serious. Yesterday he had a number of hemorrhages, and for a while it was thought that he could not live through the night. This morning his condition is slightly improved, and his physicians have hopes of his pulling through.

short rest.

Two years ago Lieutenant Wolfe enlisted in the army as a private. By dint of hard work and study he rose rapidly, and finally was appointed Second Lieutenant. At Santiago he commanded his company, his-Captain having been wounded, and the First Lieutenant of the company being absent. His record there was a fine one, and he received the highest praise from his commanding officers. He is well known and popular in Louisville, having been reared and educated here.

HIS HEROES.

Said Uncle Josh, "Yes, Dewey's great; I like the way he fit firs'-rate.

"I like that feller Sampson too; He seems to know jus' what to do.

"'N' also there's a head in Schley; Seems like he's got a eagle eye.

"That young chap Hobson knows his biz; He's brave as kin be-that he is.

"'N' Watson, with his flyin' fleet. Seems like he'll do the job complete.

"I like to read about them chaps As sports them purty shoulder-straps.

"Jus' makes me cut a pigeon-wing When they turn loose an' let 'er fling.

"But 'tain't them folks as makes me yell 'N' lose my senses fer a spell.

"It ain't them folks as makes me shout Till all the villagers turns out.

"It ain't them ad-my-rals-no, sir!-That makes the old blood in me stir.

"It ain't them commydores 'n' sich That makes the muscles in me twitch.

"'It ain't them captains peart 'n' brave That makes my old voice misbehave.

"It's them that offers life, brave chaps, Without no hope of shoulder-straps.

"It's them that works with grimy breasts 'N' stands war's worst 'n' hardest tests.

"It's them that cracks a cheerful joke 'N' shows their smiles through cannonsmoke.

"It's them there naked, fearless boys A-workin' in that hell of noise,

"'N' pushin' Death aside to say. 'Git out! You're always in the way.'

"A-shootin' with so true an aim That makes Old Glory glad it came.

"Them is the boys fer Uncle Josh-The boys behind the guns, b'gosh!" -[Hobart in Baltimore News. ---

and the second second second

The medicinal qualities of nutmegs are vorthy of a great deal of attention. They are fragrant in odor, warm and grateful to he taste, and possess decided sedative, ascingent and soporine properties. In the disputing affections they will be found high-comach), cholera morbus, flatulent choic, ysentery, cholera infantum and infantile holic.

In all cases nutmegs may be prepared for luministration in the following manner: rate one or more nutmegs into a very fine owder. For children, give one-sixth to te-third of a teaspoonful, according to the ethird of a teaspoonful, according to the lambity of milk. For adults, from a half two teaspoonfuls may be given in the me way according to the severity of the se. Every two hours is generally the st time to administer this remedy. Insomnia (sleeplessness) is very often ectually relieved by one or two doses of theg, when much stronger agents have pally failed.

Man more man

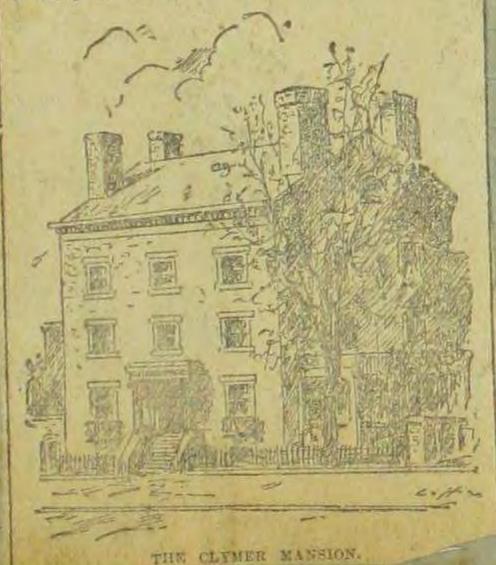
some American speculators the other.

Louisville, Ky. — Would you please be kind enough to inform me in the next issue of your valuable paper why Mardi Gras is celebrated, and the exact day it will come on this year! By so doing you will greatly oblige O. C. D.

Answer. - Mardi Gras, literally translated, means Fat Tuesday. It is the day before Ash Wednesday, which is the first forty days of Lent. Mardi Gras is the French name for Shrove Tuesday. This day was formerly known as Fasguntide, Fastingtide. Fastens or Fastmass, because it was a time of fasting, and in Roman Catholic countries it was compulsory upon the people to confess their sins on this day and be shriven by the priest. It was also known as Pancake Tuesday. This originated from the custom of eating pancakes on that day-a custom dating back to 1445, when the Lord Mayor of London, one Simon Eyer, inaugurated the habit of giving a pancake feast to the apprentices of the city after they had confessed, penitents being permitted to indulge in amusements after confession. Out of this permission grew, slowly at first but with increasing license, the orgies of the Mardi Gras. Hawthorne, in his Marble Faun, has a pleasing description of the liberties taken by revelers on Shrove Tuesday, in Rome. Formerly the Monday preceding Mardi Gras was vulgarly known as Collop Monday, from a peculiar dish which was eaten on that day. Murdi Gras, this year, comes on the 5th of March. The earliest day on which it can fall in any year is February 3, and the latest is March 9.

Shelbyville, Ky.-Please put in correspon-

Neither is she young, having passed her twenty-sixth birthday.



TATOFX

Page

Shelbyville.—Who is the author of the poem in which this verse occurs:

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round."

Answer.—The poem was written by J. G. Holland. It reads thus:

Heaven is not reached by a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise, From the lowly earth to the vauited skies, And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true.
That a noble deed is a step toward God;
Litting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet.
By what we have mastered in greed and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust, When the morning calls to life and light: But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night Our lives are trailing in the soruid dust.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men; We must borrow the wings to find the way; We may hope and resolve, and aspire and pray, But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is the ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire wall;
But the dreams depart, and the visions fall,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.
Frankfort V and the highest

HOW IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

America has been publishing, under the head of "Literary Frolics," selections from a collection of literary curiosities made during twenty years' miscellaneous reading. In the last issue is an example of the styles of several well-known poets applied to the simple but pathetic story of Jack and Jill which the blunt original narrator described as follows:

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To tetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

AS ALFRED TENNYSON WOULD SING IT.

"Forward!" said Jack to Jil',
"And toward the ragged hill"—
Not though that Jill knew
The tin pail was rocking.
Hers not to make reply,
Hers not to reason why,
Hers but to work and sigh:
Up to the hill she walked,
Fixing her stocking.

Up then the bill they went,
But poor Jack's strength was spent,
And though he struggled hard,
He tripped and stumbled;
Down like a comet bright
Dives through the starry night,
Or, like a flash of light—
Plunged to the valley there,
While the hills rumbled.

And poor Jack's head was split;
Quickly Jill followed it.
Down from the hill she fell,
Squirming and roaring;
Tearing in wild despair
For some firm foothold there,
Grasping the very air—
She, too, like Jack, fell—
Her spirit went soaring.

When can their glory fade?

Honor the plunge they made
Down the steep hill.
Into the grave they're laid,
Papa the bill he paid—
Poor Jack and poor Jill.

AS WALT WHITMAN WOULD HAVE IT. Jack, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and

Like the rocks prehistoric—gigantic, Had for a sister Jill, petticoated, proud, and pedantic.

On a day they ascended a hill, cloud-kissed and craggy,
Overlooking the but primitive of Jack and

With them went a pail—sunlight reflecting—
of clear, translucent water.
Reflecting images of mountain, hill, and

deep-wooded valley.

Adown the hill came Jack with a four-footed tramping,

And after him, making the hills reverberate with noises pandemoniae.

Came Jill performing feats aerobatic,
And Jack's cranium, round, polished, and

empty, Split with the sounds of thunders majestic. LONGFELLOW'S METHOD.

As unto the pail of water, So unto his Jill was Jack, Useless each without the other. Prond and fair upon the hill-top, stood they watching, looking westward; All the glory of the evening, All the radiance of the sunset, Played around their golden tresses; And the birdles flying southward Stopped and whistled to the children. As they walked—the pail between them— Great Nekomis, heavy-hearted, Caused the stones beneath to roll. And the water, Jill and Jack, In one mass adown the hill Rolled and rolled unto the bottom; And the water spilling o'er them, Made a full like Minnebuha. And Jack's head was split asunder, And rolled onward all before him, Followed then by Jill his sister, With the pail of water with them-Useless each without the other.

OWEN MEREDITH'S WAY.

The time is not o'er.
When devotion and brother's affection is past. There are more

People in this vast spreading world where we live
Whose example they free to the world's vision give,

And among them was Jack. Proud, pensive and sad, He heard not the swallow call, no, nor the

Cry of the whip-poor-will as homeward it fl'es When the deep golden sunset illumines the skies.

The weight of her years and the weight of the pail Conspired to make Jill, his poor sister, so

frail,
That scarce could she walk up the hill by his side.

Arrived at the top, the swift-flowing tide Attracted both Jack and his sister. They looked

And leaned over too far. In a second earth shook

And swift as an eagle, full downward they

The pail pealing parans and sounding their kneil.

Jack's head from his body was sundered.
And the storm was abroad on the mountain.
It thundered

And shook like a reed in its grasp, the tall mountain:
But Juck and poor Jill like the Fountain

But Jack and poor Jill, like the Fountain Of Youth, are gone and forgotten.

THUS WOULD KEATS SING.

'Twas Christmas Eve—ab, bitter chill was it!
And Jack, for all his clothing, was a-cold:
Poor Jill walked, shivering with an ague fit,
While both their fingers on the pail did
hold

As tight as misers do the yellow gold.

Together up the blil they wend their way,
While Jack, poor boy, some harmless chestnuts told,

And roosters sung the knell of parting day, Proclaiming that Queen Night had now begun her sway.

And soon the top of that vast hill was gained:

Ahl me, that I must sing you such a song!

Jack slipped—and all the ground with blood
was stained.

His head it broke, alas! and from among The clouds was heard fierce clangings, deep and long,

Like sheep or goat, that, on distant hill, Fly frightened from the sound of born or gong—

Just so Jack's sister, frightende fit to kill, Came rolling down, and so poor Jack was joined by Jill.

BYRON PREFERS THIS WAY.

It happened on a morning long ago— Twas winter, as I think, but I'm not sure— That Jack and Jill, with footsteps short and slow.

slow.
Went up a hill some water to procure.
Oh, water is a cursed stuff and low.
And many does it kill and few does cure;
I like it for the whisky it does link,
For then it makes a pretty solid drink.

But Jack thought not of whisky or of beer;
His mind reverted more to baggy pants,
While Jill, intent on "Fashions for the Year,"
Let fall a tear and thought of all her wants;
And so, wrapped half in coats and half in

They gained the top, like patient, plodding ants,

And gazed below on sweetly-feeding flocks.

While winds were playing duets through their locks.

But while the winds Æolian tunes discoursed,
A sudden gust took Jack from off his feet.
And down the hill unwilling was he forced;
His head against the cruel stones did beat,
And Jill fell down as does a man unhorsed—
In wild disorder and in no ways neat—
An angel hovers over them and sings
And fans the air with soft-descending wings.

Page

A BACKLOG SKETCH.

(Written for the Courier-Journal.) When I kiver up the fire o'nights, afore I

go to bed, sich the chunks a crumblin' into ashes, glowin' red. An' hear the backlog sobbin' for the trees

it growed among, Where the noisy blackbird whistled an' the cheery robin sung.

Till the room's so still 'at you kin hear the purrin' o' the cat, An' the crinklin' o' the coolin' coals the dog's a-blinking at;

Then I git so awful lonesome I most wish 'at I wuz dead, When I kiver up the fire o' nights afore I

go to bed, The clock ticks louder'n faster 'an I ever knowed it to.

When I ust to wisht I wuz a man an' everything wuz new; Fer then the wheels went all too slow that

now go round so fast, When I rikollect my blessin's an' how many of 'em's past,

An' the long, thin hands a-pintin' at the figgers, round and round, Keeps a-goln', never stoppin' that most

lonesomest of sound, Fer the comin' of the livin' or the goin' of When I kiver up the fire o' nights afore I

go to bed Then I hear the back-log sighin' fer the tree

'at it growed on, An' fall to thinkin' back about the days 'at's done an' gone,

Till I ketch myself a-sighin' like a tree 'at's old and gray; A-rockin' in the wind with half its branches lopped away,

Fer no one knows, exceptin' me, how much I miss the boys, With their eternal rompin' an' their ever-

lastin' noise, 'Ar drowned the strike o' grandpap's clock

still tickin' overhead, When I kiver up the fire o' nights afore I go to bed.

An' I allus feel much lonesomer a-thinkin' of 'em all, With my hair an' whiskers whitened by the

frosts o' early fall; A-rockin' an' a-dozin' in this same old fambly

Where father sot, an' mother by him strokin'

his gray bair, Fer at my time o' life the hopes o' boyhood

Are lyin' dead an' buried in the ashes o'

An' the old clock's selemn warnin' clangs out suddent overhead.

"Come, kiver up the fire, old man, it's time to go to bed." EDWIN S. HOPKINS.

A Pleasant Remedy.

Roast a lemon slowly until it is thoroughly done-soft, but not broken. Cut a hole in the top while hot, fill it with granulated sugar, and cat just before going to bed, for hoarseness or sore throat. The effect is to induce gentle perspiration and to "cut" the tough mucus that alters the voice.

Hean Warm

Home.

[London Spectator.]

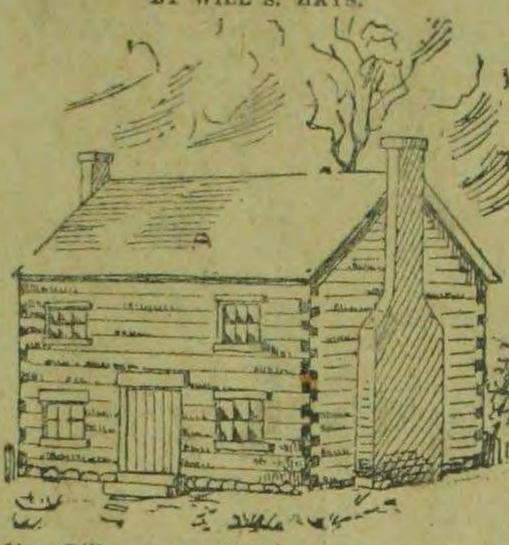
A man can build a mansion And furnish it throughout; A man can build a patace With lofty walls and stout; A man can build a temple, With high and spacious dome: But no man in the world can build That precious thing called Home-

It is the happy faculty Of woman, far and wide, To turn a cot or palace Into something else beside-Where brothers, sons and husbands, tired, With willing footsteps come; A place of rest, where love abounds, A perfect kingdom-Home.

Who should Hopestill

(Written for The Times.) THE COUNTRY SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY WILL S. HAYS.



Yes, Bill, you sarch the naberhood an' you won't find a pa'r That's lived ez long an' happily ez me an' Nancy, thar; I'm goin' on ter sixty-five, an' she's the

best o' wives. An' we've been climbin' up the hill o' glory all our lives.

I've tried ter live er Christian life-a life of peace an' joy-I've trod the road ter Heaven ever sence I

wuz er boy; The further on 1 travel, Bill, the smoother gits the road. An' the more I put my faith in God the

lighter gits the load. I tell yer. Bill, thar's everything in how a

feller starts; I had a lovin' mother once who had the best o' hearts.

'Twas her that larnt me how ter pray when I wuz very young, An' I kin still remember yit some ov the songs she sung.

Thar's one I re-collect ez well ez ef 'twas yisterday,

She used ter sing it every night, an' then kneel down an' pray;

The words an' music run this way-hol' on; now, let me see-"Amazin' grace, how sweet yer sound ter save a wretch like me."

Say, Bill. I guess you hain't furgot the little Sunday-school,

Whar you an' me-bar'-footed boys-fust larned the Golden Rule; The country people sent than children than

ter larn the way That leads 'em home ter Heaven, an' ter read an' sing an' pray.

The country guirls with rosy cheeks, thar faces bright with smiles, An' boys who'd cum on foot an' hossback

all around fo' miles, An' all wur congregated thar from ole age down ter youth, Ter hear the good ole preacher, Bill, a-tellin'

'em the truth. I mind my gentle mother, how she used ter smile an' say : "My boy, I'll go along with you ter Sunday-

school ter day." Ali! Bill, thar is the secret of the life I now, She put me on the right track when I wuz a

little boy. She died when I wuz very young, an' left

me all alone, An' went ter jine my father with the

angels roun' the throne, I bless her lovin' memory for the many hours she spent In layin' life's foundation for her boy before

She led me to that Sunday-school, an' to

the church as well, In answer to the summons every Sunday from the bell. That sent its invitation in sweet music on

the air. To worship God in Heaven in that little house of prayer.

The more I went to Sunday-school an' church the more I knowed, The more I learned of Jesus, Bill, the better man I grawed;

"Til now I've served my Master for more than sixty years, An' long ez I have faith in God, I haven't any fears.

I owe my life, my happiness an' all that makes me glad. To Christ, who died to save me, an' the

mother that I had: Twas mother, Bill, that taught me first that Jesus died to save,

An' God would guide my footsteps from the cradle to the grave.

So, Bill, ef every mother would establish it a rule To take her little children to the church

an' Sunday-school. They would then fulfill a duty, which ter God an' them they owe. In trainin' up that children in the way

they orter go. I hope ter get ter Heaven, an' that God my

soul'll save. I'll be faithful to my Master 'til I lie down in my grave, Ef I get a crown of glory an' the throne

of Heaven see, It will be because my mother pointed out the way to me.

SHOT IN THE

HUNTINGTON and his son, W. T. R. funtington, of Cleveland, own two of the pest writches in the world. They are duplicates, and were ordered by the senior Huntington in 1881 in Geneva, Switzerland. He agreed to pay \$5,000 in gold for two watches that should combine every movement then known to the art of watchmaking. A description of one answers for both. The case is of pure gold; the works number 400 pieces. On the large dial appear four smaller dials. The one at the top shows by a diagram of the sky the changes of the moon, the firmament being of lapis lazuli, studded with golden stars. The next dial to the right shows the leap year, the tiny hand moving around the circle once in four years, and an auxiliary hand shows each month. On the dial at the bottom is a hand marking the quarter seconds, and one showing the day of the month. At the left, on the fourth miniature dial, is a hand pointing out the day of the week, and another the tide as it ebbs and flows. Around the large dial, besides the usual hour and minute hand, moves a second hand and an extra horse timer, so arranged that the distance between two horses at the finish is accurately noted in quarter seconds. By pressing a button the past hour is struck on a deep-toned bell, one of a chime; the quarters are a more silvery note, and a rapidly tinkling companion gives the minutes. The watch is a stem winder, and one spring furnishes the motive power. Where there is friction the pivots are set in rubies. 4.4



MRS. GLADSTONE.

SOCIETY ELOPEMENT.

The Double Wedding of Mr. Thomas Buchanan and Miss Ida Shalleross.

Quite a sensation was exploded yesterday in society circles by the announcement of the elopement of Mr. Thomas S. Buchanan and Miss Ida Shallcross. The relatives of Miss Shallcross were completely taken by surprise and seemed reluctant to credit the truth of the story. Mr. Buchanan had been quite attentive to Miss Shalleross some time past, but it was thought recently that the attachment had ceased to exist. Saturday night the two were seen at Macauley's together, and it is supposed that the elopement was then planned. Early yesterday morning Mr. Buchanan deove up to the Shalleress residence, on Third, between York and Breckinridge, and was immediately joined by Miss Shallcross. The driver crossed to New Albany over the K. & I. bridge, and went thence to Jeffersonville, where Justice Eph Keigwin pronounced the couple man and wite. The bride's courage seemed on the point of failing several times, but the groom was able to quiet her fears. The parents of the young people were then notified to come over. Mr. James Buchanan, the groom's father, responded, but Mr. Shallcross remained obdurate for some time. Upon their return to this city the bridal party went to the residence of Mr. Buchanan's father, on Fourth street, south of Breckinridge, where at midnight the marriage ceremony was again performed by Rev. J. G. Minnegerode.

The bride is but 19 years of age, and her beauty and intellect have made her a decided favorite. She is the daughter of Mr. S. H. Shallcross, of the firm of Shallcross, Menifee & Co. The groom is an enterprising young business man, possessed of intelligence and push. He is connected with the insurance firm of Howard W. Bullitt & Co.

Oscar Turner's Favorite Poem. (Mayfield Democrat.)

Several years ago, while I was sojourning at the Capital City of these United States and helping maintain the majesty of the Government by wrapping pub. doc's, under the gaslight, at the modest stipend of \$2.50 a day, I ran across a very pretty bit of verse. One day, as I was whiling away a spare hour in the room of Col. Oscar Turner, then Congressman from this district, he recited the lines of which I speak. I did not get a copy at that time and for several years searched for the verses in vain. Last winter, while spending some days at Col. Turner's home, I found the poem and copied it. I do not know the author and can not give him credit for his clever production, but the verses are worthy of a wider circulation than they have attained and this is my apology for reproducing, in this column:

When the day is done and the shadows fall Over the earth like a dusky pall, Then from the mystic, the silent deep Rises the beautiful Angel Sleep.

O'er fields and foresis he spreads his wings When the cricket chirps and the woodbird sings,

And the murmur of voices dies away, Stilled by the angel calm and gray.

Human passions that surge and swell are slienced under the mystic spell; And tired hearts that are used to weep Yield to the power of the Angel Sleep.

Then as noiselessly glides away.

And the spell is litted and hearts again
Take up their burden of care and pain.

We call him death! 'Tis the Angel Sleep That comes at last from the silent deep, And smoothes forever the brow of care, And caims the fever of passion there.

Breaks once more, of an endless day, And into the mystic, the unknown dean

cap

TATA

(Good Housekeeping.)

THE OLD GARRET.

A charming old place was that great dusty

With its dim nocks enlivened with spider and mouse;
The storeroom of rubbish, the joy of the chil-

dren.
That precious old garret in grandmother's

There were chairs lame and backless, and books minus covers.

A tiny tin foot stove, a great spinning-wheel, And another much smaller that went by a treadle,

A pair of wool cards and a queer little reel.

There were bunches of odorous herbs on the
rafters,
"Much better than drug stuffs," grand-

And we daintily tasted of mint and catnip,
As we spent in the garret some long rainy

Going up the steep stairs with our clatter and laughter,
While grandmother's chiding up after us

Now, children, be sure and not get into mischief,
And whatever you do, pray, don't trouble the

But how could we kelp it, when there they were standing,
Just longing for some one to give them a

So out of sheer pity we patted them lightly and sent them aswing in the old dizzy

Then there was a cradle—the quaintest of cradles— With a roof o'er the head, and with red

How many dear babies had slept in its shelter, And coold as they went on their lullaby rides.

There were roomy old chests that were filled to o'erflowing
With treasures and relics of years long since

We dressed in garments of obsolete patterns,
And made the place ring with our claster
and song.

No zest of the pilgrim in search of rare relics.
In moldy ruins, or catacombs' gloom,
Can equal the cager and patient ransacking
Of children let loose in an old attic room.

Confusion of Words.

ROUND THE KITCHEN FIRE.

(Written for the Courier-Journal.)
When I git up o' mornin's fer to light the kitchen fire.

An' watch the blaze go creepin' up the chimbly higher an' higher,
A snappin' an' a cracklin' with exhileratin' roar,
A sendin' out the warmness cl'ar acrost the puncheon floor,

An' I turn around to toast my back an' rub my horny hands,
An' see the sparks a flashin' back from mother's shiny pans,

My feelin's goes to warblin' like a blue-bird on a spire.
When I git up o' mornin's fer to light the

An' then the room gits good an' warm, the kittle starts to bile,

An' mother potters down the stairs an' stands an' yawns a while,
An' sez: "Now, Pap, you go an' rouse them

sleepy boys o' yours, Fer it's snowin', an' there's lots to do besides the mornin' choras;"

An' then she breshes up the hearth with that old turkey wing.

An' stoops an' pull her stockin's up an' ties

An' Towser gaps an' stretches out, an' acts a little shyer.

When I git up o' mornin's fer to light the

An' when the boys come trompin' in an' scrouge

An' kick the dog an' poke the fire an' set down on the cat;
The coffee-pot's b'iled over an' the biscuit's

The sassidges just brown enough, the breakfast table sot,

An' mother saz: "Fetch up the cheers," an' pours the coffee out,
My cup runs ever with a joy the rest don't

For the blessin's o' the Jerd to me's a daily drawin' nigher,

When I git up o' mornin's fer to light the kitchen fire.

E. S. Hopkins.

ARMY PROMOTIONS.

Pagi

Prizes In the Staff Department Distributed to Soldiers.

Washington, Oct. 5 .- The prizes in the staff department of the army were distributed to-day. Lieut. George S. Hoyt, Eighteenth infantry, received the appointment of Assistant Quartermaster, with the rank of Captain. Lieut, Henry B. Osgood, Third artillery, and Gen. W. M. L. Alexander, of Iowa, receive the appointments of Captains and Commissaries in the Subsistence Department. These appointments indicate that war service has weight. Lieut. Hoyt entered the volunteer service in 1861 as Sergeant, Seventh Wisconsin Infantry, and was mustered out as Major of the same regiment in July, 1866. He had a creditable war record, participating in all the general actions of the army of the Potomac, and was wounded at the siege of Petersburg. His service in the regular army dates from June 18, 1867, when he was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Eighteenth infantry. He was promoted to First Lieutenant October 1, 1874, and has had fourteen years' experience as Post and Regimental Quartermaster. Lieut. Osgood enlisted in 1862, as a private, in the Twentyseventh Maine Volunteers, was promoted Second and First Lieutenant, and mustered out July 17, 1863. He entered the Military Academy September 1, 1863, and was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Third Artillery, and promoted First Lieutenant April 25, 1870. He has had ten years' experience as Commissary and Quartermaster. medal of honor was awarded him for volunteering to remain in service to participate in the battle of Gettysburg. He graduated from the artillery school at Fort Monroe, and was specially recommended by the school staff for employment in the Quartermaster's and Subsistence Departments. Gen. Alexander enlisted in the Thirtieth Iowa Infantry August 18, 1862, was appointed First Lieutenant the following month, and Captain in September, 1863, and mustered out August 16, 1865, having been wounded in the engagement of Arkansas Post in January, 1863. He is now, and has been for the past eleven years, Adjutant General and Quartermaster General of Iowa. His selection from civil life was strongly urged by the Senators and Representatives from Iowa. It is said that the fact that out of something over 500 officers in the general staff but four of them are from Iowa, had a strong influence in determining this appointment. Two of these are in the engineer corps, by virtue of their class standing, one in the Medical Department and one in the Pay Department.

Mrs. Cleveland's Courtesy.

(Evansville Courler.)

A finer instance of noblesse oblige has never been witnessed in this or any other land than Mrs. Cleveland's invitation to Mrs. Harrison to visit the White House as her guest during the present winter. Of course she conceived the gracious idea herself, but it may be taken for granted that the invitation was given with the President's sanction. As Indianians, let us hope that Mrs. Harrison will be equal to a similar courtesy four years hence, when her successor as mistress of the White House has been indicated, and that President Harrison will be as magnanimous as Cleveland has shown himself in deferring to his wife's wishes. It may be that Mas, Marrison will have the opportunity of reciprocuting the identical high bred civility that Mrs. Cieveland has lately so graciously shown ber.

Page

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

BY MENRIETTA E. DAY, M. D.

The fashionable invalidism of our women is a constant protest against the spread and development of the principles of reform for which our crusade was inaugurated. The lack of physical strength detracts from cooperative ability both directly and indirectly. With one exception, we find all the kingdoms of God's creation endowed with health, vigor and activity, transmitted without diminution from generation to generation. Health is the rule and disease the exception, while in the last masterpiece of His workmanship the reverse obtains and presents a painful anomaly. Since God is alone "the author and giver of every good and perfect gift," it follows as a natural sequence that all inharmonious conditions of mind or body are resultant upon infraction of the divine command, which, like human law, takes no cognizance of ignorance. It is an exceptional family that does not include at least one delicate female. Alas! that this representative invalid should so generally be "the mother," who needs a tender heart, with good health, strong nerves and administrative ability to rear her olive branches in "the way they should go, so that when old they will not depart from it." The true temperance home is the mimic world, in which the child is taught through precept and example to "overcome evil with good;" that "he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city;" that temperance should be a synonym for good temper, doubly blessing owner and recipient, exemplifying Christian grace, which seeks first to cast out the mote obscuring our own vision, before plucking out the beam from our brother's eye." Add the material endowment of common sense, recognizing the conditions of health as of paramount importance, and the children of that woman who 'looketh well to the ways of her household shall assuredly rise up and call her blessed!" Emphatically, "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Both good sense and good living were embodied in Agar's prayer: "Feed me with food convenient for me." The spirit of temptation should never flavor any edible or drinkable. Adam's ale is the best soothing syrup ever invented, and it is wonderful that so few mothers recognize the absolute curative value of water pure and simple, warm and cold, for internal and external application. How many poor, fevered, thirsty infants die yearly for the lack of even a cup of cold water! Drunkards reeling upon our streets to-day will testify that the appetite for intoxicants was bred, fostered and developed through the allurements provided for the table by the ladies of the family, whether in the brandy peaches, mince pies, wine jellies, eggnog, or piquant sauces of endless variety, instilling the appetite for strong drink in early childhood. If we "sow the wind," we "shall surely reap the whirlwind." Memory recalls a suggestive incident. A well-known Senator who gave wine parties to his friends had two promising sons, the victims of inebriety, the habit having been acquired through draining the many glasses left upon the dining table by the retiring guests. "To eat and drink condemnation" is the scriptural definition of intemperance, while the truest embodiment of temperance principles is the declaration, "As for me and my household, we will serve the Lord."

Baperoft to Whittier.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Yesterday was observed in all the schools in Washington as Whittier Day in honor of the poet's eightieth birthday. Today the following letter will be sent to the poet by the historian Bancroft.

Washington, Dec. 17, 1887.—My Dear John G. Whittier: One of the earliest, perhaps now the oldest of your triends, who are still alive greets you with best wishes on this your eightieth birthday. In youth you made fame your own: the patriot poet, as I gladly observe, retains the esteem of his countrymen and the ever renewed benedictions of his friends. With affectionate regard, from his friend, George Bancroft. Columbus, Ark. - I inclose herewith copy of a poem, the authorship of which is not known by me. It is very heautiful, and I have heard several of your readers express a wish to see it in print.

Mas. R. M. W.

""THE COMING OF CHRIST."

"What I say unto you. I say unto all, Watch; at even, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing."

When the work of the day is done.

And you have time to sit in the twilight,
And to watch the sinking sun;
While the long, bright day dies slowly

Over the sea,

With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children

Among these thronging footsteps
May come the sound of my feet;
Therefore, I tell you, watch!

When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch

For it may be through the gloaming I will come

It may be in the midnight,
When 'tis heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly

When the incomess night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house,
When the ares burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly

Though you sleep tired on your couch, Still your heart must wake and watch In the dark room:

For it may b- that at midnight I will come.

It may be at the cock-crow, When the night is dying slowly In the sky,

And the sea looks calm and holy, Waiting for the dawn or the golden sun Which draweth nigh;

When the mists are on the valleys, shading The rivers chill, And my morning star is fading, fading,

Behol!, I say unto you, watch! Let the door be on the latch in your home.

In the chill before the dawning, Between the night and morning I may come.

It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;

Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly

With the long day's work before you-

And the neighbors come to talk a little
Of all that must be done.
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at your door,

Forevermore.

As you work your neart must watch,
For the door is on the laten

And it may be in the morning I will come.

Securing Gen. Grant's Autograph. [Coney Island Journal.]

Miss Hulda Bond, of Brooklyn, is an autograph collector of more than ordinary pertinacity. The manner in which she secured Gen. Grant's is interesting. The General was at the time sick with the disease that resulted in his death; but, nothing daunted. Miss Bond called at his residence, sent in her card, and obtained an interview with the General's wife. Miss Bond impressed Mrs. Grant so favorably that when she brought out her album

and said: "Do you think the General would add his name to my collection?" the latter relied that she would see, and went upstairs. On returning, Mrs. Grand said: "I told the General of your pleasant cal, and he took the album, and in glancing over it read the few lines written by my little boy 5 years old, as follows:

And me to, wish, in your album to appear.

And do excuse my funny letters, cousin dear;

For I'm only 5 years old, and in skirts as yet;

But, when I'm 6 my first pants I am to get;

And then I'll be a big man, I'm sure,

And write as nice as I see Grover Cleveland's

"And after reading them he called for a pen and wrote after the boy's signature:
'And U. S. Grant.' The situation was so humorous," added Mrs. Grant, "that the General burst into laughter for the first time in weeks."

A Detroit Romance.
[Detroit Free Press.]

"What's that for?" asked a Free Press man, as he saw a car-driver on Woodward avenue take a nickel from his pocket and pass it into the fare-box.

"For her."
"What her?"

The car stopped and the driver got down with a "good morning, mammy," and assisted an old woman of seventy to enter the car.

"Did you pay for her?"

"Why?"

"Well, the story runs back for almost two years," he said, as he picked up his lines. "I reckon you know Bill?"

"Yes."

"Well, two years ago he was one of the toughest men in Detroit. He drank, swore, gambled and had all the other vices lying around loose. I tell you, he was a terror when off duty and on a spree. He was getting so bad on his car that another week would have bounced him, but something happened."

"What?"

"He was coming up one evening half drunk and full of evil, and somewhere about Davenport street he lurched over the dashboard. He caught and was dragged and the horse began to kick and run. That old woman there was the only passenger on the car, and when she saw the accident she came out, grabbed the flying lines with one hand and the brake with the other, and looking down upon Bill she called out:

"Oh! Lord! help me to save him! He's a wicked young man, and not fit to die!"

"Well, she stopped the car and held to the horse until some one came along and helped Bill out of his fix, and she was all the time calling him 'poor boy' and 'my son' and thanking God he was not killed. He had a close call, though, and it was a solemn warning. From that night he hasn't taken a drink, and no driver on this line has a cleaner mouth or is taking better care of himself."

"And the old woman?"

"She lives away out, along with a daughter. Many's the dollar Bill has sent after her since that night in the way of clothes and provisions, and he'll never forget her. The story came to the rest of us after awhile, and we've sort of adopted her as "Our Old Mammy." We help her on and off, pay her nickel out of oue own pockets, and when the car isn't too full we have a minute's chat with her. She likes us all, and we wouldn't trade her off for the whole line. It's a bit of romance among ourselves, you see."

"Yes. Did she ever talk to you!"

"Did she! She sat right there on that stool one day two months ago and said:
"My son, let drink alone! it robs the

pocket, cheats the brain and leaves you frendless! Don't swear! Oaths go with a vicious soul! Keep your temper. The man who can't control his temper is no better

"She said that with her blue eyes reading my soul and her old voice trembling with earnestness, and every word went right to my heart and lodged there. She's had something to say to most of the boys, and I reckon each one is the better for it. Curious, ain't it, how we found our old mammy, and may be you'll believe with some of the rest of us that Providence had a band in it."

His Generosity.

Some time since the wife of a prominent citizen of New York City was trying to instill in the mind of her five-year-old son what it meant to be generous, thus:

"Now, Willie dear, suppose mamma should give you a cake and tell you to give part of it to Harry, and when you divided it one piece was larger than the other; if you gave it to him that would be generous, but if you kept it for yourself that would be selfish. Do you understand?"

The little fellow thought be did.
The next afternoon, wishing to test the effect of her teaching, she gave Willie a large, juicy orange, saying:

"Now, Willie, take tuis orange and divide it generously with Harry."

When to her surprise the child (who was passionately fond of oranges) gave it back to her, saying, with a roughsh twinkle in his bonny blue eye:

"Here, mamma! won't you please give it to Harry and tell him to divide it generously with me."

TRIBUTES TO WOMAN.

Gems From the Poets, Preachers and Sages of Many Lands.

Commeins—Woman is the masterpiece.

Herder—Woman is the crown of creation.

Woltanre—Women teach us repose, civility
and digmity.

John Chamey Adams—All that I am, my mother made and.

Lessing -Nature meant to make woman its

Lamartime—There is a woman at the beginning of all great things. Whittier—If woman lost us Eden, such as

the alone restore it.

Il B. Barrett - Woman is last at the cross

ar i selicio at the grave.

M. B. willis—The sweetest thing in life is

Voltaire All the measonings of men are not worth one sentiment of a woman.

Beecher Women are a new race, recreated since the world required Christianity.

Leopold Schefer—Eint one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.

Shakespeare—For where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's creat

Michelet-Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli-Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it.

Louis Desnoyers—A woman may be ugly, fill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.

Lord Lansdale—If the whole world were put ino one scale and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam. Malherbe—There are only two beautiful

things in the world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons.
Bulwer-Lytton—O, woman! in ordinary cases so mere a mortal, how in the great and rare events of life dust thou swell into the

angels!
Saville—Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws; and more power by their tears than we have by

our arguments.

Emerson—A beautiful woman is a practical poet; taming her savage mate, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all whom she

Anna Cora Mowatt—Misfortune sprinkles ashes on the heart of the man, but falls like dew on the head of the woman and brings forth germs of strength of which she herself

had no conscious possession.

Thackeray—Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again in that conversation and renew their own early time. Men are not quite so generous.

Ruskin—Shakespeare has no heroes—he has only heroines.
Gladstone—Woman is the most perfect

when the most womanly.
Cabanis—In wishing to extend her empire,

Woman destroys it.

Boucicault—I wish Adam had died with

all his ribs in his body.

Bulwer—To a gentleman, every woman is a lady in right of her sex.

Cowley—What is a woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.
Saadi—A handsome woman is a jewel; a

good woman is a treasure.
Rochefoucauld—A fashionable woman is

always in love with herself.

Cervantes—All women are good—good for

nothing, or good for something.

Victor Hugo—Women detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.

Francis I.—A woman changes oft; who trusts her is the softest of the soft.

Shakespeare—There was never a fair

woman but she mouths in a glass.

George Eliot—A passionate woman's love

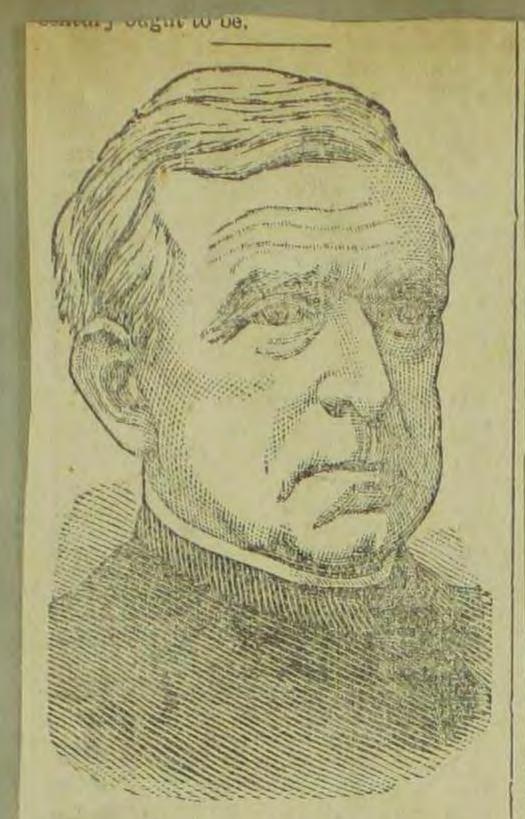
is always overshadowed by her fear.

Heine—Handsome women without religion
are like flowers without perfume.

are like flowers without perfume.

Cervantes—Between a woman's "yes" and "no" I would not venture to stick a pin.

Luther—Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.



Charles Henry Hall, Officiating Minister at the Beecher Obsequies.

Beecher On the Training of Children. [N. Y. World.]

I do not like to sow the seeds of suspicion in the minds of parents about their children, but there are thousands and thousands of parents in our great cities who think, who know, that their children "never lie," and yet their tongue is like a bended bow. They think their children never drink; but there is not a fashionable saloon within a mile of their homes that the boys are not familiar with. They think their children never do unvirtuous things; and yet they reek with unvirtue. There are many young men who, when they return to their fathers' houses, are supposed to have been making visits to this or that person. It is a mere guise.

The practice of allowing children to go out at night to find their own companions and their own places of amusement may leave one in twenty unscathed and without danger; but I think that nineteen out of twenty fall down wounded or destroyed. And if there is one thing that is more imperative than another it is that your children should be at home at night; or that, if they are abroad, you shall be abroad with them. There may be things that it is best that you should do for your children, though you would not do them for yourselves; but they ought not to go anywhere at night, to see sights, or to take pleasure, unless you can go with them, until they are grown to man's estate and their habits are formed. And nothing is more certain than that to grant the child liberty to go outside of the parental roof and its restraints in the darkness of night is bad, and only bad, and that continually.

MORRISTOWN, TENN.—Please give a short sketch of the life of "Spurgeon," the great London preacher.

J. W.

Answer-Charles H. Spurgeon was born at Kelvedon, Essex, in 1834, and was intended by his family for the office of an Independent minister; but his own beliefs and sympathies drew him toward the Baptist faith which he professed in 1850. He at once became an active evangelist and tract distrib utor. He removed to Cambridge in 1851 and began to preach "cottage" sermons in the neighborhood. He was known as the "boy preacher," was immensely popular through his earnest and faithful sermons, which were delivered with both fervor and eloquence. At the age of eighteen he had charge of a small Baptist church in the village of Waterbeach, from which, in 1854, he entered upon the pastorate of the new Park-street chapel, London, where, in two years time, the building had to be enlarged to contain his hearers. Again this was abandoned, and Surrey Hall engaged. This proving too small, the well-known "Tabernacle" was opened in 1861, where he continues to preach. Besides his parechial duties Spurgeon has many agencies for the spread of the gospel. Among these is a Pastor's College, where hundreds of young men are trained for the ministry. Spurgeon's sermons have been published weekly since 1854. They have an enormous circulation, and many of them have been translated into various languages. Since 1865 he has edited a monthly magazine, The Sword and the Trowel

SAVED.

[FOR THE SUNDAY COMMERCIAL.]

He motionless stood on the corner alone,
As the people went hurriedly by,
And he hung down his head as he lifted his hand

To wipe a sad tear from his eye.

The glare of the gas-lamp would light up his form
As he stood all alone in the street;

Then he'd pull down the rim of his hat o'er his face
And mour nfully look at his feet.

Once honored, respected, esteemed and beloved,
As his form and his features I'd scan,
I saw nothing there but the wreck of a boy
And all that was left of a man.
The teeth of Remorse bit his heart 'til it bled—
You could see in the peor fellow's face
A picture of anguish, grief, sorrow and wee,

All set in the frame of disgrace.

On, on rushed the crowd—men, women and boys;
They were coming and going—none stopped—
Yes! one little boy took the poor fellow's hand,
As his head on his broad bosom dropped,
And they started away, when a policeman said,
"Here, boy!" and the prisoner claimed.
But the brave little fellow said, "No! that's my pa,
And he's more to be pitied than blamed."

Last Sunday I saw two men go into church,
And their faces were beaming with joy;
The one was the father of ten years ago,
And the other that brave little boy.
The boy had shown pity, his mother had prayed,
For the man once so low and deprayed;
And 'twas pity and prayer made a heaven of home,
And through both a drunkard was saved.

WILL S. HAYS.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 16, 1886.



"Mandi Graz"
Clew Caleans, L221887

Thirty-two Bites to Each Mouthful.

A writer in the Contemperaneous Review:
"It has been plausibly suggested that Mr.
Gladstone owes his remarkable physical vigor to certain rules for chewing food which he adopted in 1848, and to which he

CHARITY'S BAL MASQUE.

A Brilliant Social Gathering At the Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wilder.

Some of the Characters Assumed By the Masqueraders—A Wilderness of Handsome Toilets.

The mask ball which came off last night at the residence of Mr. Edward Wilder was a notable event in the social history of Louisville. The whole of the large and elegantlyappointed residence was open for the use of the guests, and there was scarcely a moment from 9 o'clock until 12 that every part of it was not crowded with gorgeously attired women, and men brave in brocade and velvet, who seemed to revel in the name of charity. The host and hostess, as well as the chaperones, devoted themselves to the entertainment of the guests, and the supper which was tendered by them was both bountiful and efficiently served. Notwithstanding the size of the house, the crowd was so great that trains were unsafe, and diaphanous draperies of tulle and other perishable confectious suffered numerous crushings and abrasions. The prevailing mask was a domino, especially for the gentlemen, though many of these represented characters in costumes that were tasteful and elegant. The ladies were all handsomely dressed. Most of them wore dominos, comic or grotesque, during the early part of the evening, and threw them off with their masks, to emerge in brilliant and dazzling combinations of color. The disguises were all good, and some of the revelations at 12 o'clock were very amusing. A few of the more striking costumes were as follows:

Mrs. Sallie Ward Downs, Spanish Princess, in a costume of pale lilac vervet, covered with exquisite point lace, a mantilia of handsome Spanish lace, and diamond

or naments.

brocaded silk with watteau back, powdered hair and handsome diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Edward Wilder, Oriental Princess; costume of crimson velvet and yellow satin, with a vail of gold embroidered tuile, draped so as to conceal all of her face but the eyes.

Mrs. Henry L. Pope, French Murchioness; court costume of black lack, with bright ribbons and a white wig.

Mrs. A. E. Willson, bandsome evening dress of crimson velvet and pale blue satin.

Mrs. Wm. Ekin, court train of white Ottoman rep, trimmed with ostrich tips, and

diamond ornaments.

Mrs. S. B. Toney, Folly; her dress was of crimson velvet and yellow satin, covered with fittle gold bells; she wore a cap trimmed with bells and a white wig.

Mrs. Southern Davie represented a Spanish lady in a very tasteful costume of silk

and lace.

Mrs. Robert Bonnie, Pansy; a white silk trimmed with purple and embroidered in pansies.

Mirs. Allen P. Houston, Undine; her dress was of pale sea-green sink, having the front breadth and the bodice covered with scales, and finished with a fringe of water lilies and leaves.

Mrs. Cushman Quarrier, Maud Muller. She were a short costume of scarlet velvet, trimmed with bunches of winat, broad-brimmed straw hat, with wreath of wheat.

Mrs. David Faulus. Roman reasant Girl; short costume, with handsome drapery of Roman shawls, Venetian bracelets and unique ornaments.

Miss Ray Mitchell, Joan of Arc; cuirass, shield and helmet of silver.

Miss Fannie Lyon, Autumn; white tulle,

Mrs. Will Cheatham, Greek Girl; costume of blue, with silver embroidery and orna-

Miss Bertha Bijur, Mouse; dress of soft, white material, trimmed with small white and gray mice.

Miss Neihe Duiley, Pair Maid of Perth; tasteful costume of silk and velvet in bright colors.

Miss Browing, Tambourine Girl; in short costume of silk and velvet and gold coins.
Miss Florrie Speed, Carmen.

Miss Estelle Scott, Laughter of the Regiment; three cornered but and very handsome dress in gold, blue and crimson. Missi Mary Kean Buckner, Marguerite.

Miss Lou Lyon, Bohemian girl. Mr. Donglass Sherley, Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

Mrs. Roland Whitney, Minehaha.
Miss Marshall, School-girl; with gingham dress, apron and bonnet.

Miss Bottsford, Sweet Peggie. Miss Dixie Shouse, Autumn.

Mrs. Thos. Sherley, complete Quaker cos-

Miss Lindenberger, Folly; blue and red velvet, and gold bells.

Miss Greene, of Atlanta, Spanish lady.
Miss Minnie Ferguson, Roman Feasant
Girl.

Miss Vertner Grinter, Night; black illu-

Miss Louise Burge, Butterfly; crimson satin and illusion, embroidered, and ornamented with gold butterflies.

Miss Annie Burge, Bird of Paradise; dress completely covered with feathers and ornamented with birds of bright plumage. Mr. David Davis, in lawn tennis costume

Miss Ella Furgeson, Gypsy Queen.
The Two Dromios, Messrs. Will and Geo.
Norton.

Col. S. B. Toney. Troubadour, in a very handsome costume of blue and gold broca ie.

Mr. English Gale, Mexican Cavalier; blue saun and red saso.

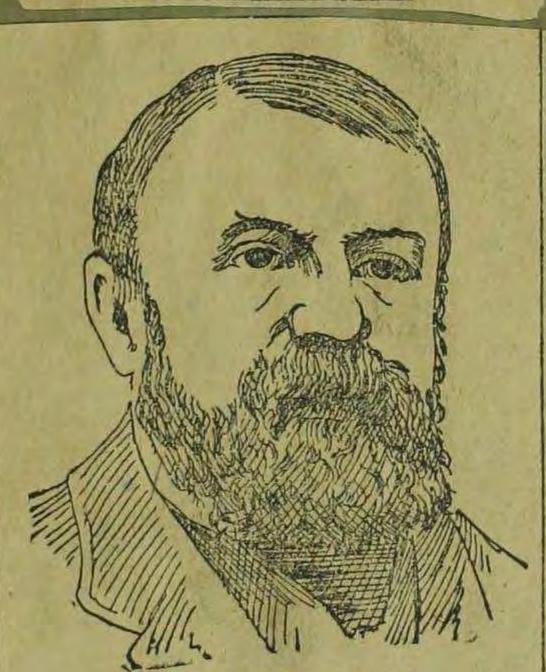
Miss Grace Green, The Empress Josephine; court train of velvet.

Miss Etta Wnite, Alsatian Peasant. Mr. Charles Johnson, Mephistopheles.

Miss Minnie Floyd, Menu, in the "Black Hussar." Mr Arthur Brockenbrough, Victor, the

Blue-stocking.
Miss Florence Alexander, Judith Shakes-

Mr Percy Latham, uniform of a French General.



DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

Hardly since the Apostle Paul has there arisen such a master of assemblies as this American, who was born at Northfield, Mass., Feb. 5, 1837, where he worked on the farm till 17, when he became clerk in a Boston boot store. In 1856 he moved to Chicago, and became a missionary among the lowly. In 1867 he visited England to hear Spurgeon. He came home almost inspired, and has been one of the greatest powers in American religions ever since. With Mr. Sankey he revisited England in 1873, conducting mee ings with immense success. Since then in many parts of the world he has attracted enthusiastic audiences. He is the man of one book-the Bible. Often a large part of his sermon is made of sentences from God's words. Next to this he is most familiar with Baxter and Bunyan. There is one citizen of Louisville for whom Mr. Moody has the greatest regard, that is Dr. Broadus. The excellent picture of Mr. Moody is from a recent photograph, a most difficult thing to secure. Mr. Moody refused £5,000 while in England to sit for his pieTHE JAPANESE TEA.

-THE feature of the week, and of the season so far, was the Japanese tea given by Mr. Douglass Sherley to Miss Ross, of Mobile, last Thursday evening. The entertainment became the subject of much curious interest from its first announcement, and it was apparent from the zest with which those who were invited entered into the preparation of costumes that it was to be something rich and bizarre. It was the desire of the host that the gentlemen, as well as the ladies, should appear in costume, but this they/declined to do. Only one gentleman had the courage to swathe his manly figure in the celestial drapery, and he, on reachthe door and finding the other gentlemen in dress suits, incontinently fled, and when he reappeared he wore the "conventional black." There was also a flutter of uneasiness in several feminine bosoms, lest the costumes which were announced as de rigueur should prove unbecoming, and said that some of the ladies, after having their dresses made, vemained at home because they considered the costume "too trying." The majority of the ladies, however, entered fully into the spirit of the affair. Many of them sent to New York for dresses which were not only effective in the combinations of color, but were extremely Japanese in design and exceedingly rich in material. The brilliant coloring and quaint designs of the dresses, and the unique decorations of the rooms made a picture that was strikingly oriental and artistically complete. No detail of the entertainment was too trivial for special supervision; even the servants were in costume; the trays on which the refreshments were served, the services, were in harmony with the central idea. The house throughout was elaborately decorated with fans, parasols, fiags, and everything that was Japanese. The banisters from top to bottom of the stairway were studded with upright pine boughs, and these were stuck full of fans and Japanese ornaments of the most brilliant colors, The hall and drawingroom were decorated in the same way, and lighted with Japanese lamps of colored glass, and an immense Japanese umbrella formed a canopy at the end of the hall opposite the entrance. In the dining-room, a log fire was burning in a wide fireplace, and all about the chimney hung stockings filled with bon bous and odd Japanese toys. Tea and ices were served at booths constructed in Imitation of the Japanese "Hong." At one of these presided Mrs. Moorman and Miss Ross; at the other Mrs. Archie Quarrier, Mrs. Tone, Misses Annie Burge, Mamie Casseday, Currie Duke, and Col M. Lewis Clark. It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the costumes, there was such infinite variety both in the material and design. Most of them were modeled after the costumes seen in the "Mikado." Miss Ross wore an exquisite toilet of Chinese crepe, elaborately embroidered. Miss Miller's costume was a fac simile of Abbott's Yum Yum dress, and was among the many handsome costumes. The host appeared as the "Mikado" in a tunic of yellow brocade, crimson trousers and blue stockings. Many of the guests were the Japanese shoes, and the ornaments were bizarre in the highest degree. Mrs. Sue Sherley, Mrs. Thos. Sherley and Mrs. Robert Lewis received with the host. The orchestra played selections from the "Mikado" during the evening, and some of the airs were sung by Miss Katie Miller. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Cushman Quarrier, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Quarrier, Mr. and Mrs. Toney, Dr. and Mrs. Cheutham, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Wolfolk, Mr. and Mrs. Brockenbrough, Mrs. Henry L. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Curd. Mrs. Henry Harlan, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Faulds, Dr. and Mrs. W. O. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Smith, Mrs. Meade Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. John Morris, Mrs. Henry Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. James Todd; Mrs. Ran lett, of New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. James Howard, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Southern Davie, Mrs. C. K. Davie, Mr. and Mrs. De Funiak, Mr. Hilliard, Mrs. Glentworth. Mrs. Sallia

THOMASVILLE, GA.
CHILLE, GA.
Opens second sesson, December 1, 1885.
Send for descriptive guide book,
Send for descriptive guide book,
Schollugflich M. A. BOWER, Proprietor,
oxusultugflich M. A. BOWER, Propr

THE FINEY WOODS HOTEL,

WINTER RESORTS.

and

EXBEL

WORKING FOR A LIVING.

"Ruined?"

Ralph Hartston made the exclamation in a half incredulous and wholly surprised tone; and no wonder! for Sidney Coster had the day before been the richest of all that wealthy circle of which they were the representatives.

"Yes, ruined." "But I do not understand it, Coster," said Hartston.

"I suppose not."

"I do not-I can not realize it," persisted Hartston.

"You would if you were in my place," re-

plied Sidney bitterly.

"How did it happen-please explain," said Hartston, lighting a fresh eigar. However much our friends may lose, it seldom interferes much

with our pleasures in this world. "Simply and naturally enough," replied Coster, declining with a wave of his hand the proffered cigar. "No, I must give up that luxury now; I have no money to spend on cigars. I trusted my money to my uncle, who, by the way,

is the best fellow in the world, and he lost it all for me; that's all."

"I am amazed at your coolness," said Ralph. "No use fretting about it now; that won't mend the matter, or make it any better."

"That's true enough, but very hard to practice, I imagine. How did your uncle, who, by the way, I should call a very sharp fellow if he had lost all my fortune for me, lose all this money? Large sum I believe?"

"Cool hundred and fifty thousand," replied Coster as composedly as if the sums were but the same number of cents, or belonged to some

one else. "And he lost it?"

"Yes, that's just it-speculating," interrupted Sidney, as his friend glanced inquiringly at

"And you, Sidney, what will you-" "Why go to work, of course! What else is

there to do?"

"Work! Sidney Coster at work! He, the daintiest and most wealthy aristocrat of us all, at work! Why the idea is preposterous and absurd."

The sneering laugh which followed these words nettled his listener, and roused all the

manhood within him.

"And why shouldn't I work-or you either, for that matter? God intended that all his creatures should earn their bread, and because we have always lived and grown in the sun of pleasure, and eaten the bread of idleness, is it any reason why we always should? Out upon such ideas, I say! and away with this false pride, that will permit a gentleman to swindle, lie, gamble and steal, and not lower himself, but abases him to the dust if he dares to honestly earn his living. It's all wrong, and I will not be bound by it!"

He showed by his earnest look that he meant it, every word. Hartston was aghast at such

leveling ideas, and said:

"Just as you please, of course, Coster. You are your own master. But, of course, if you choose to put yourself down in the dirt, you won't expect your friends to come down to the same level. I, for one, would never think of associating with a man who worked for a living.

Sidney Coster's lip curled in contempt of such a character. Hartston continued:

"Why don't you go ahead, old fellow, and marry some rich girl? You are a good-looking fellow and might very easily do it.

"What an honorable thing that would be, wouldn't it? I would rather starve than thus degrade myself and deceive a woman?"

"As you please. Good day!" And one "friend" was gone.

Coster looked after him a moment, and in spite of his brave words he felt bitter against the fate that had made him a poor man. It was a pleasant life, this that he had been leading, and it was hard to give it up.

The next thing to do was to search for employment. He possessed nothing in the world except his clothes and a small amount of jewelry-relics of his former butterfly existenceand a heart full of courage. He did not know how to work, had never attempted even the slightest details of business, but he set resolutely about the task before him.

He walked the city for days and days, but all in vain. No one wanted him. There were plenty of situations, but when his qualifications were asked he was forced to tell the miserable truth and confess that he knew just-nothing. How bitterly he regretted now, in his hour of need, that he had not spent the hours which he had wasted in acquiring his accomplishments in learning something that would help him in his strait. Regrets were useless, and he went steadily forward upon the hard path of duty.

At last he lost all hopes of finding employment in the city, and turned his face toward the spreading fields, and shady groves, and contented, peaceful homes of God's own land, the country. He did not know what he should do e there; he had not a friend in the wide world, he w thought, who cared whether he lived or died. | tl Where his uncle—the unhappy cause of his mis- al fortune-had gone he did not know. He only w knew he was alone, tired, and heart sick, and la discouraged, turning with a longing heart from fo the hot and dusty city streets to the fresh, green in meadows of the country.

He went. For two days he tramped slowly ne along, sick in mind and in body. He had tried again and again to find employment as he came th along, but still the same helplessness of ignorance was his bane barrier. He was sick, very di sick, and knew not where he might lay his e weary head. At last he fell, and knew no more,

After the long blank and darkness he had a dreamy sense of a pleasant shaded room; of open, vine covered windows, filled with fresh pure flowers; of a kind hearty, rugged face that came and looked at him, and then spoke cheerily to another kind and motherly face that hovered over him oftener, and smoothed his pillows, and brushed back his clustering hair, matted with his restless fever tossings; of another face -an angel he dreamed it was-younger, and so fresh and sweet that the very sight of it seemed to put him far on his road to health again.

This face did not come as often as the others. It would steal softly in for a moment with the other faces; and even then, if he happened to be awake, it would dart out again in a frightened manner, and as the days passed on he grew better, it did not come at all; and then he grew impatient to get well and find where it had gone.

At last the pleasant morning came that he was well enough to walk out and sit on the pleasant porch; and then, unasked by them, for they were too kind to intrude upon his secrets, he told them all his story, and they listened t and gave him their warmest sympathy; and one face—the timid, fresh, young one—was bathed in tears behind the leafy screen, where it had crept unseen.

He found his haven at last. Farmer Royston -the good, worthy soul, that he was-offered him refuge and a place where he could earn his own living; and he went to work. His whole heart was bent upon learning, and he progressed rapidly with his duties of the tarm. He made just as rapid headway into the affections of the

family. Of the family in truth, but of the shy heart in particular, he could not feel as sure. That very shyness that added such a charm to her sweet young beauty interposed an almost insurmountable barrier to her confidence. He could not tell how she regarded him, she was shy and reserved, scarcely ever speaking to him, and never remained alone with him for a moment.

The months rolled on and he had been there a year. In that year of independence and healthy labor he had grown strong and rugged, and handsomer than ever. He had improved in mind, also, for though his accomplishments were thrown aside, he had gained a store of practical knowledge that was invaluable to him; and more, he was desperately in love. The young, shy face had conquered him complete-

One pleasant summer evening he strolled down by the river, and unexpectedly came upon Hattie Royston sitting silently beside the old tree that grew upon the water's edge. She started to her feet and would have run away, but he gently detained her with his arm.

"Why do you always avoid me, Hattie?" he asked, trying to look into her averted face.

She made him no reply, and only turned farther away from him.

"Do you then dislike me so much, Hattie?" he asked reproachfully.

The look she flashed upon him was a direct denial of the charge, and yet she would not

"I love you so dearly and so tenderly that my whole life must be a sad one if you do not love me in return. You do not wish my life to be that, do you, Hattie?"

The answer came so low and faint that he had to bend his face close down to hear the soft little whisper.

"No; not that!" He bent so low that his face almost touched hers, and then he saw it was a rosy red, with now and then a tear sparkled upon it like a diamond. He thought she was pained and in distress. "I am so sorry, Hattie. I did not mean to give you pain.

She stopped him with a little finger pressed upon his lips: and now she looked up, grown

bolder in her joy. "Can you not see that I am only happy? that I am crying for that very happiness?" and she smiled lovingly through her tears.

"You love me then, darling?" he asked as he drew her closer to him, and bent down to look within her eyes.

"Yes, yes! I have loved you so much ever since--

"Ever since when?" he asked, as she paused in sweet confusion, and her old shyness, returned.

"Ever since the day you fell out there in the road and we brought you in.'

They said no more just then; what need? the silence is full of words to lovers, and they were more than content with this.

"Will I let you have her? Of course I will! and glad of the chance to give her to so good a husband!" said Farmer Royston when Sidney asked him for his prize; and the good wife spoke likewise.

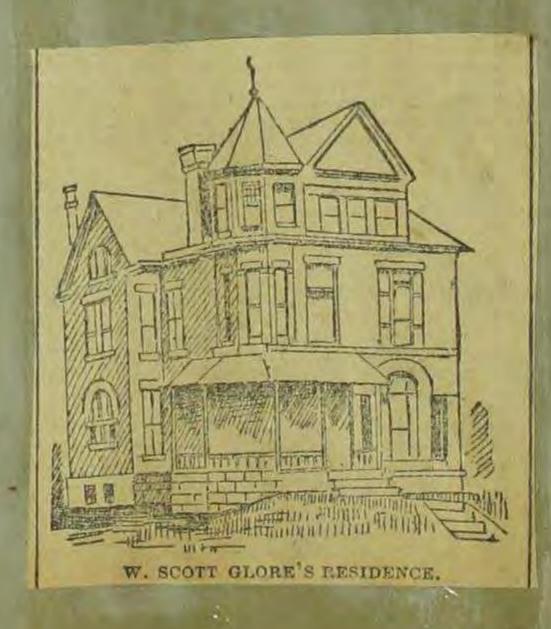
And so the days rolled rapidly along toward the one appointed for the wedding. And on the morning a letter came from the absent uncle. It was as follows.

DEAR SIDNEY: The speculations that we thought had ruined you have turned out splendid. I have in my possession over one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, all yours. Come and take possession at once'

Then followed his uncle's address and signature.

Not until after they were married did he show the letter to his bride. She rejoiced at his good fortune-for his sake-and said: "You were poor, Sidney, when I married you; so you see P

I loved you for yourself alone. His rich friends would have come back to ! him, but they found no welcome. He had tried d them, and they were found wanting.



SECTION.

Among the few remaining old time team boat men and veteran commanders, with whom time and age have dealt so kindly whose presence upon our streets nearly every day reminds me of the good old days "lang syne." I will mention Capt. Frank Carter, Capt. Sam Saunders, Capt. Jim Mather, Capt. Frank Smith, Capt. Silas Miller, Capt. Billy Underwood, Capt. Mace Erwin, Capt. Mose Irvin, Capt. Ed Montgomery, and one or two more of their ages and kind. I trust that each and all of them will live long. prosperous and happy, and that in making their final trips down the rapid and rugged river of Time, they may have a sate and pleasant voyage, and make a successful landing at the Port of Eternity. I earnestly hope that it may be a long time before any one of them will be called upon to make the same landing that Capt. Jim White was compelled to make, when that beloved and veteran commander made his last trip:

Mate, get ready down on deck,
I'm kending for the shore,
I'll ring the bell; for I must land
This boat forevermore.

Say, pilot, can you see that light—
I do-where angels stand?
Well, hold her jackstaff hard on that,
For there I'm going to land.

That looks like Death a-hailing me;
So ghastly grim and pale;
I'll toll the bell—I must go in;
I never passed a hail.

Stop her. Let her come in slow; There! That will do-no more. The lines are fast, and angels wait To welcome me ashore.

Say, pilot, I am going with them
Up yonder through that gate;
I'll not come back—you ring the bell
And back her out—dont wait.

For I have made the trip of life,
And found my landing place;
I'll take my soul and anchor that
Fast to the Throne of Grace.
WILL S. HAYS.

Good Women.

God bless good women! For they fill
The world with noble cheer!
How sweet their presence and their skill
To suffering souls appear!
Oh, who but wants their kindly aid,
When on the bed of anguish laid?
The gentle voices hope impart,
And vivify the wasting heart,
While their soft hands soothe down the pain
That racks the body and the brain.

God bless good women! They alone
Become the best of wives;
Their love about our hearts is thrown
To gladden all our lives—
To fill the home with comforts bright,
With smiling peace and all delight;
To make our welome warm and sure,
With love's endearments sweet and pure
And prove how near to heav'n is this
Fair scene of earth's domestic bliss!

God bless good women! For they make Good mothers everywhere;
And bless our country for their sake,
And for the sons they bear!
For through the years that shall dawn,
As through the years that are gone,
Good mothers' children in our land
Shall high in trust and homer stand,
True sons and daughters been to be
The guard and hope of liberty!

Immortality.

[Matthew Arnold.]

Folled by our fellow men, depressed, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And "Patience! in another life," we say,
"The world shall be thrust down, and we upborne!"

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor routed leavings? or will they,
Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervors of the heavenly morn?

No. no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun!
And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
Ilis soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that bardly, to eternal life.

Keep the Soul on Top. [Sacramento Record-Union.]

Little Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the cosy library, keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking-chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples—a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say:

"Thank you, little master."

Dropping the paper, he said: "I thought we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, papa; only you and I."
"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you,
little master?"

The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said:
"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you, papa."

"Well, you have just laughed, and why

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."

"No, I won't make fun of you; but perhaps I'll have fun with you. That will help
us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple and wanted to eat the green one, too. Just then I remembered something I had learned in school about eating, and I thought one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed for a minute just as if it said to me, "Thank you, little master," but I know I said it myself."

"Bertie, what is it Miss McLaren has been

teaching about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says, it will make bad blood, that will run into our brains and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches, too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do they will give us pure, lively blood, that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss McLaren says that sometimes, when she eats too much of something that she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself and doesn't eat too much, it seems as if it were thankful and glad."

'That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss McLaren

tell you about this matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the words, but it's what it meant."

At this papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When, in a minute, it dropped, there wasn't any laugh on his face as he said: "Weren't these the words, 'I keep my body under?"

"Oh, yes; that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."

on top, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth."

His High Water Mark,

From Texas Siftings.

"What is the meaning of that red line above the fourth story of your house?" asked a stranger of a man near Pittsburg. "That is a water mark. That mark shows how high the water was during the great overflow about a year sgo." "Impossible. If the water had been that high the whole town would have been swept away." "The water never was that high. It only came up to the first-story window, but the cursed boys rubbed it out three or four times, so I put it up there where they can't get at it. It takes a smart man to circumvent these boys."

Knew He Was Coming.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Little three-year-old Jamie. sitting by his mamma: "Mamma, did Dod make me!"

"Yes, God made you, Jamie." "Did you make my clothes while Dod was making me!" "Yes." "Well, then, you knew I was coming, didn't you?"

LETTER FROM JOSH BILLINGS.

He Sends His Tribute to Artemus Ward to a Friend Sucrety Before Beath, [Yonkers Gazette, Oct. 17.]

Henry M. Snaw, better known to the world as the humorous author and lecturer Josh Billings, died at Mentercy, Cal., suddealy, on Wednesday morning, Oct., 14, of apoplexy. Mr. Shaw, whem we knew intimately over thirty years, was born at Lanesberough, Mass., 10 1818. After he was forty years of age he began to write for the press under the nom de plume of "Sledlength," but without attracting any great attention. He then changed his methods of literary work, commenced to spell badiy, and adopting the signature of "Josh Billings," soon made his mark. He wrote for some time for the Poughkeepsie Daily Press. of which we were part proprietor and one of the editors, and afterward for the Yonkers Gazette, after we assumed charge of this paper. We received a personal letter from Mr. Shaw only a few days before his death, which will be found of interest in this connection. It is below. Little did he imagine when penning this letter that his eulogy of Artemus Ward would, through his suggestion, become a part of his own obstuary.

HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY, CAL., Oct., 3, 1885 .- Dear Holden: Some twenty years ago I was asked to write something in remembrance of Artemus Ward, who had then just died in England. It was suggested that my style be preserved and still the matter be somewhat pathetic. I knew that humor and pathos were closely allied, and I drew off the inclosed with a pencil and gave it to the party who requested it. It first appeared in the Troy Budaget, and I never saw it afterward until last week in a paper on the Pacing coast, where I have been since last May and expect to stay until next May. Will you allow me to ask you to reproduce the tribute to Artemus, with any introduction to it that may please you? I hope you will not look upon me as a vain man when I tell you that I am not only delighted but astonished at the vitality of the old "lektur," which I have read for the last twenty-three years on the road. In the first place, every like in it was published in the papers; then it was put into three different books; then it has been put into more than 100 newspapers as I have delivered it; then I have read it in every city on this continent that has lo. 000 people in it, and hundreds of towns that have not 2.000 in them and it never has had anything addes to it, but much cut away from it, and it is new read from the same book it was first written in; and still the brave old maunscript fights a good fight. I have read it six nights in California during the past seven weeks, and been paid for it \$750. It seems to me that there must be some sand in the old words.

Excuse what looks like vanity, but all this preves what I have never doubted—that the man who has a fair brain, undoubted courage, fearless truth, and honesty can get all he should have in this world. Inclosed I send a short critcism from a small town up the coast, (Detaluma,) which supports what I have just written.

With kind regards to yourself and family, I am yours, without a struggle. Josh Billings.

Ward referred to, and it well fits also the writer, new passed to the other shore:

JOSH BILLINGS ON ARTEMUS WARD.

Doth hez done a cruel thing lately. Deth seldom iz imparaball; this iz awl that ken be said in his favor. He moves his sithe awl round the world, now in this field, now in that; wheat, flowers, and weeks, drop, wilt, and wither, for he sythes early and late, in citi and town, by the harthstun and away oph where the wanderers are.

Deth hez done a cruel thing lately. Deth is seldom kind. Here a father, a mother, a wee small thing but a moath on a visit; there Mary and Charley go down in white clothes. Leth moves; manay fields are all bare, for Deth cuts ciuss as well as ciusi.

Deth luve to mow; tis his stile. He iz old and slick with his siegle; he moved for Able uv old

and for Able by yes erdsy.

Dech mows strangely, and round full the daisy and grass, and alone, smarling, stands the hearse thusile, left for what? Doth kan't cell, for God

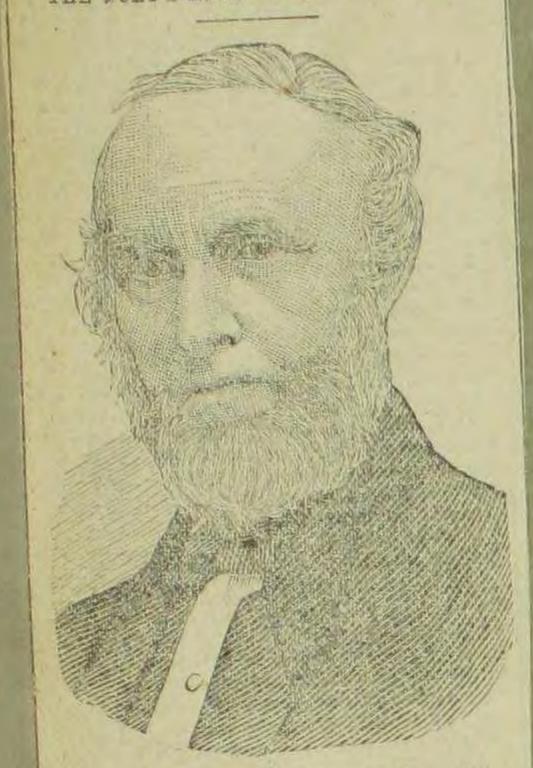
Deth, you have done a cruel thing lately; you have moved where the wittiest one of all stood, whose words have gone lafting awl over the world, whose heart waz az good and az soft az a

Deth, you have moved where my friend Artemus stood, and Humor wears mourning now for the cliff of her heart. I am sad, and I am sorry.

WHITTIER AT HOME.

A Pleasant Chat With America's Elobert Burns-How His Poem of "Snow Bound" Came to Be Written.

THE POET'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MEN.



Correspondence of the Courier-Journal. Boston, Mass., Dec. 13.-It was in New Orleans in 1861 that I first read Whittier's poetry. At that time the fires of sectional hatred burned fiercely. The city which formerly had been the home of civic pomp and pageantry, of merry masqueraders and of all-night balls and revelry was transformed into a huge military camp. Troops were hurrying to the front, regiments drilling daily, cavalrymen dashing through the streets, brass bands playing "Dixie" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and even the women, catching the spirit of war, were volunteering as nurses and lending all their energies to improving the hospital service. In fact, the people, old and young, male and female, with a degree of unanimity unparalleled in the history of the world, assisted the authorities in every possible way to advance the cause of the Confederacy. The clergy also did what they could to fire the general enthusiasm, and regiments, before taking their departure for the front, were presented with stands of colors which were christened in all the solemnity of church ceremonials. I had just witnessed one of these banner baptisms and was hurrying homeward, when my attention was attracted to a large crowd of people in a neighboring street. I hastened to the spot and saw several men fighting, and heard other excited individuals exclaiming, "Kill the abolitionist!" "Hang the traitor!" From what I could learn, the man who had incurred the enmity of the mob, and who, though badly beaten, was not killed, but imprisoned, had been distributing antislavery tracts. His house was sacked and his books thrown into the street, preparatory to making a bonfire of them. I picked up one of the pamphlets through boyish curiosity and scampered off, and that evening while reading it my mind opened to a new train of thoughts on the slave question, and my eyes fastened themselves for the first time upon Whittier's anti-slavery poems.

Since then I have read much that he has written, and, pondering over the tender thoughts and burning ideas with which his works abound, I have had a strong desire to see their author. Learning that next Tuesday was his seventy-seventh birthday, and an opportunity presenting itself to call on him, I improved it.

The winter home of the post is at "Oak Knoll," a spacious mansion owned by his cousin and situated in Danvers. A walk of about a mile from the depot, at times along a street fringed with pretty cottages, brought me to the place whose wooded situation describes its name. I rung the bell, and was ushered into a parlor, a large, square room, richly carpeted, and with some fine engravings on the walls, but in its general furnishing somewhat stiff and prim. But the front windows command a view of as beautiful a landscape as ever Turner painted, with hills and dales and wide sweeping mendows, and here and there a picturesque cottage, and farther off a church spire, while to the right, lookthrough the leafless branches a cluster of trees, can be seen the insane asylum; and over all this stretch of country, untouched by winter's snowy mantle, a blue sky, flecked with fleecy clouds, and the December sun bathing the hillsider in a golden glory. In a few minutes an elderly man, slim and above the medium height, clad in the black and unpretentious garb of a Quaker, entered the room. Though I had never seen Mr. Whittier before I knew that I was face to face with the American Robert Burns, for, say what you will, both have shown absolute truthfulness and intense reality in describing natural objects, large sympathy with bumanity, generous enthusiasm for the right, fier e indignation for the wrong, and melting compassion and tenderness for the afflicted and the sorrowing.

Mr. Whittier was the soul of cordiality. His dark eyes glanced brightly from beneath heavy, projecting brows, and his pale face, rendered paler because framed in silvered whiskers, wore an expression of almost feminine gentleness. But as the conversation progressed, the whiteness of the face gave place to a warmer tint, and his eyes blazed like stars. He talked for four hours, and such talk! The interesting incidents of his life he recounted, the things he had seen, the men whom he knew, and around all he threw a charm of diction which held me al-

most spell-bound. "I was a callow youth," said he, while a smile radiated over his face, "when I first began to rhyme, a mere stripling who loved the song of the bird while he was booing in the corn field, and who often paused in his work of planting potatoes to think of faraway life in the East. But my knowledge of the world was confined to a few books, not more than six. One of them happened to be a novel, and it makes me laugh to this day to recall how angered my father was when he found me reading it. Another was a "History of King David," in poetry, by Thomas Elwood, an intimate friend of Milton, but on, what poetry! It was dreadful. That was the only literature in my home, except a few Quaker books and a weekly newspaper; and the only schooling I got during the year was ten weeks in midwinter, I finally spent two years at an academy. My first poem, 'The Deity,' was rublished when I was 17 years old in the Newburyport Free Fress, edited by William Lloyd Garrison. The manuscript was taken from my room by my sister without my knowledge and given to John Morse, the paper carrier of the district at that time, who was told to place the copy in Garrison's office, and preserve the utmost secrecy regarding the author. He did so, and when the paper reached me I was working in the field. I was transfixed with delight when I saw that my poem was published. It was one of the happiest moments of my life."

"What led you to write of common sights and sounds, Mr. Whittier," I asked, "and to throw a halo of glory over hills and dales, lakes, streams and woods?"

Because, he replied, 'I always loved nature, and because Burns taught me the poetry of everyday things and everyday life. Joshua Coffin, my schoolinaster, rode over to our farm one day and brought with him a copy of Burns. He allowed me to read the poems, and they were like a revelation to me. Immediately I recognized a master mind who could divest life of its ragged realities and invest it with poetry, who actually

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks. Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

"While wooing the muse, Mr. Whittier, I understand that you also courted journalism."

He laughed and said: "Trifles sometimes have an important bearing on one's life. A copy of the Hartford Keriew fell under my eye, and I determined to send its editor, George D. Prentice, a few poems, which he kindly published. My contributions continned, and when he resigned in order to live in Louisville, where he made for himself a reputation as one of the most brilliant journalists, as well as pungent and witty paragraphists in America, he advised the publisher to send for me to take his place. I was out in the cornfield hoeing when the letter came to me inviting me to take the editorial charge of the paper. I could not have been more surprised if I had been offered the crown of England.

"What education, what experience had I for such a task? I knew little of men and things or books. I was singularly deficient in knowledge of the affairs of the day. And yet the task, formidable as it seemed to me, was worth attempting. So I accepted the trust. I had much to learn, but I set myself resolutely to fill the position, and I succeeded, after hard work and patient study, in making the paper acceptable to its readers. Mr. Frontice was at all times a fearlessly aggressive and plain-spoken man, and during his stay in Hartford be made some enemies. Among them was Gideon Welles, a strong Democrat, afterward a member of Lincoln's Cabinet. On more than one occasion I had to defend Mr. Prentice against the abucks of these men. At the end of two years I was called back to my father's farm. He died soon after, and I continued to till the soil for several years. Buring my stay in Hartford I became acquainted with Frederick A. P. Barnard, now President of Columbia College. He was a student at Yule, and came to Hartford and wrote for the Heview. 1 was very fond of Eastern history and so was he, and, as we met quite often, a warm friendship sprung up between us, which remains to this day. He afterward went to Mississippi, I believe, and I did not see him for many years. 'Miriam,' a sort of Eastern poem, I dedicated to him. I was also two years in Philadelphia as editor of the Freeman. My sojourn in the Quaker City gave me material for the poem 'Pennsylvama Pilgrims.' The Freeman was an antislavery paper, and in it I waged a bitter war against the encroachments of the Southern oligarchy. And in return for this my office was sacked by a mob and burned. I was also editor of several other papers, among them the National Era at Washington, where I remained for many years."

"You spoke of 'Miriam' and the little history connected therewith. Are there not some recollections clustering about 'Snow Bound' which have never yet been pub-

The poet bent his head a moment, and an expression of sadness crept into his face.

expression of sadness crept into his face.
And while I was pondering whether I had unknow ngly touched a chord which caused him pain, and feeling a sense of shame over the indiscretion, he lifted his head and said:
"Snow Bound" was written after two be-

ings had passed away whom I loved devotedly—my mother and my sister. It is in one sense a memorial of them. And as I could not disassociate them from my home life, the poem became a narrative of my early days in Haverhill. The physician alluded to was my old friend, Dr. Theodore Weld, of whom I also speak in the prelude to a little poem, 'The Countess,' and the young woman Miss Harriet Livermore, the daughter of Judge Livermore. I became acquainted with her while she was stopping at Dr. Weld's house. She was highly gifted and eccentric, but very strong minded and will ful, and was always a religious enthusiast.

'She blended in a high degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing, with each freak or feint,
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
The rapture's of Siena's saint.'

How well I remember the pride she took in correcting my pronunciation. One day she determined to visit the educational institutions of the Greek and Catholic churches in Europe, and thither she went. She spent thirty years traveling in the East, and passed some time with Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, who lived in an old convention the slopes of Mt. Lebanon, near Beyrout. Alexander Kinglake, in his elegantly-written book, 'Eothen,' devotes a chapter to Lady Stanhope. She exiled herself from England after the death of her distinguished uncle, William Pitt, and became the Queen of a tribe of Arabs. She was reputed to be versed in mystical lore, and pretended to possess the power of divination or skill in prophecy. Lamartine visited her in the course of his travels, and it

Mr. Whittier laughed over this recollection, and continuing, said: "O I remember her domineering ways! She afterward visited the East, and a friend of mine traveling in Syria found her dwelling in a tent, a ruler of a small, dirty tribe of Araba. But in her declining years she became disgusted with her mode of living, and, returning again to this country, died in Philadelphia. But this recitals tires you, and the air of this room is cold. Parlors are pleasant places for formal callers, but they impress me with a feeling of frigidity foreign to my sense of friendship. Come to my workshop; I am always at home there."

And the venerable poet, who wears his 77 years almost as lightly as a man of 50, led the way across the hall and through the dining-room into the library, a cheerful, cozy apartment, hung with pictures and well supplied with books. And as we seated ourselves in front of the grate, in which a bright fire glowed, his fingers ran carelessly through the pages of his poetry, while his thoughts reveled among the memories of the past.

"The Tent On the Beach' describes itself." continued Mr. Whittier. "At the time when it was written Salisbury Beach was almost destitute of houses. So I pitched my tent on the shining sands. My old friends, Bayard Taylor and James T. Fields, were with me, and to them I am supposed to read the poem. I also spent many summers among the mountain ranges of Ossipee and Sandwich and along the banks of the Bearcamp and Chocorna. Amid the beautiful scenery of that picturesque country, with all I had seen of nature's glory freshly photographed upon my mind, I wrote 'Among the Hills,' which I dedicated to Mrs. Annie Fields. I never had any method about my work, but wrote when I could. Many of my poems were composed in the presence of my mother and sister. Their talk seldom disconcerted me. I suppose I' can attribute whatever facility of expression I have to my journalistic experience. But I write little now. For many years I have been bothered with headaches, and lately I find that I am unable to labor for more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. It would be useless," he said, with a smile, "to write without a head. One can not get along without brains. And yet, there are many things I have written, especially in prose, which I never shall republish. They refer more particularly to the anti-slavery agitation. For a long time my position on that question was different from that of Garrison. I recognized that the constitution legalized slaveholding, and, therefore, my efforts were directed against its extension to the Territories, and in behalf of gradual and peaceful emancipation in the South. But, when war burst upon us, I was with Lincoln and Garrison heart and soul, I am proud of the part I played in that controversy; but as Charles Summer endeavored to obliterate all record of that great conflict from our battle flags, so I desire to bury in the waters of oblivion all the bitter things I said in that strife. He was a friend of humanity!" Mr. Whittier exclaimed, pointing to Summer's picture banging to the left of his writing desk. "A noble statesman, a pure-minded patriot, and an incorruptible man. Massachusetts censured him for his magnanimity, but, later on, Mr. Longfellow and myself, assisted by others, prevailed upon the Legislature to rescind its resolution of blame, And Longfellow!" exclaimed Mr. Whittier, gazing with admiration at the picture of his friend hanging to the left of the mantel, "What a best of recollections his name calls up! He was a marvelous man, and as a poet combined many of the quanties of Byron, Coleridge and Goethe. But though he was a brilliant, he was also a very careful writer. And while I speak of him I can not help thinking of Emerson, the mystic, some of whose poems will live as long as the language endures; and Hawthorne, who drank from the 'well of pure English undefiled,' and furnished America with a literature of which she will always be proud. Those were golden days when we were all together. But they rest

now, while Holmes and I plod on." Mr. Whittier's voice trembled with emotion while uttering the last sentence, but turning quickly in his chair, he said, pointing to a painting to the right of the mantel: "That picture represents a portion of my poem, 'Among the Hills,' and bears its name, and the second mountain in the extreme left of it bears mine. The portrait over my writing desk is that of Dom Pedro. an excellent likeness of the Emperor of Brazii, for whom I have great admiration. Herndon, in his 'Exploration of the Amazon,' speaks of hearing the peculiar cry of a certain bird. 'The Last Soul' is founded upon that incident. Dom Pedro translated the poem into his own language and sent moa pair of the birds stuffed."

Mr. Whittier then referred to his life at Amesbury, where he is taxed and where he votes, and of the worthies he has entertained there-Garrison, and Phillips, and Fields, and Taylor, and the Cary sisters. With an artist's skill, he warmed into fresh interest many incidents of his long career, its storms and its calms, its struggles and its victory. Once more he spoke of Emerson and Hawthorne, and of the high places they occupy in English literature. He also spoke of Blolmes, the autocrat, of Bryant, the priest of nature, and of Lucy Hooper, that gifted woman who died so young, and again alluding to Longfellow, praised "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," and "The Building of the Ship." So the talk rolled on till the sun god sunk to rest, and then, like the birds that hush their songs when twilight shadows fall, the great bachelor poet, who has kept inviolate the secrets of his youth's romance, closed the conversation, and in the gathering gloom bade me "good-night." Morgan.

NEVER MIND WHAT "THEY" SAY.

Don't worry nor fret
About what people think,
Of your ways or your means—
Of your food or your drink.
If you know you are doing
Your best every day,
With the right on your side,
Never mind what "they" say.

Lay out in the morning
Your plans for each hour,
And never forget
That old time is a power.
This also remember
'Mong truths old and newThe world is too busy
To think much of you.

Then garner the minutes
That make up the hours,
And pluck in your pilgrimage
Honor's bright flowers.
Should grumblers assure you
Your course will not pay,
With conscience at rest,
Never mind what "they" say.

Then let us, forgetting
The insensate throng
That jostles us daily
While marching along.
Press onward and upward,
And make no delay—
And though people talk,
Never mind what "they" say:

Why His Eyes Were Bright.

Caller (to little Bobby): "Bobby what makes your eyes so bright?" Bobby ter a little thought): "I dess it's tause I hain't had 'em in very long."—Ex.

Forgot to Turn the Water Off. [New York World.]

A little four-year-old boy was standing at the window watching the rain, which, much to his disgust, kept him in the house. Turning to his mother, with puckered brows, he said: "I guess God took a drink and forgot to turn the water off."

CHAS. O'CONOR IN A STREET-CAR.

[New York Letter in Atlanta Constitution.] Did you ever try to stand in a car in which there were empty seats? If you have, then you know that the difficulty is more exasperating, if not so great, than is involved in getting a seat where all are occupied. The interest of your fellow-passengers in your comfort is phenomenal. Your attention is not attracted to the vacant places-it is compelled. Nothing short of a dogged determination and a singleness of purpose will keep you erect in the presence of the general determination that you shall be seated. It was a very old man whom I saw subjected to an unusual amount of this coercion. He was under the medium in height, and of a spare build. Age had bent his shoulders forward and bowed his whitehaired head. His face was distinctly Irish, and it was made by a snewy fringe of whiskers to look redder than it was, but it was a healthy complexion, though the stooping form indicated feebleness. His clothes were scrupulously neat, but not exactly fashion-

able, nor yet so exclusively out of date as to show a systematic disregard of prevailing styles. One can be a dandy in unfashionableness. This old man was not that kind or a dresser. And there was no reason for supposing that he had pushed his straw hat far back in order to display a fine forehead though that was the effect. He got into an elevated railroad car at the station nearest to the Grand Central depot, having just arrived in town from Nantucket. He was Charles O'Conor, once the most eminent lawyer in the United States, and still of traditional prominence with the bar of New York, if not of the whole country. He retired from practice altogether some years ago, and is closing his life quietly and indolently. This was one of his rare visits to the city of his legal triumphs.

The car was pretty full, but there was one empty seat, which O'Conor did not take. A boy politely pointed it out to him, but he disregarded the information. A young woman said "there's a seat, sir," and he thanked her, without utilizing the knowledge when she had imparted. Then a man tapped him on the arm and pointed to the vacant spot. The venerable advocate shook his head, and I saw that he was annoyed. Finally, a jolly looking German butcher, whose fat and apron encroached somewhat upon the blank seat, reached out and pulled at the venerable man's coat tail. Now he was angry. A quick sweep of his arm freed his garment. He turned upon the butcher with a withering frown.

"I wish to stand," he said, in a tone that was intentionally loud, so that all the passengers might hear; "and I am going to stand. I am tired sitting and you will please let me rest."

He was not further bothered on his trip of

twenty blocks. An acquaintance to whom I related this incident assured me that it was characteristic of O'Conor to dislike pestering politeness. His neighbors have learned it, and generally refrain from bestowing too much personal attention. He is down on bores, and especially on literary pretenders-the sort whose talk ought in honesty to be all inclosed in quotation marks, so entirely is it made up of plagiarism and devoid of originality. He recently endured half an hour or so of stale and indiscriminate praise on John Howard Payne, whose body has just been imported for burial at Washington. The dreary dissertation led up to a particularly painful recitation of "Home, Sweet Home," with interjected comments and ejaculations of praise.

"Don't you think that this is a masterpiece?" the ass inquired, quite rapturously. "I do not," was the lawyer's blunt reply; "it is doggerel, and you would know it if you had any judgement at all about poetry. There is nothing more nonsensical in the whole history of literature than the fame given to Payne for those rhymes. There isn't a thought in them worth preserving, beyond the old and world-wide one in the sweetness of home; there isn't any excellence of language or structure; the piece as a whole is on a par with the sentimental songs of the negro minstrels. The tune is all that has kept the words from oblivion, and thatyou may not know it-was an old Sicilian air, stolen by Payne. Unrewarded gentus? Payne hadn't any, and if he was able to make a fair living, as he did, out of his commonplace writings, he got all the reward that he deserved 32

AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI

DESCRIBED BY THEODORE STANTON

Sculptor, Painter, Architect and Man of Business-His Present Home His Miniature Workshops-In the Artist's Studio.

Special Correspondence of THE COMMERCIAL. L Paris, Oct. 7 .- You have heard a great deal in America, of late, concerning the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." But I propose to tell you something today about its author, about M. Auguste Bartholdi, the sculptor, painter, architect and man of businessfor this remarkable Alsacian is all this and much more-whose vivid imagination, artistic genius, patriotic enthusiasm and indefatigable energy conceived, developed and completed this gigantic monument.

It is now more than twenty-five years since Bartholdi took up his residence in his present home, a pleasant kittle hotel, No. 38 Rue Vavin, just back of the Luxembourg Garden. You enter through a wide porto cochere and are immediately confronted with two reminders of the great "Liberty," a plaster model about ten or twelve feet high, and a portion of the index finger of the hand that grasps the torch. This last, which is the size of the original, is in copper and is as big around as a man's body. From this broad entrance you pass into the large and welllighted studios, four rooms occupying the whole ground floor of the house. The first is a sort of parlor studio. Near the door is a bust of William M. Evarts which figured in the Salon of 1883. Bartholdi is an ardent admirer of the junior Senator from New York and tells many good anecdotes about him during his visits to Paris.

But the most noticeable objects in this room are two curious models of the workshops where the Bedloe's Island statue was made. Every stage of the long and difficult operation is reproduced with an exactitude and an ingenuity as remarkable as it is interesting. Nothing has been forgotten. Screws, hammers, sheets of copper, beams, ropes, pulleys, ladders, the workmen and Bartholdi himself, the soul of the enterprise, giving his orders and superintending the whole operation, all are there, exactly as I have seen them so many times under the sheds in the Rue de Chazelles near the Park Monceau. And not the least noteworthy fact in connection with these admirable models is that they were made by Bartholdi, whose talent is unlimited, who can fashion in clay a gigantic lion like that planted against the rocky sides of Belfort, or cut out with his jack knife the tiny men of these miniature work shops.

Over one of the doors in the hallway is an ingenious and amazing piece of work. Painted against the walls are the roofs and steeples of Colmar, Bartholdi's native town which he strove in vain, with arms in his hands, to keep from falling into the possession of Germany in 1870, but which is now within the boundary of the "Lost Provinces." This part of Europe is frequented by storks that build their nests on the tops of houses and are held in the highest respect by the superstitious Teutons. So in front of this picture and standing out from the wall Bartholdi has fastened one-half of a big nest with a stuffed stork in it, gazing majestically down over the sleeping town, while his head is crowned with the spiked casque of a Prussian soldier. This tableau is facetiously called by its author "The Sentinel of Colmar," and produces a striking and original impression on the beholder.

The next room is the real studio of the sculptor. Here you find him busy with the clay in one hand and the sketching chisel in the other. The last time I saw Bartholdi at work he was giving the finishing touches to a monument for the grave of Gustave Jundt, the Strasbourg painter, who died a year or two ago. A pretty Alsacian girl, in the picturesque costume of the country, is standing on tiptoe, with her apron full of flowers, some of which she is laying at the foot of the bust of the dead artist. This tender funeral monument is now on exhibition in this year's salon.

This studio contains many other interesting things. On either side of the small writing table are two frames. In one of them are photographs of Grant, Sumner and Longfellow; in the other, photographs of Garibaldi and his sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, as well as one of Bartholdi himself in uniform, for the sculptor has also been a soldier. These photographs were all presented to the. artist by their owners, all of whom he knew personally. When Sumner visited Paris for the last time, in the summer of 1872, he expressed a strong wish to meet Gambetta, and Bartholdi arranged an interview. It was during the Franco-German war that Bartholdi was brought into close relation with Gambetta.

At the moment when the Imperial regime proved that it was incapable of defending French territory from invasion, and the Republican leaders formed at Tours a Government of National Defense, with Gambetta as Minister of War, Bartholdi hastened to offer them his services. Garibaldi, coming to the aid of France, had just arrived on the frontier. Bartholdi was forthwith sent by the new government to welcome the generous Italian, and was subsequently invited by Garibaldi to accept a position on his staff. Throughout the severe trials and dangers of the campaign in eastern France, during the cold and snow of the winter of 1870-71, Bartholdi was not the least brave of the Garibaldean army. Nor was he the least gay, either, for his sunny temperament was never overclouded even in those dark days. Many a somber bivouac was made merry at the sight of the artist-soldier's sketches of the comic side of army life, for Bartholdi is a clever caricaturist. He gave me one day a little book containing an illustrated history of the voyage of the French jury from Havre to the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876. It is an admirable series of caricature, full of humor and point.

In this group of photographs that I have just mentioned is a portrait especially interesting on account of the following inscription written in one corner of it: "To Bartholdi, young and flourishing, from Jules Janin, born in 1804, died December 2, 1852, faithful to his king and to the ancient liberties." It is easy to recognize the high, broad forehead crowned with heavy hair, the short side whiskers, the large mouth, nose and eyes, the intelligent, open, laughing face, the hands hidden in the pockets, and above all in the big, well-poised head, the wellknown features and pose of the celebrated literary and dramatic critic, whose love of country may have indeed received a death thrust by the coup d'etat of 1852, but who did not disappear from among men until 1874.

"Liberty Enlightening the World" is not the only creation of Bartholdi possessed by the United States. The Lafayette Statue in Union Square, New York, and one of the public fountains of Washington are his work. But perhaps the most characteristic of his American productions, excepting, of course, the colossus of New York harbor, are the four bas-reliefs around the steeple of the Brattle Squer church, in Boston. The series is entitled "The Four Stages of Christian Life," and is culiarly remarkable from . the fact that sculptor the has given to the figures the faces of his friends and well-known public men. In the first bas relief, "Baptism," it is easy

to recognize the strong features of Sumper. In the second, "Communion, Longfellow is officiating as priest, while the whole Laboulaye family are there as communicants. And in the third, "Marrage," Garibaldi is performing the ceremeny, with Lincoln and Bartholdi's mort er, hand in hand, before him.

There exists a very strong bond of s ffection between this aged mother and her distinguished son. She often participates as a spectator in ceremonies in his herer. I well remember her presence lest November in the courtyard of the foundry where stood the statue of Liberty on the occasion when Victor Hugo visited it. She had never seen the great poet, and asked to be introduced to him. But the son feared lest the emotion produced by the presentation should be too great for her. But she pooh-poohed the idea, and insisted upon shaking hands with the literary king of France. Bartholdi yielded, and, leading her up to the joet, said: "Permit me to present Mine. Bartholdi, my mother, who was horn a year before you." She made an old fishioned courtesy. Victor Hugo bowed in his stately way, and, raising her hand to his lifts, he kissed it. It was a touching sight to see these two more than octogenarians thus brought face to face. One has since passed away, but the other-whom I met a few weeks ago at table in Bartholdi's cozy dining-room - is still erect and strong.

But Bartholdi has shown his filial regard in an original and extraordinary manner. At a banquet given to the sculptor a year ago, I heard M. Bozerian, of the French Senate, speak as follows: Soon after I had met Bartholdi for the first time, he invited me one evening to accompany him to the opera. The head of the Statue of Liberty had recently been completed, and I had been up to the foundry the day before to see it. As we creed the box at the opera I noticed a lady seated in one of the chairs, and, turning to my companion, I exclaimed: 'Why, there's your model of the head of Liberty!' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'let me present you to my mother.' " Bartholdi, therefore, has not only put his own soul into the work that is to stand forever on Bedloe's Island, but he has also breathed into it the features of her who gave him birth, so that the memory of mother and son will go down to the

I shall close this letter with a few persor al traits of the famous sculptor. Physically, Bartholdi is a striking man. He is of medium height, with broad shoulders, deep chest and a sturdy, muscular body. His face is Italian rather than French, and, in fact, his family is of Italian origin, as is indicated by the name. The features are large and strong, the big nose being the most prominent. The hair, beard and mustache are jet black and the complexion dark brown. There is also an Italian dash in his temperament. He is talkative, active, and sunny. Bartholdi is always in good spirits, so that he is a charming companion at all times and under all circumstances. He is often spirituel, as the French say. When invited to write his name in an autograph album under that of Christine Nilsson, he threw off these lines: "I, who am in the habit of putting my sign-manual at the foot of statues, only wish that they were all as beautiful as the figure above." Bartholdi is also quite a remarkable linguist.

ages together.

Bartholdi heaved a sigh of relief when he learned that the Isere, with the statue aboard, had reached New York in safety. It would have been a terrible blow to him if this, the labor of nearly fifteen years, had been lost in the bottom of the sea. But the sculptor will not entirely dismiss from his mind all thought and anxiety about this huge child of his imagination until it is finally placed on its permanent stone pedestal where it will stand for all time, looking out over THEODORE STANTON. the ccean.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

A THANKSGIVING STORY,

BY MRS. BELL V. CHISHOLM.

"Who was that I heard talkin' to you just now?" asked Mr. Cary, as he entered the kitchen door.

"Miss Jorden," replied his wife.

"She wants us to drop in to help eat turkey this evenin'. Mr. Hatfield and the new minister and their wives are to be there. We are to stop on the way home from meetin'."

"How does she know that we are goin' to meetin'? I am sure it is not Sunday," returned Mr. Cary.

"Why, William, you know this is Thanks-

givin'," urged Mrs. Cary.

"I am thinkin' it is mighty little we've got left to give thanks for," returned the old man with a sigh.

"Never distrust Providence, William. Seed time and harvest, He has promised, and we have his word for His care even unto hoary hairs. Man, man, don't take on so. He is the same God that told the children of israel to go forward, and did he fail to open them a way?" and Mrs. Cary left the pudding she was stirring, and crossed over to the corner, where her husband had drawn the old arm-chair.

"I have tried to serve Him for forty years, Rachel, and it is a little tryin' to be left homeless when my hair is gray and my eyes dim." he replied.

"It is written, 'I will never leave the, nor

forsake thee," she said softly.

"And yet, Rachel, the home we have worked so hard to pay for will be knocked down to the highest bidder to-morrow. The roof over our heads shelters us to-night for the last time. With a cold, stormy winter at hand we will be cast helpless out in the snow. I can see nothin' before us but the poor-house," he answered bitterly.

"It seems hard, William, but the Lord will provide if we but trust him," sobbed the poor, tired woman.

"I'm a thinkin' we've been all wrong in bringin' up our children. If we had been satisfied for them to begin where we did, instead of where we left off, the farm need never have been mortgaged."

"We did it all for the best, father-we meant to do our duty, and if we made a mistake, God knows all about it."

"Ungrateful children is the sorest punish-

ment that can be visited upon indulgent parents. I hoped, when our children were small, that they would take care of us in our old days; but, instead of supporting us. they are burdens on our worn-out strength. The girls can sit and see their mother wearin' out her strength for them, and Robertwould to God, we had buried him in his innocent childhood,"

The mother sighed heavily, and then replied sadly: "If Robert would only do right, I would be willing to begin life anew. It seems to me his reformation would give us both a new lease on life."

"But I have given him up. There is no rest for us, but in the grave. His destruction is only a matter of time. When I think of the bright promise of his early years, I almost curse the college that taught him the use of intoxicating drinks," exclaimed the father, earnestly.

"It was evil associates, William, not the book-learning, that ruined our boy. Who knows but God may save him yet? He does not forget the prayers we have put up for him."

"I reckon not, but it is hard to save a confirmed drunkard," returned the father.

"Not too hard for the grace of God. With him all things are possible. It is hard to give up everything for no fault of our own, but God rules, and it must be all for the best."

The old man shook his head with a weary sigh, and his good wife, the partner of all his joys and sorrows, drew her chair closer to him, took his cold hands in her own, and deep silence fell upon the gray-haired couple.

The aged parents were not aware that their conversation reached other ears than their own. Tears sprang to the eyes of two of their listeners, and Alice and Katie Cary, in whispered comments, agreed that mother's time to rest had come at last. Robert, stretched lazily on the old-fashioned sofa, could not fail to catch the sound of the voices in the adjoining apartment, and, though the girls never thought of taking him into their confidence, he resolved that, in spite of his father's distrust, he would help answer his mother's prayers.

He knew the farm had been mortgaged to keep him at college, an i he had promised to see it lifted; but instead of paying it off, he had been yearly adding to its interest. A sense of his ingratitude almost overwhelmed him, and to hide his emotion he took his hat and hurried from the room.

"He is off to town now, to spend the day in adding sorrow to the overflowing cup poor father and mother are compelled to drink," sighed Alice.

Robert caugh her words, and paused for Katie's reply.

"If he is doomed to a drunkard's grave, the sooner he fills it the better for us all," she returned, in a hard voice.

Robert waited for no more, but rushed madly across the meadow, and crossing the little brook at its bottom sought refuge among the rocks in the wood beyone, where he allowed great sobs of remorse to shake his strong frame. Feeling his own inability to break the fetters that bound him, he humbly carried his burden to the One who is ever ready to help; and when he returned in the gathering dusk he was ready to gladden the h avy hearts in the desolate home with the

joyful tidings of the victory he had won. "We have something for which to give thanks yet," cried the father in tears. "Here I have been doubting God's love and kindness, even while he was preparing my heart's desire for my thanksgiving song."

The next week they moved into a poor, inconvenient tenemen, house, but the tender care their children lavished upon them, made this the happiest winter of their lives.

Robert succeeded in obtaining steady work, though not such as he would have chosen, but he was wise enough to understand that if he wished to accomplish anytning, he must begin at the bottom and work his way up. The girls relieved the mother of the greater part of the household work-meanwhile adding a little to the general fund by their busy needles.

When spring came Robert obtained a position as under-teacher in the academy, and Alice, leaving Latte to care for the old folks, found her music had at last served a good purpose, and daily she bravely submitted to the wearisome monotony of a music teacher.

Though Katie spent much of her time in the dingy garret-no one except her sister knew of the patient work that was destined to add Katie Cary's name to the long list of talented artists. After the girls understood that Robert was really to be trusted, he was taken into their secret, and the conspirators enjoyed many happy moments hiding away from the old people's sharp eyes.

The long, hot summer had been succeeded by the golden autumn, and Thanksgiving had returned to gladden the closing year. In the Cary home nothing had been said about the feast that they always had been wont to enjoy on this happy day. At the church door Robert was waiting with old Bet and

Dolly, when the other members of the family came out. He proposed a short drive ! through the glowing woods, but merely went by a winding route to the dear old farm-house, where they found the same conveniences they had left a year before. Everything was in perfect order, and a fat turkey smoked at the head of a wellfilled table. To add to the bewilderment of the white-haired couple, a new deed for the farm lay on the father's plate. "To our dear parents," was its only explanation, but the father and mother were not long in coming to the knowledge that their self-denying children had been saving their hard-earned

wages for this precious gift. The man who had purchased the dear old homestead for less than a fourth of its value had entered into obligations with Robert to transthe deed as soon could repay the money invested with simple interest. Katie's pictures had brought a handsome price, and this, added to Robert and Alice's savings, redeemed the farm and the ream that their father loved next to his children, besides purchasing a new, easy chair for each of the parents. Robert and his assistants had worked hard to change the old-fashioned, heavy furniture before the service closed in the old church. The old folks were too glad to express their feelings, but they fully agreed, while the tears coursed down their cheeks, that this was the best Thanksgiving that they had ver enjoyed .- [Christian Observer.

DANVILLE, Ky.-In answer to the inquiry for the author of the rule furnished by me for finding the day of the week on which any given date falls. I have to say that I can throw but little lig. ton the matter. The early Christians substituted dominical letters for the nundinal letters of the Roman calendar, in order to determine the days on which the various church festivals occur. I can not say who is the author of the lines used in connection with the dominical letter. I first came upon them many years ago, in the following passage in Longfellow's "Kavanagh:" Mr. Churchill than asked:

"What day of the week is the 1st of December? Let me see-

"At Dover dwells George Brown, Esquire, Good Christopher Finch and Daniel Friar-Thursday.'

"'I could have told you that,' said the wife, 'by a shorter process than your old rhyme. Thanksgiving Day always comes on Thursday.""

I made many inquiries before I found an explanation of this mysterious couplet. The earliest mention of it which I have discovered, is contained in Rees' Encyclopedia, published, I think, near the beginning of this century, for the edition which I consulted bears no date. Rees also gives the following rhymed rule for finding the dominical latter:

"Divide the centuries by four; and twice what does remain Take from six; and then add to the number you

The odd years and their fourth; which dividing by

What is left take from seven, and the letter is

As to which of the rules you have published is the best, it is a matter about which there may be a difference of opinion. I prefer the one I gave. It is a mistake to suppose that it requires a table any more than the one furnished by your Shelbyville correspondent. Very respectfully. A. B. NELSON.

Take the Sunny Side.

Let's oftener talk of nobler deeds And rater of the bad ones, And sing about our happy days, And not about our sad ones. We are not made to fret and sigh And when grief sleeps to wake it, Bright happiness is standing by, This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men Or be believers in it; A light there is in every soul That takes the pains to win it. Oh! there is slumbering good in ali And we, perchance, may wake it; Our hands contain the magic wand; This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving nearts Shed light and joy about them! Thanks be to them for countless gems We ne'er had known without them. Oh! this should be a happy world To all who may partake it: The fault's our own it it is not-This life is what we make it.

- 1 Park mamon in Ohio is Ma

A Remedy for Cancer.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

About thirty years ago a woman belonging to the middle walks of life, suffering with cancer, was pronounced beyond their skill by the physicians of Shrewsbury Infirmary, England, the tumor being in such close proximity to the jugular vein that rather than risk the imperling of her life the deemed it best not to undertake so grave an operation.

Straight way after this announcement was made she returned to her home, which was three miles from Oswestey, the nearest railway station in the County of Montgomery, North Wales. Here she became a greater sufferer, when one day she bethought herself of a neighbor, whom she soon found, and with all the elequence of one enthralled by. an implacable foe she appealed to her sympathy. "If it were possible," she implored, "do, do something to assuage my pain." With that tenderness and willingness characteristic of every true and noble woman to allay her sister's many pains this friend, for she proved a friend in need and deed, forthwith sent her boys (one of whom is our informant) to gather what in the United States is known as sheep sorrel; by the people of England as our "sour leaf or the cuckoo plant;" in the Welsh language, to the people of North Wales, as "dail surion y gog." To this timely opportunity, and the efficacy of this herb as an antidote for cancer, this, our sufferer, is in a large measure indebted for her health and life today, while not the slightest vestige of this hitherto unconquerable disease is to be found.

The leaves were wrapped in brown paper so tight as to make the package impervious to air. This package was then placed beneath an open grate, covered with the hot ashes of the same. When sufficiently cooked it was removed, and in as hot a state as possible and not burn, it was now applied, the leaves being in direct contact with the ulcer, which was firmly held to the part affected by a linen hankerchief. Strange to say, at the expiration of one month the tumor came away and has not since appeared. For the first four days the pain was most exeruciating, but gradually decreased as it became loosened. There is much to be said in favor of this method over that of the knife. The nature of its drawing power in the form of poultice, though at first very severe, still is gradual and sure, while new blood rushes into the vacuum, caused by removal, thus serving as a fitting helpmeet for aiding and stimulating nature's efforts, and in the meantime the arteries which feed this fell destroyer are given a greater impulse to move rapidly, flow healthy and strengthening the weaker parts as fast as it egresses. In this connection it is to be observed that this method has none of the accompanying after-weakening effects as caused by loss of blood so frequently exhibited under the operation of the knife; while the chances of a thorough extirpation are far more sanguine as to a thread remaining than that of a surgical operation, which many fear and object to.

For those parts not admitting of poultice we submit another formula for the same herb, as applied by this same benefactress in somewhat different cases.

A piece of flat iron or steel is obtained with at least one bright and smooth face. On this the leaves are placed, which in turn is placed on top of the stove or within the oven until the leaves are thoroughly cooked, whence they are removed and spread on a piece of linen in the same way as any other home-made plaster. When cool enough, with sufficient heat not to burn, it is then applied, and, our informant states, was productive of the same beneficent result.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

[Somerville Journal.]

She's as pretty as a picture in a frame, And for all I did not even know her name, Still I couldn't help but love her just the same.

Her papa, I found, was not a man of rank (He is only just a cashier in a bank), And to me he seemed a little bit too frank,

For when I called upon him yesterday, And asked him it a visit I might pay To my love-what did the fellow say?

Why, he shut me up as if I were a knife? And I really feared that he would take my life, When he shouted: "Why, you rascal, that's my

HAVE PITY.

A Plea for the "Home of the Friend" 1888,99

Have pity for those who, weary, heartsore, Now plendingly stretch forth their hands; Poor hands, so sin-stained; O, clasp them before They sink 'neath sin's treacherous sands! Have pity, and this your blessing shall be-"That ye have done, ye have done unto me."

Have pity; faces grown wretched and white, Look tremblingly into your own; O, help them to stand in that crystal light Shining out from the great white throne! Have pity, and this your blessing shall be-"That ye have done, ye have done unto me."

Have pity, mothers, whose daughters are pure; Turn not from the ponitent's prayer-Satur seeks ever young hearts to allure-Once she, too, was innocent, fair; Have pity-look on your darlings, then pray For some mother's sake, to do what you may.

Have pity, father, as fondly you gaze On the treasured light of your eye; For some father's sake into the byways Go search; pass not scornfully by Poor Megdalene; from your heart's deepest core Pity her. He hath said: "Go, sin no more."

Have pity, brother, a treasure you hold Perchance in some dear sister's love. Ah! were she out where the night winds blew

On her down bent head-"God above," You would heart-broken ery, "can such things

And well-nigh curse Him in your misery.

Have pity, man, for the sweet sake of one Whom you know to be pure and true; Think what this augel for your sake hath done; Thanking Him who gave her to you. Then, for the sake of this fair, noble wife,

Snatch from the burning some perishing life. Have pity, woman, you surely have need, May hap your temptations were few; With your poor sister go lovingly plead, O, think of God's mercy to you! Act as a woman, a true woman's part-Tenderly bind up the broken of heart.

GOLDSBOROUGH.

HOME.

Oh! what is home? that sweet companionship Of life the better purt;

The happy smile of welcome on the lip Upspringing from the heart. It is the eager clasp of kindly hands, The long-remembered tone,

The ready sympathy which understands All feeling by its own. The rosy cheek of little children pressed

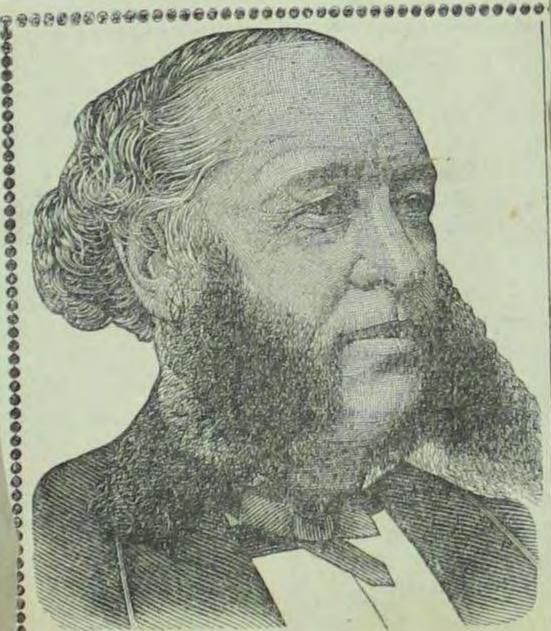
To ours with loving give; The presence of our dearest and our best, No matter where we be.

And, failing this, a Prince may homeless live, Though palace walls are nigh; And, having it, a desert shore may give

The joy wealth can not buy. Far reaching as the earth's remotest span,

Widespread as ocean foam, One thought is sacred in the breast of man-It is the thought of home.

That little word his human fate shall bind With destinies above, For there the home of his immortal mind Is is God's wider love.



WM. H. VANDERBILT.

THE OLD MAN'S FAILING FAST.

Written for THE COMMERCIAL.

Ah! I remember when I saw A smooth and handsome face; His form t'e model of a man, His footsteps one of grace, He then was in the prime of life. Alas! that time has passed. For he is more than eighty now-

The old man's failing fast, His hand some curls of jet black harr Have long since turned to gray; The h i htness of his sparkling eyes, With time, has passed away. His form, once straight, is bended now, And when I saw him last

He trembled as he walked along---The old man's failing fast.

his face is filled with wrinkles now; He scarce can hear one speak; His eyes are dim, his teeth are goas, His voice is low and weak He moves with an unsteady step, His lot will soon be cast, He's almost at life's journey's and-The old man's failing fast,

He stops to think of childhoon days And leans upon his cane, Then weeps to think that age bas made A child of him again. Then poes on down the hill of the

To find his grave at last. The angels soon will call him home, For the old man's failing fast.

WILLS, HAYS,

The Original Mother Goose.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Mother Goose's maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was born in Charlestown. Mass., in 1635, and married Isaac Goose, of Boston, in 1693. She was his second mate, and began her maternal life a stepmother to ten children. She added six more to that number. Think of it! Sixteen goslings to a single goose! Is it any wonder that she poured out her feelings in the celebrated

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe, She had so many children she didn't know what

Yet her family cares sat lightly upon her and she survived Father Goese many years. Still, she staid by her nest, and led and fed her flock until they were, able to swim by themselves. One of her daughters married Thomas Fleet, a printer by trade, with whom she went to live and insisted on being a nurse to his children, and there she lived and sang from morning until night,

Up stairs and down stairs,

And in my lady's chamber. Thomas Fleet sold songs and ballads at his printing office, and one day a happy thought struck uim. So, while she sat in her armchair or shuffled about the house lost in sweet dreams, he carefully wrote down what he could of her rhymes which fell from her lips. Soon he had enough to make a volume. These he now printed and sold under the title of "Mother Goose Melodies for Children. T. Fleet, Printer, Puddinglane, 1719. Price, two coppers." The Rav. J. M. Manning, D. D., formerly pastor of the Old South church, Boston, at a festival not many years since, spoke very truly, to my mind, when he said: "Not Homer or Shakespeare is so sure of immortal fame as Mother Goose. Considering the love in which her melodies are everywhere held, their freedom from anything which might corrupt or mislead the infantile mind, their practical wisdom, their shrewd mystery and motives of human conduct, one is in all suberness forced to admit that her name is among the brightest of the jewels which adorn the brow of the Old South. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when a memorial statue will be erected to this venerable lady in one of the parks or squares of Boston."

MARTIN LUTHER.

Celebration of the Fourth Centenary
Anniversary of the Great
Reformer

Whose Achievements in the Purification of Religion Have Made His Name Immortal.

A Sketch of Eisleben, Germany, Where the "Modern Hercules" Was Born and Died.

Imposing Ceremonies at Many Places
Both in America and in Foreign Lands.

THE DAY AT EISLEBEN.

EISLEBEN, Nov. 10.—Four hundred years ago to-day, between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, Martin Luther was born here. On the following day the ceremony of baptism was performed by mass and priest, when the child received the name of Martin, after the patron saint of that day. Sixty-three years later, on the 18th of February, 1547, the great reformer died here. Of all the towns and villages throughout Protestant Germany where the memory of his birth was celebrated to-day, none can vie in importance with this little place, which was the beginning and end of the reformer's life.

Eisleben, which now numbers some 15,-000 inhabitants, is an ancient town, having been already in existence before A. D. 1.000. Its chief points of interest are, naturally above all others, the two buildings in which Luther began and ended his life. The building in which he was born is commonly known as Luther's house. It is a small twostory structure, with high gable ends, in the large Gasse, or Lutherstrasse, not far from the post-office. Above the door is a relief representation of the reformer. In the popular belief, the house was formerly considered incombustible, until a fire broke out in August, 1689, by which the upper story was destroyed, but four years later the damage was entirely repaired by donations from all parts of Germany. Luther's birth-room in the first story was actually proved incombustible, and remains unscathed to this day. The Luther relics, preserved in the house, include his oval writing-table and seal, showing a heart and cross in a rose. A wedding ring also shown here is the only copy of the wellknown original, with a crucifly and the inscription, "Doctor Martino Luthero, 1525."

The rooms of the building, which are now used as a school for poor children, are decorated with a number of interesting old paintings or epitaphs, the largest of which represent Nebuchadnezzar, by Lucas Kronach; it is some ten feet wide, and the center figure of three men in a fiery oven, protected by angels, bears Luther's features. Another painting shows ancient Eisleben, with the rusurrection of Lazarus in the foreground, with portraits of Luther, his wife Catherine and his mother. There are also other portraits of the Reformer, with those of the Saxon Electors, his protectors. The house in which Luther died stands close to the Market square and St. Andrew's church, in which he preached so

often. It was bought by the Prussian Government in 1862 from its private owners and thrown open to the public after being restored to its original condition. Luther's arm chair still stands in the corner of the room in which he passed his last but the adjoining chamdays, ber in which he died is a bare emptly little building now marked with a tablet. St. Andrew's is the old parish church of Eisleben, erected before 1779. It was entirely rebuilt during the Fourteenth century in the latest Gothic style with octagon pillars. The church stands on the highest ground in the market square, and its front with double towers and high spires faces, according to the ancient custom, in the direction of Jerusalem. The most interesting object in the interior is Luther's pulpit, carved in oak, and decorated with panel paintings and red velvet drapery with gold and silver embroideries, representing figures of saints and scenes from the New Testament. During the last three weeks of his life Luther preached four times from this pulpit. The church also contains a number of monuments of the Counts of Mansfield, the last of whom died in 1620. and two small bronze statutes of Luther and Melancthon, presented by King Frederick William III. in 1817. Eisleben's second church, that of St. Peter, contains a stone fount, in which Luther was baptized. The circular rim now bears the following inscription:

"Rubera Baptist erio quo tinctus est d Martinus Lutherus, A. D., 1463, d 10 Nov."

A fragment of Luther's cloak and the leather cap which he wore as a singing scholar are also preserved in this church. Last night the church bells rang out to remind the city that the great Luther commemoration would take place to-day and flag-staffs were reared on all the roofs and shops and great and small and combined in gratitude to the Reformer, with a desire to earn an honest penny by exhibiting his portrait in their windows.

At 8 o'clock this morning all the school children, numbering 80,000, went in fiftythree divisions, each headed by a band, to attend a short service at the churches, where busts of Luther, decorated with flowers, stood before each altar. A choir and band on the high tower of the Town Hall rendered "Ein Festeburg" and other Lutheran hymns. The Emperor with the CrownPrince attended the services at St. Nicholas church, and a procession was formed by the municipal authorities. After the heralds and musicians and the city banner came the Protestant clergy, the professors, students of the university, the highest city officials, Generals and other civil officials of the Kingdom and Empire, Presidents of the College of Censors, the mercantile community, rectors of the high schools, honorary citizens, aldermen, magistrates, city deputies, citizens, delegates, directors of public institutions, inspectors of buildings, inspectors of schools, shief of districts, rectors of parish schools, heads of magistrates' offices, two marshals and four heralds. Through the day there were lectures, addresses, performances, tableaux, concerts, banquets, popular festivals, fireworks and illuminaions, and Berlin paid with enthusiasm her cribute to the grandest historical figure which Germany has produced. It was this village, perched on the side of a hill and looking like one of those spick-and-span hamilets seen on old Saxon-China dishes, which was to-day the focus of the German volksfest. At daybreak the chimes of St. Peteri-Pauli kerch, where Luther was baptized, and of St. Andrew's kerch, where Luther used to roar and thunder, pealed forth their gay carols, and soon afterward the schools of Eisleben resounded with the solemu swelling s rains of Luther's hymn, "Ein festeburg ist unzer Gott," intoned by over 40,000 human voices, mingled with the drums and trumpets of balf a dozen military bands. The scene was most impressive and symbolical of the solemnity, force and earnestness of the German people. Every house in Eisleben is literally covered with evergreen wreaths, festoons, miniature flags, Chinese lanterns, crystal reflectors, giving the place the appearance of a forest of Christmas trees, bearing as fruit the portraits of Luther, Kaiser Wilhelm, the Kron Prinz, Bismarck and Von Moltke.

The streets are strewn with evergreen branches. A special beer, called Luther beer,

was brewed for the occasion, and mottoes and texts of Luther engraved on beer-glasses and painted on walls and houses abound everywhere in oriental profusion. Every class joins in the celebration. The house of the richest man in Eesleben is magnificently decorated with flags, transparencies and evergreens, and over the front door is a colored portrait of Luther ten feet square, bearing the inscription: "Hier stehe ich; ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mier. Amen."

AT BERLIN AND OTHER GERMAN CITIES. BERLIN, Nov. 10 .- The festival in celebration of the 400th annivery of the birthday of Martin Luther was opened this morning by a gathering of 80,000 school children, who, in fifty-three divisions, and accompanied by bands of music, marched to the variious churches and attended religious services in honor of the great reformer, whose bust was placed before the altar in each edifice. The Emperor and the Crown Prince and officials of the Imperial University, all the city officials and clergy proceeded from the Town Hall to St. Nicholas church in a great procession. The streets were packed with people. All the principal generals of the army were in the procession and in the church. The Emperor was received with marked enthusiasm by the throngs of people that lined the streets through which the imperial procession passed. The whole city was bedecked with banners and flags. Telegrams received from many towns in Germany state that all celebrated the day with great enthusiasm. During the services in the Church of St. Mary, this city, a woman was killed outside the edifice by a piece of iron grating falling from the tower, but the congregation in the church were ignorant of the accident. The Berlin and Frankfort bourses were closed on account of the festival.

At Hamburg the festival was celebrated by the unvailing of a colossal bust of the reformer and a popular fete in the Moorweide. In Bremen the market square was transformed into a grand festival for the demonstrations.

At Leipsic a great monument bearing statues of Luther and Melancthon was unvailed in front of St. John's church.

At Erfurt, where Luther first entered the Augustine monastery; at Eisenach, where Luther was confined for ten months in the castle of Wartburg, and at Nordhause corner-stones of monuments were laid.

At Worms, where Luther was brought before the Diet, a new hall was opened in his honor. The attendant ceremonies were conducted with great splendor and were attended by immense crowds of people.

Customs Differ.

One could see that he had a grievance as he walked up and down the postoffice corridor, and pretty soon he met a friend and began:

"I'll be 'anged it I know what to make of this blarsted country!"

"What's the matter with our great and glorious America?" asked the other.

"Hin Hingland, God bless her, my grocer sends me 'alf a barrel of wine or a box of tea or ten pounds of coffee at the hend of the year as a present."

"Yes."
"While hover'ere in this frozen-up country my grocer drinks the wine himself, blast his heyes! and sends me a statement showing that I'm howing 'im a balance of thirteen dollars hon account. What sort of a way is that to hincourage me to run up a bill there in 1880?"

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

How the Tennessee River Was Once Bridged in Tweive Hours.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

"A man could go through twenty battles on a quarter the cold nerve that Andy Hickenlooper had to use in one little episode with McPherson down on the Tennessee river, when there wasn't an enemy in sight," said Capt. Jim Harper to a reporter one day recently. "One evening about an hour before sundown Col. Hickenlooper was called to McPherson's tent and informed that it was necessary for the entire army of 30,000 men to be across the river and after the Johnnies by daylight next morning.

"But, General, 'said Andy, 'there isn't a stick of timber within forty milles big enough to carry an empty caisson, and the wagons with the pontons are ten miles back.'

"Can't help that,' replied McPherson curtly. 'The bridge must be built and the army on the move before 4 o'clock to-morrow morning. Good afternoon, Col. Hicken-

looper. "I left the tent and went down to the river,' said Gen. Hickenlooper, in telling this experience not long ago, 'and I don't suppose a man could be in greater misery, mentally, than I was. I walked up and down the bank for an hour sizing up the situation. I knew that, as Chief of the Engineer Corps, I was expected to solve the problem some way; and that to fail then was to lose all standing professionally not only for the war, but probably for all the future. I think I must have sweat blood, if such a thing were possible. Finally I wandered nearly half a mile up the bank, and there, half a mile back, I came across an old gin piled full of cotton. I guess there must have been 2,000 or 3,000 bales. My sharpened wits caught on right away.' Why not make a bridge of the cotton, using the boards for a roadway?

"In thirty minutes I had a large detail of men on the ground, and the night's work commenced. We sunk the bales with big stones, laying two tiers of four bales each clear across the river, holding them in place by two big cables stretched across on the lower side. The boards of the gin made a tolerable roadway, but at its best it was an awful scaly job. The top bales were only about three inches out of the water, and I wasn't at all sure the cables would stand the strain. But at 3 o'clock I walked up to Mc-Pherson's tent and routed him out of bed. How well I remember him lying there on his elbow, holding up a match to see my face as I approached his bunk. "General, the bridge is ready." "Very well, Colonel," had passed before the match went out, and before I had walked three rods from headquarters "boots and saddles" had been sounded and the camp was a bedlam.

"I crossed the bridge and stood at the edge of the water, expecting and dreading to see the cables part under the terrific strain. Why, those cotton bales settled under the weight of the heavy guns until the water ran into the mouth of the cannon, but she stood the test, and at 11:30 the last wagon had made safe passage, and we signaled ahead to McPherson: "All over." In a little while an orderly came galloping back to summon me to McPherson, who was five miles ahead by this time. When I rode up to my autocratic superior he saluted and said: "That was well done, Colonel. Now you go back and cut the bridge loose and I'll telegraph the gunboats down on the Mississippi to pick up the cotton for you and your assistant engineer." I thought that was a first-class reward, and of course performed my part of the work,' concluded Hickenlooper.'

"What did the cotton bring him, Mr. Harper?" "Not a red cent. The gunboats pickedup

the cotton all right, but Andy never saw any of the money for it. It looks hard to tell a man to make something out of nothing, but that's war. It's only in active field service that a fellow learns the full meaning of the proverb, 'Necessity knows no law.' As an engineer and an ex-soldier, I tell you I'd rather be twenty times under fire than pass through one such snap as that which induced Gen. Hickenlooper to plan and construct a bridge strong enough to carry six-mule wagons, loaded with subsistence and ammunion, out of cotton bales, over a swift stream, in less than twelve hours."

DER VATER-MILL.

[By Charles Follen Adams (Yawcob Strauss).] I reads aboudt dot vater-mill dot runs der life-long

Und how der vater don'd coom pack vhen vonce

Und oil' der mill shtream dot glides on so beacefully und shtill,

Budt don'd vas putting in more vork on dot same Der boet says 'tvas beddher dot you holdt dis

broverb fast. "Der mill id don'd vould grind some more mit vater dot vas past."

Dot beem id vas peautiful to read aboudt; dot's

But eef dot vater vasn't past, how could dot mill vheel go?

Und vhy make drouble mit dot mill vhen id vas To dake each obbordunity dot's gifen id to grind? Und vhen der vater cooms along in quandidles so

Id lets some oder mill dake oup der vater dot vas

Dhen der boet shange der subject, und he dells us vonce again:

"Der siekle neffer more shall reap der yellow, gar-Vell, vonce vas blendy, ain't id? Id vouldn't been

To haf dot sickle reaping oup der same grain ofer

Vhy, vot's der use off cutting oup der grass al-

reaty mown? Id vas pest, mine moder dole me, to let vell enough alone.

"Der summer vinds refife no more leaves strewn

o'er earth und main." Vell, who vants to refife dhem? Dhere vas blendy more again!

Der summer vinds dhey shtep righdt oup in goot time to brepare Dhose blants und trees for oder leaves; dhere soon

vas creen vones dhere. Shust bear dis adverb on your mindts, mine frendts, und hold id fast:

Der new leaves don'd vas been aroundt undil der oldt vas past. Dhen neffer mindt der leaves dot's dead; der grain

dot's in der bin; Dhey both off dhem haf had dheir day, und shust

vas gathered in. Und neffer mindt der vater vhen id vonce goes

Ids vorig vas done! Dhere's blendy more dot vaits, ids blace to fill.

Let each von dake dis moral, vrom der King down to der peasant: Don'd mindt der vater dot vas past, budt der vater dot vas bresent.

Economy.-When a Spaniard eats a peach or pear by the road side, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the roadsides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste, and is ever free. Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest, and bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good, or better than we found it, and he is a selfish churl who basks under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees, which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.



LINES TO

[Written for THE COMMERCIAL.] Yes! I loved you truly, fondly, Since in years gone by we met, And, although you have forgotten All your vows, I love you yet. Go, if you will-forget me-Let your love for me depart, I will keep it, dead and buried In the graveyard of my heart.

When I feel the warm tears stealing From mine eye-lids to my cheek, Then the tender lips of sorrow To my troubled soul doth speak. And my memory like a mourner Comes to take a friendly part, As I weep for love that's buried In the graveyard of my heart.

You have changed the joy and sunshine Of my life to grief and gloom, And my bleeding heart is nothing But a sad and silent tomb, There your love for me lies buried. You could play an angel's part-You alone can resurrect it From the graveyard of my heart. WILL S. HAYS. November 9, 1886.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT,

Few men in America are more written about and talked about than William H. Vanderbilt. He is without doubt the richest man in America, his wealth being estimated at \$150,000,000. The eldest son of the famous Commodore, William inherited \$65,000,000, which he has more than doubled. Fifty of Mr. Vanderbilt's millions are said to be invested in United States four per cents, and the checks which he receives for interest are larger than those paid to any other of Uncle Sam's creditors.

Mr. Vanderbilt is sixty-seven years old. He recently gave \$500,000 to the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In his splendid brownstone house on Fifth avenue, almost opposite to St. Patrick's Cathedral, are many pictures by the foremost of living artists. The Vanderbilts are conspicuous in New York society, and give entertainments of the most dazzling and costly nature. The millionaire is fond of fast horses, and likes to drive them himself. Lysander and Aldine are among his treasures, and for a long time he would be with the celebrated Maud S., who has recently lowered the record to 2:08%. Being annoyed by challenges and propositions to match the mare against other flyers, Mr. Vanderbilt sold her to Mr. Robert Bonner for \$40,000, who promised never to enter her in a race. Mr. Vanderpilt has three sons and two daughters.

THE LOVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

How They Courted and Whom They Married -Romaners and Deaths-Wedding Widows,

The gossips of Washington, writes Carp in the Cleveland Leader, still discuss the probability of President Arthur marrying Miss Tillie Frelingbuysen. They say the denial of the report by the interested parties is only the customary action in love matters, and assert that the match will be both eminent and proper. President Arthur, they say, is in his physical prime. He is just the age of President Tyler at the time of his second marriage to Miss Julia Gardner during the last year of Tyler's Presidential term, and Mr. Arthur's marriage to Miss Frelinghuysen will be more in accordance with the fitness of things than Tyler's by reason that the difference in their ages is not so great. President Tyler at the time of his second marriage was 54 years old, and Miss Gardner was 20. President Arthur is now 54, just the age of Mark Antony when he was enamored of Cleopatra, who, strange to say, was, when she killed heself, just the age of Miss Frelinghuysen. In January next President Arthur's first wife will have been buried five years. Tyler's first wife was not yet two years dead when he took his second. President Arthur's wife was the daughter of a Capt. Herndon. He married her, I am told, in Washington, in St. John's church, where he now goes every Sunday, and in which be has placed a memorial window to her memory. The pew he sits in, it is said, is the same her family used in to latter days of the '50s, and I have a newspaper paragraph stating that he keeps her room in his New York mansion in the same condition as it was when she left for her long journey of 1880.

Mrs. Arthur is by no meaus the first President's wife who has died before her husband has reached the White House. Martha Skelton, the wife of the red-headed and freckled Jefferson, had been dead nineteen years before her husband was elected. Rachel Donelson, the wife of the hot-headed but courtly Jackson, had her dresses made to take her place as mistress of the Executive Mansion, but died three months before "Old Hickory" was inaugurated. Hannah Hoss, the consort of the foxy Miss Nancy Van Buren, lay in her grave seventeen years before Jackson made him his successor, and President Harrison died in office before his wife had come to Washington.

The Presidents' wives now living are Mrs. Polk, at Nashville; Mrs. John Tyler, at Richmond; Mrs. Grant, in New Jersey; Mrs. Hayes, in Fremont, and Mrs. Garfield, in Cleveland. Of these the widows—Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Garfield—draw from the Government pensions of \$5,000 a year.

Mrs. Zack Taylor died in Louisiana during the same administration for which her husband was elected. She posed her husband's being a candidate and would have nothing to do with the ungodly social life of the capital. Abigail Fillmore died at Willard's Hotel here about one month after her bushand finished his term. The hard work of the White House hastened her decease. Mrs. Lincoln lay ill at the White House for a long time after her husband's death, and Andrew Johnson did much of his first executive business at the Treasury Department. Mrs. Lititia Christian Tyler is the only President's wife who has died in the White House. Martha Washington died two years after the death of her husband, at Mount Vernon, where Washington died in 1799. She shutherself up in an attic chamber and cut a a hole in the door for her cat. She saw no one, and lived without a fire, and had she lived to-day she would have been deemed aligntly crazy. Abigan Adams' health failed per after she had lived four months in the White House. She left it and went back to Massachusetts, and died there, aged 74. Dolly Madison was driven from Washiligion when the British burnt the Capitol in 1814, but the shock did not kill her. She returned here to live after her husband's death, and she died at 77, in 1849.

Mrs. John Quincy Adams also lived to be 77 years of age. She was married at 22, and was born, educated and married in London. John Quincy Adams was engaged to her three years before he married her, and her first tonr after her wedding was to Berlin, where Mr. Adams went to serve as Minister.

It is a curious fact that the first three Presidents married widows. The stories of their courtships abound in romance. George Washington was a Colonel on his way to Williamsburg, the old Capital of Virginia, when he was stopped by an old planter friend and asked to stay over night. He replied his business was urgent, and a stoppage of any kind was impossible. His friend then cited the virtues and beauties of a beautiful widow of 23 years, who was stopping with him, in such glowing terms that Col Washington decided to take dinner and see the paragon. He was so delighted that he stayed all night, and on the way back became engaged to her. This was Mme. Custis, whose maiden name was Martha Dandridge.

Jefferson's wife had been a widow four years when she married bim, and she was only 37 years old at that time. She was ten years Jefferson's wife, and in that period had six children by him before she died in 1782. It is said that she was much courted, and two of Jefferson's rivals met on her doorstep a day or two before the latter's engagement. They heard sounds of music within, and soon found that Jefferson was singing a love song to the young widow while she played an accompaniment on the harp. They concluded not to press their suit, and left with their love untold.

Dolly Madison's parents were Virginia Quakers, who freed their slaves and went to Philadelphia to live. Here at 19, Dolly, a demure Quakeress, married John Todd, a Quaker lawyer, who died when she was 23, and left her a pretty widow. In less than a year she married again, and this time a Mr. Madison, who was a member of Congress. She was 37 years old when her husband became President, just two years younger than Miss Frelinghuysen is now.

Andrew Jackson is the only other President who married a widow. His wife's first husband's name was Robards, and she was only 16 years old when she married him. Robards was a jealous fellow, and of an exceedingly ugly disposition. Rachel Robards separated from him and got what both Jackson and she thought was a valid divorce before she was married to Jackson. She was about 22 years old at this time, and the circumstances of their union created no general remark over the country. Nevertheless, almost forty years later, during the campaign for the Presidency, the matter was dug up, and it was charged that Jackson had married her before she was legally divorced from Capt. Robards. The story is too long to repeat here. It is enough to say that Mrs. Jackson was cruelly slandered, and that this was one of the causes of her death. She was not auxious to come to Washington, and once said to a friend: "I assure you I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in that palace in Washington." Andrew Jackson dearly loved his wife, and there is a tradition at the White House that he never went to bed without taking a locket holding her picture from his bosom, and propping it up against his Bible, so that it would be the first object upon which his eyes would rest in the morning.

Andrew Jackson was the second widower President. Jefferson came before him, and after him came Martin Van Buren, John Tyler and Chester A. Arthur.

The only bachelor President the country has had is James Buchanan, who respected the woman who jilted him, when he was a young man, too much to ever marry another.

Martin Van Buren was a green lawyer

when he married his wife Hannah. She was of good family and was only a few months older than her husband. The two had gone to school together as children, and their engagement was a long one. They were married as soon as Van Buren's law practice would warrant it. Their married life, like that of Jefferson's, lasted only ten years.

When John Tyler married his first wife he was only 23 years old, and she was 22. He bad long been in love with her, and had courted her for five years. "Still," says his son, Gen. Tyler, "he never even ventured to even to kiss her hand until three weeks before the marriage, when, on his last visit to her prior to the wedding, he consummated this act." John Tyler was at this time a young lawyer, and he had already served a term or two in the Legislature. He was Gov. Tyler's son, and his wife was one of the flowers of the F. F. V.'s. She was an Episcopalian, and was a beautiful woman. President Tyler's second wife was a Catholic. She lived with President Tyler seventeen years and had sons and daughters.

President Filimore was a wool-carder, and his wife was a school teacher when they fell in love. Both were poor, and Fillmore, after studying law and moving to Buffalo, did not see his affianced wife for three years,

because he was too poor to pay the fare of the 150 miles which lay between them. Mrs. Filimore was two years older than her husband, and she was twenty-eight years old when their marriage took place. She died in 1853. President Fillmore survived her twenty years, and married the woman who, it is said, became insane before she died. Mrs. Fil more was a preacher's daughter, as were also Abigial Adams and Mrs. Frank Pierce. She was the same age as Mrs. Fillmore at the time of her marriage, and her groom was a member of Congress when he married her. Mrs. Pierce was somewhat like Mrs. Hayes in the rigid piety with which she observed Sunday at the White House. It was her custom to ask the employes to go to church. She did like society, and she made the Executive Mansion, as far as possible, a Christian home for her family.

Mrs. Lincoln wore a wedding ring given her by the President, in which was engraved, 'Love is eternal.' She was a Kentucky girl, who had gone to live with a sister at Springfield, Ill. Here she met Lincoln, then a young lawyer, and the two were married, and began life as boarders, paying for their accommodations \$4 a week.

Eliza McCardie was 17 years old when she married a young North Carolina tailor who had settled in Greenville, Tenn. His name was Andrew Johnson, and he was just of age. She possessed more learning than her husband, and the two worked together, though she did not, as reported, teach him his letters. When, after many years, he became President, she was too ill to do the honors of the White House, and her daughter took her place.

Mrs. Julia Dent. President Grant's wife, comes of an old family, and her great-grand-lather was the Surveyor General of Maryland. Gen. Grant met her at St. Louis, and was engaged to her four years before he married her. During this time the Mexican war intervened, and she was 23 years old when her wedding took place.

Mrs. Hayes is a Chillicothe girl. President Hayes made love to her while she was going to school at Cincinnati, and married her after a two years' courtship.

Gen. Garfield was also associated with his wife during her school-days, and there had been a long acquaintance before their engagement in 1856.

FUN.

An uncle left eleven silver spoons to his nephew in his will, adding, "He knows the reason I have not left him the whole dozen."

A wag, being asked the name of the inventor of butterstamps, replied that it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

A good man up in Hawley, Mass. (that's a great town for good people), once prayed, "O Lord, we wouldn't presume to dictate, but, O Lord, we want rain. Not a lickety tearin' shower, but a gentle sizzle-sozzle."

A young man in Williams College, having been seen in a rather intoxicated state several times, was told by the college authorities that if found again in a similar condition he would be expelled. One day, having taken a drop too much, he met the President, who indignantly said: "Drunk again?" "Sho-o am I!" was the reply.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And likewise so have I;
The reason, too, 's the same,
It comes of getting dry.
But here's the difference 'twixt the leaves and me,
I fall the harder and more frequently.

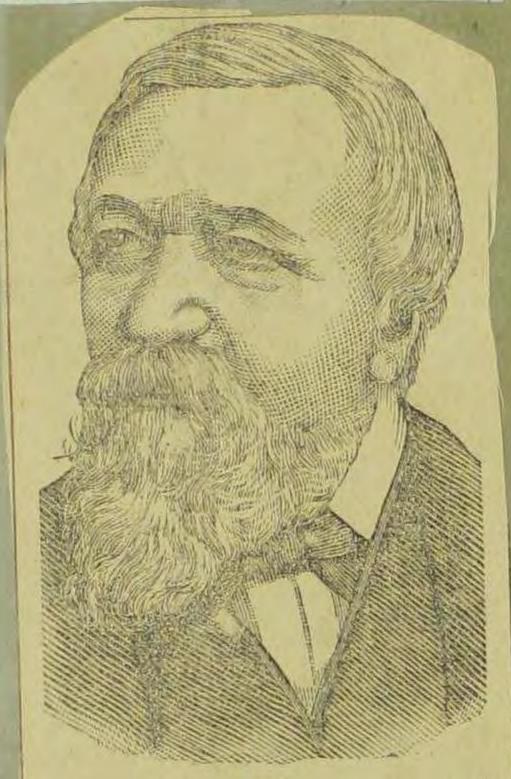
A GROCER stepped out of his door yesterday just as a boy had filled his pockets with apples from a barrel, and he shouted: "Here! you have been stealing apples—police! police!" "Don't holler out that way," replied the boy, as he put the apples back. "Bill bet me that my pocket wouldn't hold three old sockers, and I was just trying to see. I'm open to such bets every day in the week."

"Hi! Samuel, has you moved yet?" inquired one colored man of another he met at market yesterday. "No, I'se still in the old place," was the answer. "But I war told dat you war gwine to get out ob de neighborhood," continued the first. "Wall, I did make up my mind to, but you see de family next door, and de family on de corner, and de family 'cross de street, have left deir wood piles out doors, and I doesn't desire to change."

A Lady sent her Irish servant for a new velvet mantilla which was at her dressmaker's. "John," she said, "if it rains, take a cab; I would rather pay the cab hire than have my mantilla wet." When the man handed her the mantilla it was ruined, the paper which covered it being saturated with water. "Why, John." she said, "I told you to take a cab if it rained." "So I did, mum; but sure you wouldn't have your footman a ridin' inside! I got on the box with the driver."

QUINCY. ILL .- I. Please to give some account of the nicknames by which the different States are known. 2. Where is a rhyme entitled "Our Presidents?' Have the kindness to publish the

Answer-1. In De Vere's "Americans" there is an account of this matter, from which we condense, as follows: ARKANSAS was named the Bear State, pronounced within its borders and elsewhere in the West, Bar State, from the fact that in early times, when the name was given, bears abounded in that part of the Union. California is also termed the Bear State, but here it is the grizzly bear which gives the name, and appears in the coat of arms of the State, standing, huge and formidable, on a railway track, symbolizing the marvelous growth of a State which was, a few years ago, a howling wilderness. Connec-TIOUT is known as the Blue-law State, from the unenviable fame of its early government regulations, known as the Blue Laws. It is also known as the Freestone State, from its valuable quarries. It is termed too, the Nutmen State, from the famous speculation in wooden spices, immortalized by Sam Slick, or, as a facetious native puts it, "because you will have to look for a grater." DELAWARE is known as the Blue Hen, from the notoriety one of her sons acquired during the War of the Revolution for his fondness of cock-fighting. Happily, he was famous, too, for his bravery, and for skill in drilling his men, so that the latter became known as his "game cocks." He held that no cock could be true game that did not come from a blue hen, and this led to substituting the name blue hen chickens for the term game cocks. As the whole regiment became famous through him, all Delaware men were nicknamed thus, and soon the designation was transfered to the State. FLORIDA is the Gulf State, a name shared by Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas. Georgia is known as the Cracker State, a name she does not deserve. Illinois is termed the Prairie State, from its rolling fields of grass. It is also known as the Sucker State, a term whose origin is thus: The Western prairies are in many places full of holes made by the crawfish, which descend to the water beneath. In early times travelers going over these immense plains provided themselves with long hollow reeds, which, when thirsty, they thrust into these natural artesian wells and supplied their wants. Thus they grew to be called suckers, and Illinois got the sobriquet. INDIANA is the Hoosier State. It is said this name arose from the proverbial inquisitiveness of its citizens. It is alleged they could not pass a house without pulling the latchstring and crying out, "Who's here?" Iowa has adopted the name of a famous Indian chief who was long a terror of all settlers within her boundary lines, and so is known as the Hawkeye State. Kansas appears as the Squatter State, from the pertinacity with which squatter sovereignty was discussed there. Is is more pleasantly called the Garden state, from the vast garden-like cultivated fields and prairies which abound in that fertile region. KENTUCKY is the Corn-Cracker State, from its fields of maize. Louislana is the Pelican State, that bird being frequent on its shores, and chosen in its coat-of-arms. It is also termed the Creole State from the large number of its citizens who are descendents of the original French and Spanish settlers. Massa-CHUSETTS, early known as the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, still continues to be the Bay State. Maine, from her extensive pine forest, is called the Pine-Tree State. From the occupation these forests afford it is also known as the Lumber State. MARYLAND bears the proud title of Old Line State from the Old Line regiments she contributed to the Continental army in the War, of the Revolution-the only State that had regular troops of "the line." Michigan appears as Walverine State from the number of little wolves that used to infest its territory. From its four magnificent lakes it also derives the name of Luke State, MINNESOTA, largely settled by New England people, is named the New England of the West. Mississippi is spoken of as the Mudeat State, because of the large species of cat-fish abounding in the swamps and mud of the rivers. Missouri, the Bullion State, took her name from one of her sons, Thos. H. Benton, who was a staunch advocate of gold and silver currency, and himself became known in Congress as Old Bullion. New Hampahire, from its granite mountains, is known as the Granite State. NEW YORK, once named New Amsterdam under Dutch rule, and assuming its present name as an English colony, bears the proud title of Emvire State, as surpassing all others in wealth and population. Its motto, "Excelsior," on its coat of arms gives it the name Excelsior State, North Carquina, from her immeuse pine forests, is known as the Turpentine State. Onto owes to the Buckeye the name of Buckeye State. PENNSLYVANIA is proud of the name of Keystone State, derived from the fact of its being the central State at the time when the Union was formed. The names of the States, arranged in the form of an arch, according to their geographical position, give Pennsylvania the central place, where the Keystone would be. RHODE ISLAND, the smallest State in the Union, is often named Little Rhody. South CAROLINA owes her name, Palmetto State, to the valuable tree growing on her shores, and symboled in her coas of arms. A palmetto is kept carefully growing in the streets of Charleston and the Palmetto Flag was famous in the late war by its connection with Fort Sumter. TEXAS, once a province of Mexico, then an independent republic, bore a single star in its coatof-arms, and being left for a time to struggle unaided, became honorably known as the Lone Star State. VERMONT, from the ridge of mountains within her boundaries, is named the Green Mountain State. The name Vermont was given by the French settlers. Vinginia retains her name of Old Dominion, earned in time of peril by her loyalty to Charles II. Wisconsin, abounding in early days in badgers, retains the name of Badger State. 2. The rhyme referred to is as follows:



Robert Browning.

Robert Browning was born near London, England, in the year 1812, and educated at the London University. When twenty-four years of age, his drama of "Parascelsus" was given to the world, and made for its author immediate distinction. "Strafford," his next production, was produced on the stage, unsuccessfully, even though the eminent Macready personated the hero. In 1855 appeared "Men and Women," perhaps Browning's greatest work, containing poems which, writes a competent critic, "for depth and subtlety of conception, profound analysis of the human mind in its most delicate and impassioned conditions, and abstract speculative insight, are unsurpassed in the English language." If, as some think, in vigor and brilliancy of thought Browning is above Tennyson, he does not nearly equal him in melody of versification and artistic beauty of style. He is often obscure, and perhaps as often Shakespearean in the lucidity and aptness of his expression. Among Browning's works previously unmentioned are "The Ring and the Book," "Prince Hohensteil-Schwangan," "Red Cotton Night-cap Country," "Aristophanes' Apology." "The Inn Album," "Pacchiarotto, with Other Poems," "The Two Poets of Croissic," "Dramatic Idyls," "Agamemnon" and "Ferishtah's Fancies." The full title of his latest book is "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day-towit: Bernard de Mandeville, Daniel Bartoli, Christopher Smart, George Bubb Dodington, Francis Furini, Gerard de Lairesse, and Charles Avison.

Mr. Browning was married in 1846 to Elizabeth Barrett, better known as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the greatest English poetess. She died in 1861.

WHY SHOULDN'T HE UNDERSTAND! (Philadelphia Times.)

It was almost midnight; the hands of the clock were tealing painfully around their circuit; the maiden yawned and incidentally remarked that it was growing late, but the youth kept his seat.

"Miranda," he said at length, "I have made up my mind to ask you if you will be my wife.

"I don't know," she answered; "you seem to lack energy, and energy is an important thing in a young man who undertakes the responsibility of supporting a wife.37

"Of course; but why do you think I lack energy?"

"Because there doesn't seem to be much go to you."

"Mich go to me." "Not much go home, at least."

He understood ber.

THE LANDLORD SIZED HIM UP. [Merchant Traveler.]

A brilliant swell, in much elaborate toggery and the other evidences of unpaid bills, applied at a fashionable hotel for accommodations.

"Aw-ab-landlawd," he drawled, "have you an elevatan?"

"Or course," replied the proprietor. "Aw-ah-awad do you have dianaw at 5 o'clock,"

"If it is so desired, sir."

"Aw-ah-awnd breakfast at eleven."

"Yes, sir,"

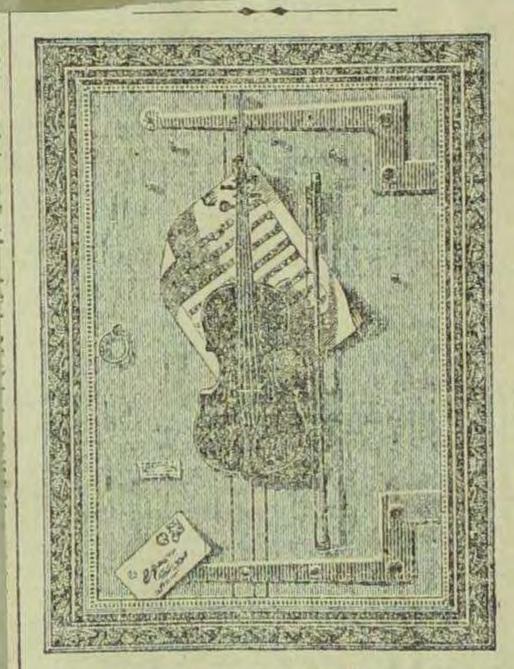
"Aw-ah-awnd a bawth adjoining my apahtments?"

"Certainly."

"Aw-ah-landlawd, now what will you boawd me faw?"

"Well," replied the proprietor, sizing him up all around, "I'll board you for about fifteen minutes, and I want the pay in ad-

The porter carried him out on a truck.



The reproduction of Harnett's great painting, "The Old Violin," has created as much of a sensation as the original itself. It is a perfeet fac simile and a credit to the publishers, the F. Tuchfarber Company. It will, no doubt, find a place in every home where true art is appreciated.

God Bless Mother.

A little child with flaxen hair, And sunlit eyes, so sweet and fair, Who kneels, when twilight darkens all, And from whose loving lips there fall The accents of this simple prayer: "God bless!-God bless my mother!"

A youth upon life's threshold wide, Who leaves a gentle mother's side, Yet keeps, enshrined within his breast, Her words of warning-still the best; And whispers, when temptation tried-"God bless!-God bless my mother!"

A white-haired man who gazes back Along life's weary, furrowed track, And sees one face-an angel's now!-Hears words of light that led aright, And prays, with reverential bow: "God bless!-God bless my mother!" - George Cooper. THE SILVER LINISG.

What the Fonny Papers Are Saying.

AN OLD ADAGE.

Life.

It's a nil wind that blows nobody good. FORESIGHT AND HINDSIGHT.

[Morning Journal.] It is a wise politician who knows which

candidate is elected. PROBABLY A CAMPAIGN LIE. [Philadelphia Record.]

There is said to be a crane in Hamburg capable of lifting 147 tons. This is probably another bird story started for campaign pur-DOREK.

THE VALUE OF ONE CENT.

[Lowell Citizen.]

A cent of 1707 has been sold within a year for \$11. Debtors in this vicinity appear to be holding on to their money in the hope of realizing a premium on it.

A LARGE-SIZED REFRIGERATOR.

IFree Press.

If you know where the Island of Samos is, you may be tickled to learn that a tunnel 5,000 feet long and seven feet high has just been discovered there. They want to sell it to some American for a refrigerator.

> A LITTLE GIRL'S IDEA. [New York Graphic.]

"Mamma," said a little girl, "I think I've got ammonia."

"You mush't say ammonia, dear; you must say pneumonia."

"But it isn't new, for I think I had it yesterday."

A MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY.

[New York Graphic.]

"That was a very mysterious robbery the other day!

"Why, I don't see what mystery there was about it. The detectives caught the thieves the same day."

"Yes. That's what I said."

GEN. GORDON'S REMARKABLE FATALITY.

[Life.]

Gen. Gordon is again reported dead. The mortality of Gordon during the past year has been something marvelous, as his official record has been something over eleven deutus,

He should at least make a baker's dozen.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

[Free Fress.]

It was in a restaurant. A big man and a little man stood side by side. "Gimme the sait, please," said the little man. "I'm not the watter," said the big man in a suriy tone. "Excuse me," was the retort. "It was a mistake any one would have made."

"HOW ARE YOU, EUCHARDI"

[Life.]

It is said that when Logan heard the news from his State he turned to Blame and said: "Jim, d'yer hear that noise?" "What noise?" replied the Plumed Knight. "Idimoise," yelled Jack, thereby scoring fortyseven points and an ace on the unsuspecting magnet.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE MINERS.

[New York Graphic.]

"I see they have di-covered a vast bed of rock salt in Colorado."

"Is tout sul"

"Yes, this will be very valuable to miners. 11

"How so?"

"Guess you never bought a gold mine." WITH PROPER DISCRIMINATION.

[Chicago Times.]

Landlady-"Are you enjoying your dinner, Mr. Dumley? I trust you are fond of turkey."

Dumley (struggling with a dumstick)-"The word fond,' in connection with this bird, my dear madam, does not adequately express my feelings. 'Revere,' & think, is Detter."

COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE.

Philadelphia Call.]

Little Tim-Good night, mamma. Mamma-Why, von must not go to bed yet. You have not had your supper.

Little Tim-Oh, no; I'm not going to bed. I thought you were.

Mamma-Go play, child. This is my new Mother Hubbard.

A NATURAL SUPPOSITION.

[Pittsburgh Chronicie.] "Jeremiah, I do wi-h you would remain in your seat during the intermissi n," remarked Mrs. Jarphly between the acts.

"What would people think of me if I got up and bounced out of the house every time that curtain comes down?"

"They would probably think you had formed the clove habit, Martha," mildly replied Mr. Jarphly.

IT WAS A KENTUCKY BOY.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Herbert's mamma took him to Sundayschool the other day, and the lesson being on the depravity of the heart, the teacher drew a large heart on the blackboard by way of illustration.

"Mamma," said Herhert, with a nudge, "will she draw a spade next?"

The boy evidently knew what was trumps.

SATISFYING THE MINISTER.

[Boston Courier.] "I hear you are highly satisfied with your new minister, Brown?"

"Satisfied is a tame word to express our opinion of nim. We are delighted with

him. " "He is very eloquent, I understand?"

"Eloquent? Vhy, sir, when he is preaching he affects the congregation so powerfully that there is scarcely any interest taken in the flirtations of the choir."

> A PUZZLED CHILD. [San Francisco Post.]

Inquiring Child-Pa, what is the difference between sitting up and sitting down?

Pa (with perfect confidence in his ability to explain) - Why, my child, when somebody is standing up, and he seats himself, he sits down; and when he doesn't go to bed, and sits down, he sits up.

Inquiring China-But, pa, if he sits, how can be sit without sitting down; and if he sits down, bow can he sit up?

THE VERGER'S BON MOT.

Exchange.

A story is told of Bishop Bloomfield revisiting the University chapel at Cambridge after long absence. Finding the same verger there whom he remembered in his college days, he said to him: "You have much to be grateful for." "I have, indeed, my iprd." replied the old man, "for I have neard every sermon that has been preached in the chapel for fifty years, and, bless the Lord, I am a Christian still."

SHE PULLED IT HERSELF.

[Exchange.]

"Will you pull the bell?" she asked of the man across the aisle as the car reached the

"No, madam," he answered with a bow. "but I will be most happy to pull the strap

which rings the bell." "Abl but never mind! the strap is connected with two bells, and you might stop

the wrong end of the car!" And the look that she turned upon him was full of triumph veneered with cayenne pepper.

HOW THEY DO IT IN SALT LAKE CITY.

[Argonaut.]

"My dear," said a Mormon wife to her husband, "I should think th t you would be ashamed of yourself flirting with that Miss B., as you did to-day."

"Firting with her!" he replied, in astonishment. "Why, we have been engaged for more than three months. It's all over town. 17

"Ob, I beg your pardon," said his wife, indifferently. 'If you are engaged to her, I suppose it is all right. When does the happy event cccuri"

THE LIGHTNING CASH-BOY.

[chicago News.]

A white and tottering old man leaned against the 5 cent counter in a Christmas toy-store.

A middle-aged man, streaked with gray, appronched bim.

"Ah," said the old man, extending his wrinkled hand, "it seems to me I have seen your face somewhere before."

"Are you the sprace young man who bought 27 cents' worth of goods here and had 3 cents change coming to you?" "I am he who was the spruce young man,"

replied the white old man.

"I thought so," said the middle-aged man. "Here is your change. I am the cash-boy." "Ah, I did not expect you back so soon," and the old man hobbled out.

CHRISTMAS BEAUX. [Chicago Herald.]

A mature damsel who has been in society three years, and knows whereof she speaks, says there is one season of the year when a young lady can always tell which one, if any, of her admirers means business.

"They come," she says, "right along the year around until about the 1st of December, and then you ought to see them thin out. First one and then another disappears, until the first thing you know you don't re-

ceive a call in a week. That is sure sigh that Christmas is at hand. Oh, we've got the thing down fine, and we know what it means. This time, though, when some of these fellows come sneaking back after New Year's and invite their old friends to take a two-dollar sleigh ride or a seventy-cent show ticket, they'll think something has dropped. The times may be bard, but I know a dozen girls who are not so hard up for a beau as to overlook a case of mysterious disappearance at Christmas time. Not much."

THE PUNSTER'S LAST STRAW.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Jones-"Why, my boy, what's the matter? You look ill.'

Smith-"Yes; I've had a fearful night. Couldn't sleep a wink. Don't know what's the matter."

"Well, I know. You are too hard on your digestive organs. These late suppers are very bad, and, besides, you don't stop there, either. What did you have after we parted last night?"

"Nothing except a half dozen raw." "I thought so. Remember hereafter that it's the last raw that breaks the camel's back."

WHERE THE FIRE WAS NOT.

Me chant Traveler.

One cold morning about 6 o'clock the firealarm rang, and hirs. Easy reached over and shook the husband.

"Ugn-ugh," he growled, sticking his head out from under the covers and jerking it back again with a shiver, "what do you want?'

"The fire-bell is ringing," she answered. "Well, don't stop it."

"But where's the fire?" she urged in some alarm. "Blamed if I know. It ain't in our stove,

and I wish to gracious it was." Then be rolled over and growled because he wasn't rich enough to hire servants to build fires.

PRACTICING AMERICAN MANNERS.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Indian Squaw (visiting her daughters at the Indian school)-"Who are those two girls you were playing with?" Indian Pupils-"Their names are Edith and Ellie. They are such nice little girls." "But they are white." "Yes, ma," "Where do they come from?" "Edith is from Boston and Ellie is from Philadelphia." "Just as I supposed. How often must I tell you never to associate with such folks?" "Why, ma, what is the matter with them?" "The idea of my children-my children-stooping to recognize such creatures! Le more exclusive. Remember you belong to one of the old families." "But don't they, ma!" "Of course not. They are mere foreigners, whose ancestors came over with Miles Standish and William Penn."

> HIS CONSCIENCE WAS QUIETED. [Chas. W. Warner.]

Elder Phillips, who was a jovial soul, settled mony years ago near the headwaters of the busquebanna. He was, in fact, a Presbyterian dominie. He was full of humor and ready with his repartee on all occusions. Jack Rickett, a quasi parishioner, who was more punctual at the river than at the church, presented the Elder one Monday morning with a line string of pickerel.

Elder Philips thanked him graciously for

the gift.

"But, Elder," suggested Jack, still retaining the fish, "those has were caught yesterday (Sunday). Ferhaps yer conscience won't let ve eat 'em.

"Jack," replied the Elder, stretching out his hand toward the string, "there's one thing I know-too pickerel were not to blame."

BOB INGERSOLL ON BEECHER.

"Manhood Is His Forte" - A Touching Tribute Paid in 1880.

[New York Herald.]

Do you want to know what Bob Ingersoll thinks of the great man who lies dying in Brooklyn?

Would you like to know what the renowned Infidel wrote with his own hands of Henry Ward Beccher?

It was in the fall of 1880.

Mr. Beecher had introduced the infidel orator to a great political gathering in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, saying that the Colonel was the most brilliant living orator in any tongue.

A day or two afterward the Colonel was asked by a Herald reporter what he thought of Mr. Beecher. He at once sat down and wrote as fast as his pencil could trot over

paper thus: "I regard him as the greatest man in any pulpit of the world. He treated me with a generosity that nothing can exceed. He rose grandly above the prejudices supposed to belong to his class, and reted only as a man could act without a chain upon his brain and

only kindness in his heart.

"I told him that night that I congratulated the world that it had a minister with an intellectual horizon broad enough and a mental sky studded with stars of genius enough to hold all creeds in scorn that shocked the heart of man. I think that Mr. Beecher has liberalized the English speaking people of the world. I do not think he agrees with me. He holds to many things that I most passionstely deny. But in common we believe in the liberty of thought.

"My principal objections to orthodox religion are two-slavery here and hell hereafter. I do not believe that Mr. Beecher on these two points can disagree with me. The real difference between us is, he says God, I say nature. The real agreement between us

is, we both say liberty."

"What is Mr. Beecher's forte?" the reporter

asked.

"He is of a wonderfully poetro temperament. In pursuing any course of thought his mind is like a stream flowing through the scenery of fairy land. The stream murmurs and laughs, while the banks grow green and the vines plossom.

"His brain is controlled by his neart. He thinks in pictures. With him logic means mental melody. The discordant is the ab-

surd.

"For years he has endeavored to hide the dungeon of orthodoxy with the ivy of imaglaation. Now and then he pulls, for a moment, the leafy curtain aside, and is horrified, to see the lizards, snakes, basilisks and abnormal monsters of the orthodox age, and then he utters a great cry, the protest of a loving, throbbling heart.

"He is a great thinker, a marvelous orator, and, in my judgment, greater and grander than any creed or church. Besides all this, he treated me like a king. Manhood is his forte, and I expect to live and die his friend."

A Remarkable Point in Beecher's Life.

New York World.

One remarkable point in the career of the late Henry Ward Beecher will be noted by the hopeful and expeciant fathers of dull boys-the lateness of the period at which his intellect began to assume shape. This wonderful orator, poet, actor and pulpiteer was a dull boy. He loved to wander in the woods. He hated books, while he had a warm side for nature. At school he was considered something of a dunce, one biographer says. His desire for reading was awakened by a sensational sea story, and he came near being a sailor. But at that point the intellect vivifled, and out of the chrysalis came the great man whose fame filled the world. Let not this bit of history be lost upon the parents who are anxiously watching the development of boys who care more for fishing than for books.



SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

Samuel J. Tilden was born at New Lebanon, N. Y., in 1814, and entered Yale College in his 18th year. In 1886 he was admitted to the bar, and opened a law office in Pine street, New York. He soon became very prominent in politics, and was equally influential in that field and in the law. One of his greatest triumphs was the overthrow of the political combination known as the Tweed ring in New York city, which had stolen from the taxpayers, by means of corrupt legislation and fraudulent bills, about \$10,000,000. Mr. Tilden was elected Governor of New York over Gen. John A. Dix by a plurality of 53,000. During the fifteen or sixteen years of active labor at his profession his income often reached the sum of \$50,000 a year. This money, added to the results of large financial operations in other directions, has made him very rich. He owns, perhaps, the finest private residence in New York city, and a magnificent country house called Greystone, near Tarrytown, on the Hudson. His fortune is estimated at \$10,000,000. Although he has nominally retired from public life, he is constantly consulted on political questions by the leaders and statesmen of his party, who attach great value to his advice.

A GLOWING TRIBUTE.

Rev. Robert Collyer's Estimate of the Life and Work of Henry Ward Beecher.

NEW YORK, March 20 .- Among other utterances by Rev. Robert Collyer, in the course of a sermon to-day upon Henry Ward Beecher, at the Church of the Messiah, were these: "Since the death of Luther, 340 years ago, the death of no man in sacred office has so touched the hearts of the nation. Though he was seventy-four years of age, no one looked upon him as old. He was the great leader of the American pulpit, and no one in this age, save the grand old man in England, had so much enthusiasm, courage and ability for the work he had to do. * * * His theology was broad as the world itself. It was not theology bound with an iron band, such as they would bind on at Princeton and Andover. That is all well enough for those who love such bondage. * * Because Beecher was not bound with bonds made by man, and because of his noble work for humanity, all these years, I thank God that he was not a systematic theologian, but just the great, free reasoner we knew him to be. * * * He needed the whole Republic, first, for his growth; and then the whole planet for his ripening. He was not of flower-pot growth. He was a giant in the great woods. As well might they seek to contine Niagara in a flower-pot. * * * Greenwood is now as sacred as Mount Vernon."

A Use For Old Carpats.

A good way has been found to utilize old carpets. Cut them into strips threequarters of an inch in width, sew them together and send to a carpet weaver. Have him weave this material in breadths as long as you wish your rug to be. Tell him to leave five inches of the warp at each end for fringe. Sew the breadths together; knot the fringe and the result will be a very pretty rug for the living-

MR. BEECHER ON KENTUCKY.

A Letter Describing His Delight in the State Where He Would Love to Live.

The late Mr. Beecher was a great admirer of Kentucky. After a visit to Louisville in 1882 he wrote to a friend here as follows, dating his letter at Portsmouth, O .:

"My DEAR FRIEND-I have always had a fascinating idea of Kentucky-a kind of dream-land, full of border romance, with less of hard work-a-day life than the States around; but, yet, I never chanced to have the opportunity of going into the interior. I have hovered on the border, and, like him of old, I looked over at the land of promise which I could not enter. But, on this trip I have entered the State, and find my imagination more than realized. It is beautiful-I should love to live there! Besides, I left the far North in an unbudding winter, and found everything with you full of the bud and flower of spring; so that the change has been doubly charming. The "bluegrass' region of Kentucky is very fine. I suppose when a Kentucky-born man reads the twenty-third psalm-'He maketh one to lie down in green pastures'-he always reads it 'bluegrass pastures.

"I had a furious rain on the way to Lexington, and landed in a storm. What did I care? I had a happy disposition within, and that, no storm can reach. I had a pleasant audience, but I expect nothing half so good as at Louisville, which you know had been prejudiced, but where I conquered. At Paris, too, a good house, and at Maysville. I bought two horses at Lexington and shipped them to Brooklyn, and next week I shall have a Kentucky horse to carry me. So, you see, if I can not

have everything, I can carry away something. But what a home would be a thousand or two of blue-grass acres and fine horses and cattle. "To-night I lecture in Portsmouth, where I now

am; to-morrow, at Zanesville, and then, over the hills and far away "I shall carry away the pleasant memory of

your home and remember it all my life long. "I commend you and yours to God's good an-HENRY WARD BEECHER." gels. Yours,

WILLIAM BEECHER'S DREAM.

[Chicago Special to New York Herald.] The Rev. William Beeher, an elder brother of Henry Ward Beecher, has been a resident of Chicago for a good many years. A few years ago there was no more striking figure on the streets than his, but of late years he has been confined to the house. Four or five years ago he celebrated his eightieth birthday by preaching a remarkable sermon at the First Congregational Church. At that time he bore his fourscore years lightly, but since then be has with every added year aged rapidly, and is now very feeble.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

A few days before his brother was stricken down Mr. Beecher had a dream, which he interpreted to his daughter as an intimation that he was soon to be called away. When the family received the news of Henry Ward Beecher's fatal iliness his daughters were in doubt as to what course to pursue, fearing the effect of the shock. They sent for the family physician, who advised that Mr. Beecher be informed at once as to the contents of the message. One of his daughters went to his room and said: "Father, you were mistaken as to the meaning of your dream. It was not you who was to be called, but Uncle Henry." After asking if Henry was dead, and listen-ing to the particulars, he said: "His work is done. I would like to go in the same way." Mr. Beecher has always manifested the

greatest interest in his younger brother Henry, and, while not in sympathy with him in some things, has always been ready to say a good word for him. Whenever Henry Ward Beecher has appeared in the pulpit or on the platform in Chicago some one of his brother's family has been present, and it will be remembered that when, some years ago, Henry Ward Beecher was taken suddenly ill in the midst of his lecture, at Central Music Hall, one of the first persons to reach his side was his niece, Mrs. Preussner.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

The Rabbi Judab, so the scribes relate,
ba: with his brethren once in a warm debate
About those things which each considered best
To bring to earth immunity and rest.

Then said the one requested to begin:
"Rest, comes from wealth, if there be peace
within,"

The second said: "It springs from honest fame, and naving all men magnify your name."
The third said: "Rest is being truly great, Coupled with power to rule some mighty State."
The fourth said: "Such a rest as we pressed Men only reach in the extremest age, When wealth a d power and fame unite to go To children—and unto their children flow."
The fifth said: "All these various things are

Rest comes to those who all the law maintain."
Then said the Rabbi Judah, grave and old.
The tailets of the group with him enrolled:
"You all speak wisels, but no rest is deep
To him who the traditions fails to keep."

Now spoke a fair-haired boy up from the grass—A boy of twelve who heard these words repass, and dropped the lilies from his slender hands: "Nay, tather, none among you understands. True rest he only finds who evermore Looks not behind, out to the things before: Who, scorning fame and power and home and

Loveth his brother as he loves himself."

Oh! let these words tell,
That I was one of the number
Who always loved you well.

May happiness ever be thy lot
Wherever thou shall be,
And joy and pleasure light the spot
That may be home to thee.

THINK of me in the hour of leisure,

Think of me in the hour of care,

Think of me in the hour of pleasure,

Spare me one thought in the hour of prayer.

With your books filled with sweetness,

None of praise was left for me,

But I'll attach my name with meckness,

Trusting you will sometimes think of me.

You ask me to write in your album,
I hardly know how to begin,
For there is nothing original in me—
Except original sin.

Man's love is like Scotch snuff,
Take a pinch and that's enough;
Profit by this sage advice,
And before you love, my dear, think twice.

I HAD a heart, a heart 'twas true,
It has gone from me and flown to you;
Care for it well, as I have done,
You have two and I have none.

Live for those that love you,

For those whose hearts are true,

For the Heaven that smiles above you,

And the good that you may do.

BRIGHT be the years before thee,
Friend of my childhood's days;
Peace weave her olive o'er thee.
And joy attend thy ways.

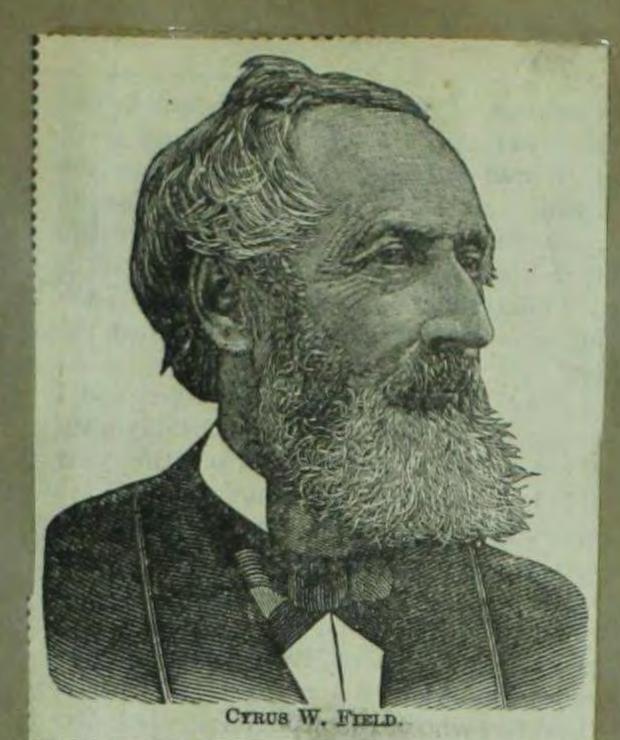
Night and day have passed away,
Hills and valleys part,
But the dear affection I hold for you
Shall never leave my heart.

WHATEVER life may be or bring,
In May-time or December,
The sweetest burden of its song
Will always be—" Remember."

Not always are combined.

Often in a wooden house

A golden room we find.



With two great enterprises the name of Cyrus W. Field is inseparably associated: the Atlantic Cable and the elevated railroad system of New York city. Mr. Field was born in Massachusetts sixty years ago, but most of his life has been spent in New York. In 1858 the first cable was laid under the Atlantic. The cable broke three times, but at last Mr. Field had the satisfaction of superintending the transmission from President Bu-chanan to Queen Victoria of the first message, "What hath God wrought?" The same pertinacity which marked Mr. Field's struggle for the cable was displayed when the question of elevated railroads came up. With every detail of the work Mr. Field is familiar. Abroad, as well as in the United States, Mr. Field has an extended acquaintance among public men, and numbers among his friends the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Argyll, and Mr. Gladstone. He started the fund of \$250,000 for the family of President Garfield and the one for the late Gen. Grant. Mr. Field belongs to a remarkable family. His brother, David Dudley, the eminent lawyer, is hale and vigorous, although more than eighty years old. Stephen J. Field, another brother, is a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, while Henry M., a clergyman, is a well-known religious editor. Mr. Field's manner is serious, but very polite.

A COMPLIMENT DESERVED.

The Musical Berald Reference to a onisville Musician.

The Musical Herald, of Boston, the leading publication of its kind in this country, has the following complimentary notice of a most deserving Louisville young lady:

Just as we learned that a former greatly esteemed pupil in the N. E. Conservatory, Miss Ida Cragg, of Louisville, Ky., had been appointed to the position of Director of Music in the public schools of that city, we found that Mr. J. Marshall Chatterton, a promising young lawyer of Louisville, bad also persuaded her to give him lessons for life, the term to commence on March 3, and cout nue "till death do them part." The Mus sal Herald most heartily congratulates both the happy pair and the patrons of the schools upon these engagements, feeling confident that the lady is abundantly qualified to fill either position with grace and diguity. While in the Conservatory, Miss Cragg showed not only excellent musical gifts, but rare energy, tact, and a happy combination of the qualities which go to make a successful teacher as well as a good singer. We therefore believe that the Board of Education will have no occasion to regret the appointment. COURTING THE LISE OF I DIORER HOUR.

Among the gentlemen of the city who ride well are Gen. Buell, Gen. Castleman, Col. Coen, Col. M. Lewis [Clark, Messrs. Fred Adams, Temple Bodley, D. Ben Leight, John Cochran, Powhatton Wooldridge, Mac Callahan, Alex. Semple, G. R. Hunt, Jr., George Morton, John McN. Parker, Edw. Ormsby, Edw. Adams, Allen White, Chas. McFerran, John McFerran, Wilson Cochran, Barry Tamplett, Cliff Rodes, John Cochran, Willis McGenigale, Mac Callaghan, Edward Whitney, Roland Whitney, Branard Lemon, James K. Lemon, Sam Henning, Geo. Fischer, Frank Hibbett.

Following is the English Bugle Call: "When riding, my boys, your spirits keep up,

Your hands and your beels keep down, Your legs keep in to your borse's sides. And your elbows keep in to your own." THERE are angel guards above us,
Who joy to make us glad,
And a father who doth love us,
Then why should we be sad.

Go, little book, thy destined course pursus, Collect memorials of the just and true, And beg of every friend so near Some token of remembrance dear.

What beauties in thee dwell;
Thou can'st man's erring heart control,
When all things else would fail.

May we ever see thy pathway
Brilliant as we see it now:
Wearing virtue's brightest laurels
On thy fair and gentle brow.

O'er the bounding sea of time,
By the hand of hope directed,
May you reach the heavenly clime.

This little emblem of respect
I dedicate to thee,
Treat not this emblem with neglect,
'Tis to remember me.

Blessings rest upon thee lightly,
As the dew of evening lies;
May no sorrow ever darken
The bright heaven of thy eyes

On! — may thy future life

Be one unclouded scene of jny,

Ever with bouyant pleasure rife,

Sad phases to destroy.

'Tis not to any rank confined, But dwells in every honest mind; Be justice, then, your sole pursuit— Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.

Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise,

SAILING down the stream of time In your little bark canoe, May you have a pleasant trip, With just room enough for two.

May beauty and truth Adorn your youth, And catnip and sage Cheer up old age.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

The following Sanscript literature is from one of the hymns of the Rig Veda, written more than three thousand years before Christ:

Nor aught nor naught existed; you bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad woof outstreched
above.
What covered all? What sheltered? What con-

Was it the water's fathomless abyss?
Then was not death—hence, there was naught immortal;

Then was no confine betwirt day and night; The only One breathed breathless in itself, Other than it there nothing since has been. Darkness then was, but all at first was vailed In gloom profound—an ocean without light. The germ that still lay covered in the husk Eurst forth, one nature, from the fervent heat. Then first came Love upon it, the new spring Of mind-Yea, poets in their hearts discerned, Pondering, this bond between created things And uncreated. Comes this spark from earth, Piercing and all-pervading, or from heaven? Then seeds were sown, and mighty power arose-Nature below and Power and Will above. Who knows the secret? Who proclaimed it here? Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang? The gods themselves came later into being. Who knows from whence this great creation

He from whom all this great creation sprang?
Whether His will created or was mute,
The Most High Seer, that is in highest heaven,
He knows it—or perchance e'en He knows not."

A PAVORITE thou wilt always be,
Forget thee I cannot ever;
Friendship here I pledge to thee,
And will think of thee forever.

As time rolls on and faces change,
And friends from loved ones sever,
Some may forget to think of thee,
But I'll forget thee—never,

REMEMBER well, and bear in mind,
A constant friend is hard to find;
And when you've one good and true,
Never forsake the old one for the new.

HAD I the power to carve and print
Thy future, my dear friend,
It would be fair and ever bright,
Unclouded to the end.

Some others wish thee happiness,
Some others wish thee wealth;
My wish for thee is better far—
Contentment, blest with health.

On! many a shaft at random sent

Finds mark the archer little meant;

And many a word at random spoken

May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

Whene'er thine eye shall fondly trace
These simple lines I've sketched for thee;
Whate'er the time, whate'er the place,
Then wilt thou think of me.

Is wisdom's ways you wish to keep,

Five things observe with care:

Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,

And how, and when, and where.

Bu earnest in thy calling,
Whatever it may be;
Time's sands are ever falling,
And will not wait for thee,

The only circumstance on earth
That ever I could find,
To soften care and temper mirth
Is sweet content of mind.

This world is all a fleeting show

For man's illusion given;

The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,

Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,

There's nothing true but Heaven.

A LITTLE health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom;
A few good friends for certain ends,
And little use to need them.

points he will discuss.

REV. DR. LANSING BURROWS, so well known and greatly liked in Louisville, has written another hymn, as follows:

ONLY JESUS.

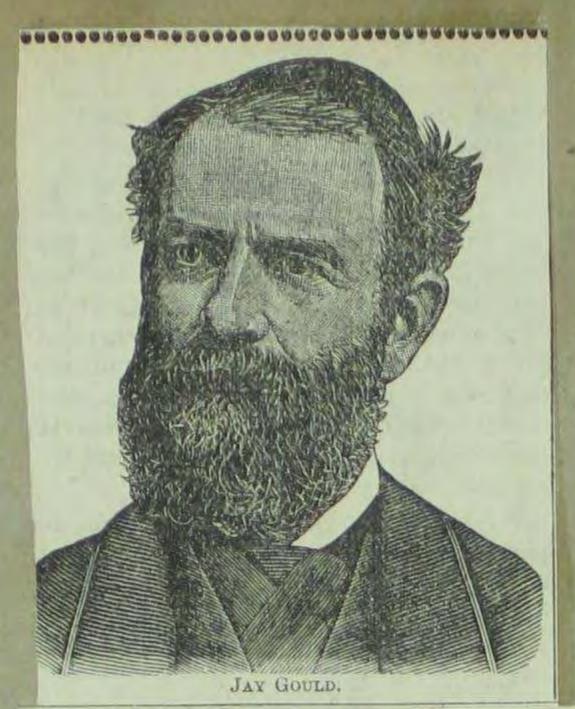
Jesus, only Thou canst save me From my sin's o'erwhelming wave; From its swift engulfing roll Only Thou canst save my soul.

Jesus, only Thou canst quell These dark fears that in me dwell; I am calm and strong alone When Thy blood pleads at the throne,

Jesus, only Thou canst shine Light in this dark soul of mine; When a wandering way I tread Gloom enfolds with doubtings dread.

Jesus, only Thou canst give
That sweet food on which I live;
Without Thee, I starve and die,
With Thee, toil triumphantly.

Jesus, only Thou caust wake
When Thy judgment day shall break;
In Thine image—sinless, free.
My poor soul that trusts in Thee."



Mr. Gould may be called the Napoleon of American finance. He was born in Roxbury, Delaware county, New York, and is now about fifty-five (55) years old. He is rather a small man, of dark complexion, dark eyes and hair, and usually wears a short, black, full beard. He is a quiet, taciturn man, not given to many words, nor to letting his opinion appear in his face or in his actions. Born of poor parents, he had simply a plain country-school education, but was anxious to become of some consequence in the world, and early turned his attention to civil engineering, in which he became quite proficient; in fact, he made the first official map of Delaware county, which became the standard, and has remained such ever since. In this way he made his first two hundred (200) dollars. He is domestic in his habits, and is strongly attached to his family and his home. He has no sporting tastes, although he enjoys a cruise now and then on his splendid steam yacht "Atalanta." His city residence is on Fifth avenue, New York, and he also has an elegant country seat on the left bank of the Hudson, near Yonkers. Mr. Gould may be roughly estimated to be worth about one hundred millions of dollars.

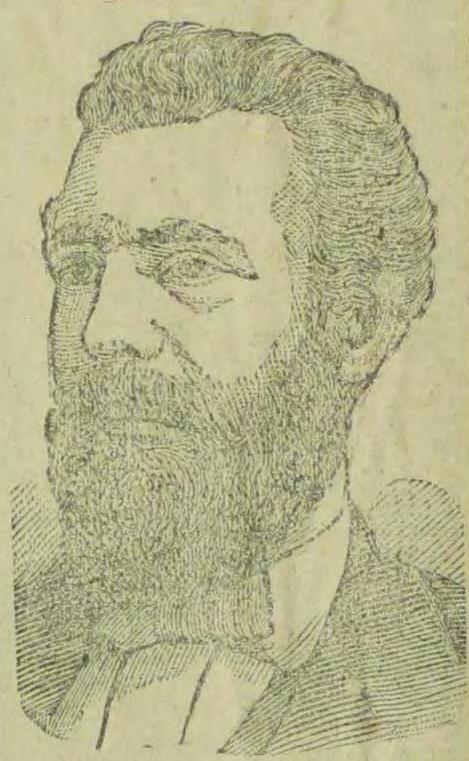


Emin Pasha, Governor of the Equatorial Provinces of Atrica, Whom Henry M. Stanley Has Started to Rescue.

Saratoga, N. Y., March 20.—Miss Aimee Gardiner Lathron and Mr. Walter Hendrick Hanson were maried here this evening. The bride is a neice of United States Senator Leland Stanford.



Miss Varina Davis, "The Daughter of the Confederacy." Youngest Daughter of Jefferson Davis.



Alexander Graham Bell, Who Claims To Be the First Inventor of the Telephone.

FORT SCOTT, KANS.—Who was the first female physician, and of what nation was she?

W. C. F. R.

Answer—Perhaps the first woman to study medicine with a view of practicing it as a profession was an Athenian virgin named Agnodice, born before Christ 506. She disguised her sex, and went as a student to Herophilus, an eminent physician of Greece. She became proficient in obstetrics, and when employed always discovered her sex to her patients. The male physicians, not learning the secret of her immense practice, accused her of corruption before the Areopagus. She confessed her sex to the Judge, and proved her right so royally that a law was immediately made allowing all free born women to study midwifery.

DARKEST NEAREST DAWN.

BY SIDNEY.

"Look in the other pocket, dear. Perhaps you put it there by mistake."

And the young wife turned toward her husband a face whose sudden whiteness belied her hopeful words.

"It's no use, Maria. I tell you it is gone!" cried the young man, in tones of despair. "Gone, and the Lord only knows what is to become of us."

"What is the case, sir?" asked one of the several gentlemen who left their seats to gather round the distressed family, consisting of the parents and two very noble and beautiful little ones, a boy and a girl.

"I have been robbed of all the money that I have on earth," replied the young man, his lips quivering and his teeth fairly chattering in his head. "And I am bound for Iowa with my family. We bave none to help us; we shall starve, or these will, before I can earn anything for them."

"Oh, not so bad as that, my man," quoth a venerable gentleman, with a long beard and a gold-headed cane; "not so bad as that; you must not so easily lose your courage."

At this the pretty, weeping wife looked

up, and said with earnestness:

"If you only knew one-half that he has come through, you would not wonder that this last misfortune is the drop too much," and leaning her head on her poor husband's shoulder, she sobbed afresh.

"I would like to hold you on my lap, my boy; may I have that pleasure?" asked the old man of the little boy.

"Yeth thir," was the trank assent, and the little fellow sat quietly where he was placed, while Jenny looked up with smiles, into the benign face beside her.

"You must excuse me, sir." the old man said, addressing the husband and father, "but I feel very much like taking liberties. Will you be so good as to relate so much as you may choose of your history? I feel strangely curious to hear

There was sympathy in every act and every tone of the old man, and the sore heart of the troubled young man was very thankful to unburden itself.

His name was George Howard, he said -that is, this was the only name he knew anything about, for he was a foundling taken from the cold stone floor of a ball in a public building one cold autumn morning. He was then about two years old, had been drugged and left there to perish or to be picked up, as the case might be. A kind gentleman had found him, and for six or eight years he was cared for and happy. Then his friend died, and he found himself cast out on the mercy of strangers. He was taken into a family where they were not overkind to their own children-to him they had denied every pleasure and every advantage. He could not obtain time to go to school, but had managed to get candles and study at night. Thus he mastered book-keeping and some other things, and at eighteen years of age had obtained a good place in a store.

At twenty he had fallen in love with a sweet and worthy girl, and after two more years of toil, in spite of the opposition of her proud relatives, he had married her. This was a mistake, he supposed; at least everybody seemed to consider it so. They ought to have waited. But his salary was quite sufficient to live on, and what more did they need? They were very happy; but alas! there ame a change. A bank exploded somewhere; then another and another; then the merchants began to shake, and like a rew of bricks standing near together, when the first one gets a blow, down they all fell, and his employers among them.

There was no getting a situation. Hundreds of clerks and many merchants also were out of business. George determined to go West. Then he met with many misfortunes; he was a long time sick; he was several times cheated, and once burned out; all that he took out with him was soon gone.

What made the trouble so bad was the fact that his family were with his wife's relatives, and he knew very well how they all talked to her; he knew how hard it was for her high and true heart to bear to bear him blamed for everything, and undervalued and condemned. So he had striven, and earned and borrowed money enough to go for his family, and they had started for a home in the great West, and now this blow had fallen upon them, and it was too much.

"I am now without a dollar in the world," concluded George, and the poor fellow let his head sink on his breast, and two tears fell from his great sad eyes.

"Cheer up, my man," said the stranger, "you know 'tis an old saying that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. And if a man ever trusts and hopes in God, it should be when he most needs to. And you are in that place now."

"Yes; I think I am," returned George, gloomily. "And it is very hard. I had hoped that our worst troubles were over."

"Well, I think they are," said their companion, smiling. "Here, Mr. Conductor (for that functionary at this moment paused beside our group), "I pay for three; you don't charge anything for my children, you know."

"It is exceeding kind of you, sir," said George; "but-but-you must give us your name and address that we may know where to send the money when we become able to return it."

"You will have no difficulty as to returning it, my man, as I reside in the same town to which you are bound. My name is Appleton; everybody there knows me."

Little Josy, who had been looking intently at the stranger, here exclaimed: "You look like mine papa."

"The child is right," said his mother. "If you will excuse my saying it, sir, there never was father and son looked more alike than do you and my husband."

The gentleman was visibly agitated. For a moment he made no reply; then said:

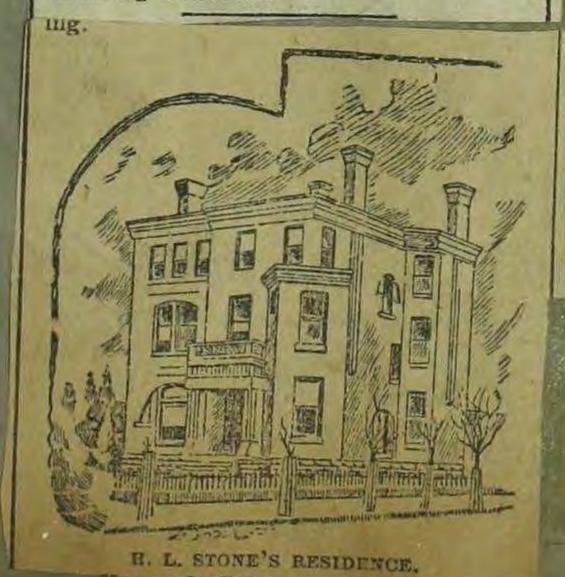
"I lost my only son when he was two years of age. He was stolen away, and we could never find him.

"Now, young man, I do not say that you are really my stolen son. There is, perhaps, no reasonable proof that you are. But the time and manner of your discovery would seem to suggest that it may be so. My heart yearns over you as it never has yearned over any living creature since my boy disappeared. I have never been blessed with another child. I will take you all with me to my home, if you are willing to go with the old stranger."

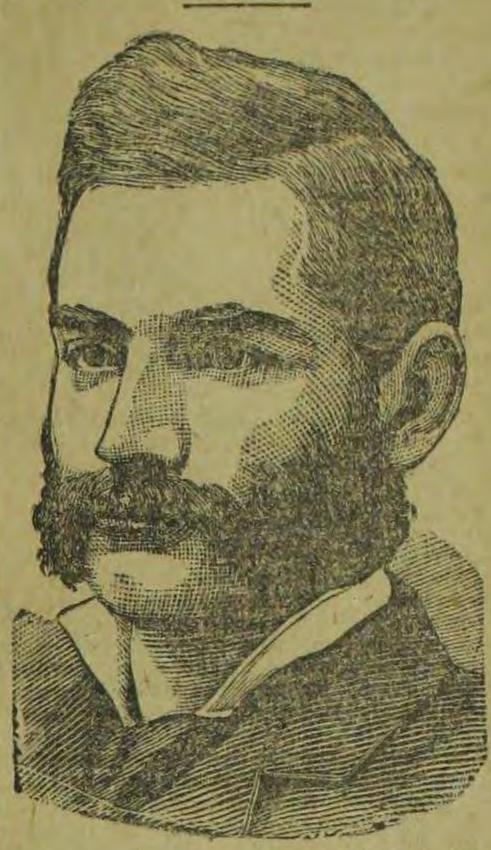
Was not the darkest hour nearest the dawn?

George and his family went with the old man to his home-his large, palatial home, no longer solitary as it had been. The moment Mrs. Appleton's eyes fell upon George she clapsed her hands and gazed as one in a trance-gazed long and earnestly, and then suddenly, as one who had made up her mind to shut out all doubts, she fell upon his neck and cried, "My son! O, my long-lost son!"

George's dark days were over, and his morning had risen.



The Unfortunate Officer's Remains Laid to Rest at His Old Home.



--- Put 24. -The funeral of Lieut. Danenhower took place here to-day. The body arrived at 8:40 A. M., and was received at the railway station by a detail from the Twenty-ninth and Thirty-eighth separate companies and also members of the Life-saving crew, who acted as bearers. With the body were the parents and brothers of Lieut. Danenhower and Mr. Harry C. Towers, of Washington. The funeral took place from Christ Episcopal church at 3:30 o'clock. The burial was at Riverside Cemetery. There was no volley firing at the grave.

President Cleveland Saving His Salary. [Washington Letter to the Savannah News.]

President Cleveland is said to be saving three-fifths of his salary. This is a thrifty showing for a newly-married man, to say the least of it. Despite all the talk one hears about the insufficiency of the Presidential salary, there is no doubt that it is not only ample for all the requirements of the office, but sufficiently large to allow of the saving of a snug little fortune every year besides. He has no bills to pay for rent, beating, or lighting, and the staff of messengers and doorkeepers provided at Government expense is sufficiently large to obviate the necessity of biring many servants out of the Presidential purse. The five state dinners required to be given each year are, comparatively speaking, inexpensive affairs. Probably none of them ever cost over \$300, or \$400 at the outside. The flowers, which are ordinarily a matter of considerable expense, are furnished by the White House conservatory and the hot-houses of the Congressional gardens, and the music is furnished by the Marine Band. At the receptions nothing is served-not even ice water. There is absolutely no expense whatever attached to them. Every President managed to save some little money out of bis salary. Mr. Cleveland will retire at the end of his term with not less certainly than \$120,000. That is doing better, probably, than any of his predecessors did. It assuredly is more than he would have made at his practice in Buffalo in four years. On the whole, therefore, it can be said without much fear of contradiction that the Presidential office is not half so bad an investment financially as most people have been led to believe by the statements appearing from time to time in the newspapers.

semperature, northerness, Wares OUR HEROINE IN HOMESPUN.

The story of ALBERT TURNER, the assailant, confirms the heroism of JENNY BOWMAN, the martyr. Like one of old, she glorifies anew the name, which is thrice blessed to man, and, in her blood, puts an added luster upon the title of woman. Truly the spirit of the Maid of Orleans has not vanished from the earth, but survives in most unexpected places and in the humblest hearts.

Beneath the honest homespun of this poor girl burned a flame as bright and pure as ever inspired a Roman matron over the bodies of her slain, or an English vestal or a Queen of Scots before the bloody ax, or the majesty of Bourbon upon the steps leading to the guillotine; for hers was homely duty, done without the hope of reward, and dauntless courage, with no eye to witness and no throng to applaud. She, unlike the Lady JANE and the Morning Star of the House of Hapsburg, performed historic part; was the chief no romantic drama; in but alone, and upon the floors she swept, a lowly domestic-but still a womanquailed not before death in the most sudden and horrible form under which death can approach a mortal. Indeed, do the sublimest lessons come to us from the silent depths of nature in her plainest robes; and blessed are the brave, for truth's sake, for surely they, too, shall see Goo!

How paltry and unworthy seem the heart-throbbings of the best of us by the side of the great soul of this JENNY BOW-MAN-fearless as a lioness, and clear of head, with the shock of the awful struggle yet upon her and the death-grip at her throat-an own daughter of the people, virtue's very ideal of unpretending fidelity to honor and duty!

Happily for justice and law, the criminal is in safe hands, and therefore the subscription proposed in yesterday's COURIER-JOURNAL for a reward is no longer required to that end. We renew it in a name scarce less holy. Let it proceed and stand in the name of JENNY BOWMAN herself. If she lives, she will need it, and if she dies it can go to a monument to mark the spot where she rests, telling to rich and poor alike the brief, sad story of an obscure work-girl whose tragic fate put an entire city in mourning, and whose simple life illustrated all the virtues of the noblest womanhood.

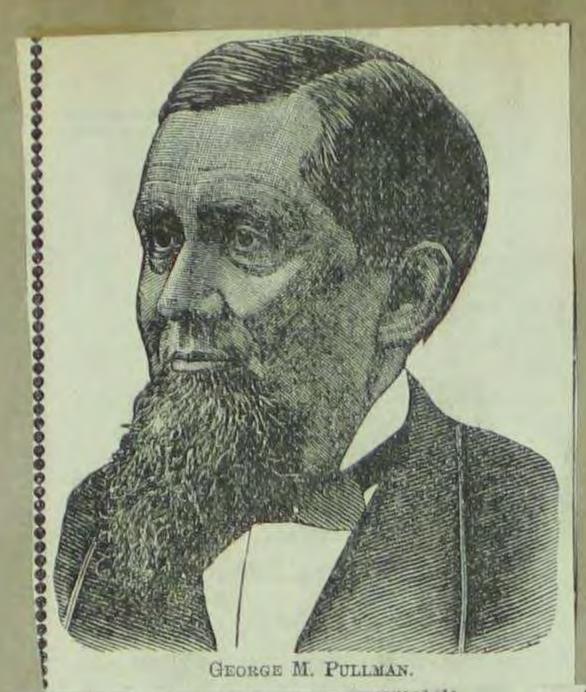
> A Typical Domestic. [Detroit Free Press.]

"Bridget, the house is very cold. I really think the furnace must be out. I wish you would see if it is."

Bridget saw and reported to the lady of the

"Sure, mum, the furnace is all right." The house grew colder and again the mistress referred to Bridget. "Are you sure the furnace is not out?" in-

quired the lady anxiously. "Sure I am, mum. The furnace is II roight. It's the fire that's out, mum."



Whosoever has ridden in or seen what is popularly known as a Pullman car will easily recognize this name. The beautiful cars made by the company of which he is the head and the moving spirit, are run on every line of railroad in this country save one, and are winning their way in England despite the prejudices of our English friends in favor of their own quaint vehicles. Mr. Pullman is very wealthy, being worth probably about \$10,000,000. His business is chiefly carried on at an industrial village called Pullman, situated a few miles south of Chicago, near Lake Michigan. The plan of this place is very novel, and it is well worth a visit from those who are interested in schemes to combine hard common labor with the mental, moral, and physical improvement of the workmen. Mr. Pullman's residence in Chicago is one of the most notable and magnificent in the United States. Attached to it there is an immense conservatory, and a theatre, in which private performances are frequently given before audiences especially invited. Both Mr. Pullman and his family entertain largely, and famous persons from all sections may be met at his house. Mr. Pullman is now about fifty years of age, and is in the prime of his activity and strength.

Interesting Items.

Life.

It is related that Sir Walter Scott, upon a certain occasion, lacking the wherewithal for his evening meal, purchased a penny ring in which was mounted a glass dlamond, and which he straightway took to a collector of curios and sold for ten pounds as a souvenir of the author of Waverley.

The late Sutan of Turkey left one hundred and sixteen widows and a sufficient number of orphans to completely fill seven

asylums.

Ex-President Hayes has discovered a new method whereby turkeys may be fattened with natural gas, and old eggs may be renewed in the vigor of youth. Grover Cleveland is by all odds the great-

est man who ever occupied the presidential chair. He measures two rods around the

walst.

Mr. Pulitzer can call Charles A. Dana Ananias in seven languages. Mr. Dana, by cons ant practice, has been able to dub Mr. Pulitzer Judas seventy-

six times in fifteen minutes. A German scientist has demonstrated that if the Brooklyn bridge should ever break

it would fall into the East river. There is a man in New York city who has been able to get into society without having

Mrs. James Brown Potter can wear better clothes than Ellen Terry with her eyes shut. It is authoritatively stated that Mr. Howells can write a novel with his left hand while writing a poem with his right and dictating a letter about the Anarchists with his

124 11 1 11 1 She Needed Excitement, [Omaha World.]

Mother-"Why, my dear, you don't seem a bit happy."

Recently married daughter-"I am about as happy as most wives, I suppose."

"Doesn't your husband treat you well?" "Oh, yes; in a humdrum sort of way He's a very ordinary, every-day sort of man."

"Oh, well, my dear, girls can't expect to be pirates' brides in this practical age, you know."

"I suppose not." "No. I know what's the matter. You need excitement. Get a servant girl."

THE STORY IS TOLD.

AT last the agony has ended, and JENNY BOWMAN is dead. In a sense, it may be said that she dies that Justice may live. There can now be no escape for her assailants from the full penalty of their crime. Happily, the spirit of mob violence has given way to better counsels; but, if it had not, and the soul which has ascended to Heaven could speak, it would repeat the solemn words, "Vengeance is Mine," saith the LORD, "and I will repay."

It can not be doubted that the courts, which are the temporal ministers of GoD and execute His will on earth, will look to it that the blood of this brave and honest girl has not been shed in vain. She goes to her grave a blessed martyr to honor and duty, and nowise inferior, as a heroine, because she wore the homely garb of the obscure and poor, and earned her living by the work of her hands; for the angels who have taken her in outstretched and loving arms have clothed her in raiment such as earth's highest born reck not of, and, in the light and the life eternal, she is as the fairest lily that blooms in those Elysian fields.

Brief and simple as her story is, it carries with it a sublime lesson. Let it live in our hearts, and let us cause it to be writ in marble that it may live after us, a memorial at once and an inspiration, to which love can point with homage and virtue with pride, and they that are faint of spirit can come, as to a fountain, and refresh themselves. In the dark story of the dark and bloody ground there have been many dramas more sensational and romantic; more poetic, weird and strange; none more touching in its appeal to our affections, or more stirring in its invocation to our manhood; for it calls up all that is near and dear, tender and familiar in our household life and the lives of our children and servants, investing it with a halo of fidelity and courage, the holier that they were so humble and unstudied.

It will be long before the name of JENNY BOWMAN is forgotten; but complete justice can be done her heroic character, and the full force of her lesson be had, only when on that sacred hill, where all of us shall some day become her neighbors, a monument shall rise to tell how-poor and lowly though she was-she excelled the best of us, in the nobility of her life and the travail of her death.

He Was No Cannibal.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Come and dine with me today, Grind d stone," said Kiljordan, "the bill of fare wil just suit you; calves' brains is the principa dish."

"I'll come, Kiljordan," said Grindstone "in order that you may have one man at th table who can eat calves' brains without mak ing a cannibal of himself."

Go to the Soldiers' Home, ch!
Is that what you think is best
For a proken-down chap like me, sir,
Who's nearing the land of rest!
You say I'll be kindly treated,
That the veterans every one
Do naught but talk of the old times

And smoke their pipes in the sun;
For the country supports the soldiers,
And gives them a place to stay,
Till they answer death's mighty roll-call,
And wait to the reveille.

Oh, of course I should go to the "Home," sir, Eur, just between me and you. Since they don't let a man's wife live there, say, what will poor Nancy do?

That the wind and the rain companies to leave a woman alone here

Would be a disgraceful sin.

The land all around is barren,

And no matter how hard we toil.

It's useless to seek a living

It's useless to seek a living
From worn-out and steny soil.
It's a mighty poor way to get on.
For at night when we go to bed
We know that the house is empty
Of even a crust of bread;
But, though I am weak and starving,
The love of my heart is true;
Don't tell me about the "Home," sir,
For what will poor Nancy do?

Her hair has grown thin and faded,
But it used to be black as ink;
Her eyes have lost all their brightness,
Her lips and her cheeks their pink.
Her voice sounds so hoarse and shaky,
Her footsteps are waxing slow,
But to me she is fairer and dearer
Than the sweetheart of long ago;
For the love that is true and tender
Looks past the decay and the blight,
And sees the idol it worships
In a truer, a nobler light;
And Nancy, I think, stands so close

Is lit by the glory stealing
Through the doors of that holy place.

The neighbors all come and tell me
Just what you have told me, sir,
And Nancy she keeps on saying
That I mustn't stand back for her;
She laughs kinder strange and careless
And says she can get along,
For the folks will help her in winter
And her living cost but a song.
But I notice her voice grows husky,
As she brushes away a tear
And rattles the chairs about so;

Yet I pretend not to hear.

I shake my head at the neighbors
And tell them to let things be,
Then I say to my old wife, "Nancy,
Do you want to get rid of me?"

Of course, if our boys had lived, sir,
We wouldn't have aught to do
But walk down the hill together,
To the stream we must all pass through;
But the Government called for soldiers,
And fired by the battle's voice,
I shouldered a gun, while Nancy
Said, "follow your father, boys."
Oh, they went to the front like heroes,

And Willie, our youngest, died

At Bull Run, and three weeks after

The other lay by his side.

Then I stayed in the hospital weeks, sir.

Then I stayed in the hospital weeks, sir,
To come home the wreck you see.
"Say, where are the boys?" cried Nancy,
And I groaned "Wife, there's only me."

Bometimes, when the sun is setting,
We sit by the door together,
While the birds are singing God's praises
Through the peace of the twilight weather.
Oh, we speak of the days departed,
Of that bright, happy hour of life,
When we knelt for the parson's blessing

And rose up as man and wife,
But our voices grow soft and tender,
With a love that no time destroys,
As we wipe the tears from our faces
And talk of the two dead boys—

Talk of them, oh, so sadly,
Then start when we chance to hear
The wind in the grass, and fancy
Their footfalls are sounding near.

Don't tell me about the "Home," sir,
For what would the two boys say

If I left their mother and met them
(In the land that is fair as day?

Do you think they would call me "Father"

Bent over their paliid faces
In the long weary years gone by?
Oh. the "Home" may seem dear as heaven
To the veterans gray and old,

Who smoke their pipes in the sunshine
While the tales of the past are told,
But to me it would be a hell, sir,
If I sat there secure from harm,
And thought of poor Nancy starving

Alone on the barren farm.

God bless her! God shine upon her!
On, I'd rather starve on a crust
Than cast the love of a lifetime
To be trodden down in the dust.

It's better to want, to suffer
With Nancy, than live apart,
And know that the comforts round me
Were bought with a broken heart!
There's a fairer and grander "Home," sir,
By the shores of the slient sea,

And take her along with me;
For a merciful, tender Saviour
Bids the soldier's wire come in too;
So my heart need not break while asking,
Bay, what will poor Nancy do?

ELVIRA SYDNOR MILLER

LELAND STANFORD.

EX-GOV. LELAND STANFORD.

This gentleman deservedly ranks high among the magnates of money. He was born in the State of New York, and educated as a lawyer, but, in common with multitudes of others, he was smitten with the California fever, and went to that State in company with the original Argonauts of 1849. Having decided to make his home there, he was one of the first to foresee the advantages which must certainly accrue to California through the construction of a railroad across the continent, and, associated with Huntington, Crocker and other pioneers, he advocated the scheme, and prosecuted it to its wonderful realization. For many years past he has taken a deep interest in fine stock-breeding, and now owns an immense stock farm in the Santa Clara valley, about thirty miles from San Francisco, where he gives especial attention to raising trotting and running stock. In his numerous business enterprises, Mr. Stanford has accumulated a vast fortune, estimated at not less than \$50,000,000. Mr. Stanford is a man of about sixty-three years of age. He is most strongly attached to his home in San Francisco, where he dispenses a generous hospitality. Mr. Stanford served as Governor of California, and is now U. S. Senator from that State. He is free, but discriminating, in his charities, and, even in the midst of many cares and engagements, never refuses to see any who have any legitimate demand upon his time and attention.

mient.

The poem was headed, "O, Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel," and is as follows:

Oh! for poetic talent,
A gift for making rhymes,
Such as graced the empty columns
Of the Sherman County Times.

We read and smiled and wondered

How with such language teree
One mind could frame such glowing thoughts,
And form them into verse.

His "Random hits" he (she) slings abroad, In that inspired rhyme, Nor seems to know that thing is dead Called "Sherman County Times."

In meter long and short and square,
He tried to make it known
That others have such grevious faults,
Forgetful of his own.

Does the Times, dear Times! remember
Of a scene just four years now,
Very secretly enacted,
But the people all knew how?

A young man got in trouble
With—— well, he hung his lip
And pondered, would labetter "wed"
Or a second time to "Skip."

But that young man was brought to time,
And made to "wed" you bet;
And though four years have passed away
The people don't forget.

Now, Times, dear Times! when you your

Spite and venom try to throw

Don't use mud balls lest they rebound

And coming back, hit you.

—[Guess Who It Is.

Unromantic, but Successful.
[Detroit Free Press.]

"And now you promise to fondly love and cherish me through all the future years, my darling one?"

"Well, George, I can't say as to the exact number of years, for one of us'll probably pan out first; but I'll agree to set up three good, square meals a day as long as we hang out together."

And the next morning she proudly exhibited a solitaire ring to "paw and maw." What Happened to a Liar.
[New York Letter in Philadelphia Press.]

Col. John A. Cockerill, the genial and accomplished managing editor of the New York World, who arrived nome the other day from a jaunt to Europe, was not always a metropolitan journalist with a salary of \$10,000 a year and an income of twice that amount. In his early days he controlled the destines of a struggling weekly in a far Western town, and had those experience which are only to be found in an office of that sort. Near the village in which young Cockerill (he was not then a Colonel) published his paper lived a fellow who never told the truth when a lie would answer, and whose word was not worth a canceled postage stamp. One morning, when the young editor was sitting in his office, this fellow walked in. He said he wanted to subscribe for the paper, "and," said be, "if you will send it to me I'll bring you a lead of wood next week." The editor suggested that he would prefer to see the wood first.

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the subscriber, "just send me y ur paper and—" "See here. H w am I to know that you

are going to keep your word?"
."Easy enough. If that load of wood ain't here by next Saturday you'll know tha I'm dead. If I'm livin' I'll bring it myself or I'll s nd it, on or t'other."

"All right. I'll send the paper and take

The paper was sent. A week passed and no wood cam. Another week went by and still no wood. Wha did the editor do? Why, he sat down and wrote a glowing obituary of his delinquent subscriber. He paid a touching eulogy to his manliness and his integrity. He said that his word was his bond, and that in all his dealings he was reliability and honesty personified. There was not a degree of praise and exaltation that the editor did not use upon his subject, and the result was, of course, tremendous.

The next morning Editor Cockerill, looking through the office window, saw the alleged corpse approaching with fire in his eye and a copy of the paper in his hand. The editor suddenly became busy. The door opened. In walked Mr. Delinquent

"Say, there," he exclaimed.

The editor turned and started in amazement. "What!" said he. "You alive! I thought you were dead. Let me congratulate you."

by that internal article in your paper;'

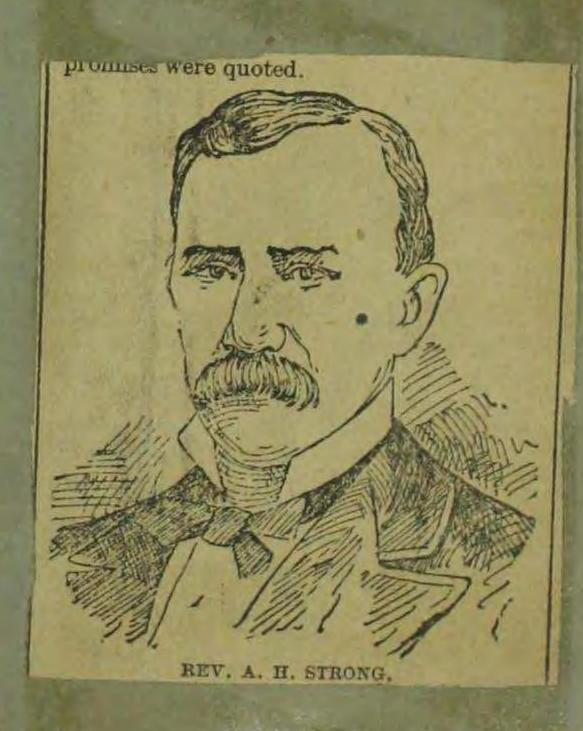
'Oh, that,' said the editor, blandly.

'That? Why, you told me that if the load of wood you promised wasn't here in a week you'd be dead, and I took you for a man of your word.'

The fire faded out of the delinquent's eye, ad going closer to the desk he said:

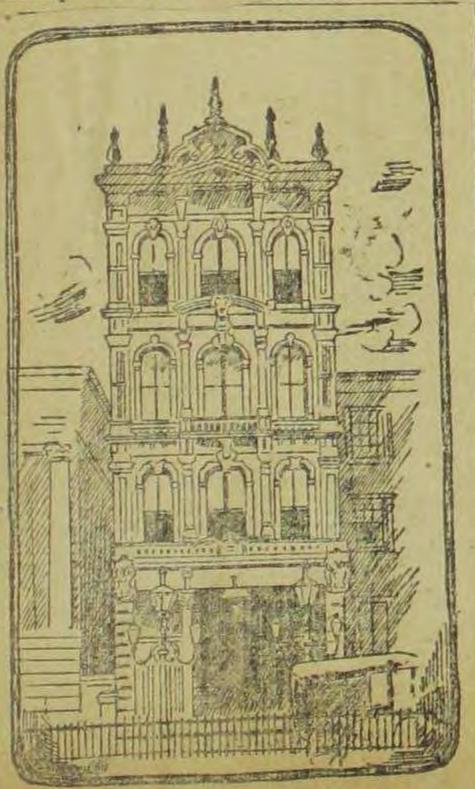
"See here, young feller, it's no use tryin' to get ahead of you. Let's shake hands. I'll bring that wood next Monday if it rains brimstone and pitchforks."

And for once in his life he kept his word.

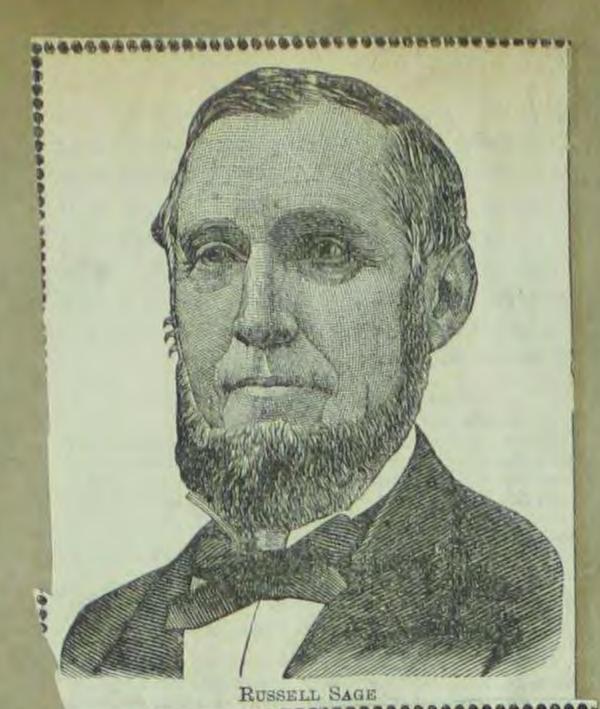


Sketch of the life of Jean Ingelow. 2. Please tell something of "Cleopatra's Needle," and especially why it was brought to America.

Answer .- 1. Jean Ingelow was born in 1828 at Ipswich, England, Being strongly influenced in youth by the early works of Tennyson and Mrs. Browning, she was drawn to the production of poetry of an elevated, but somewhat sentimental tone, which sometimes took the form of a ballad, but was oftener introspective, didactic or religious. Her first collection of poems, "A Rhyming Chronicle of Interests and Feelings," was published anonymously in 1850, and in the next year appeared the poetic narrative of "Allerton and Dreux." Her subsequent works are very numerous, and have obtained a wide popularity for their tender feeling and minute observation of nature. Some of Miss Ingelow's novels, such as "Off the Skelligs," 1872; "Fated To Be Free," 1875; "Don John," 1876; and "Sarah de Berenger," 1880, have also been deservedly successful. 2. Not a great while ago we treated of this matter at some length. The so-called Cleopatra's, or, as the Arabians named them, Pharaoh's needles, the Egyptian priests terming them "the fingers of the sun," are each seventy feet high, the diameter at the base being seven feet seven inches. The two obelisks-the one now in England and the other in this country-are each composed of a single stone, and are about 3,500 years old. They stood originally at Heliopolis, in front of the great Temple of the Sun. They were removed from their pedestals by the Romans, floated down the Nile to Alexandria, and there re-erected in 28 B. C. One of the two was presented by Mehemet Ali to the British Government in 1820; but it was much mutilated and not enough cared for by England to warrant the expense of its removal, and it lay buried in the sand at Alexandria until 1877-for fiftyseven years-when Dr. Erasmus Wilson offered to pay for its transportation to London. The other obelisk-that about which our correspondent is more especially concernedwas presented to the United States Government by the Khedive of Egypt. It was brought to this country by Lieut. Gorringe, of the Navy, at the private expense of the late William H. Vanderlbilt, and was successfully placed in position in Central Park, New York City, on January 22, 1881. It was formally presented to the city of New York February 22, with an address by Secretary Evarts. It stands on a knoll near the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

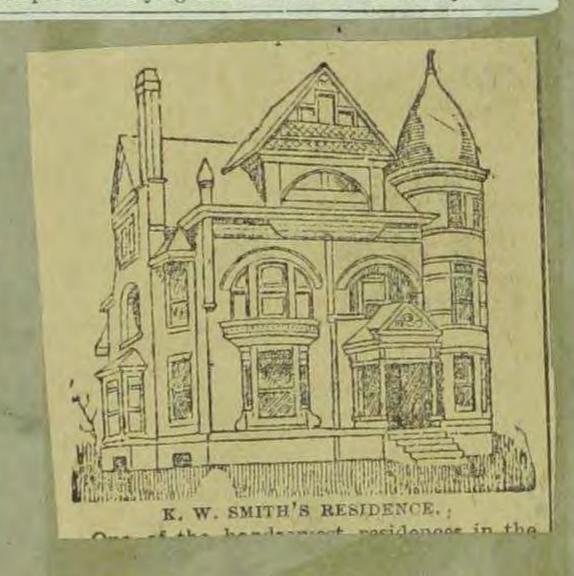


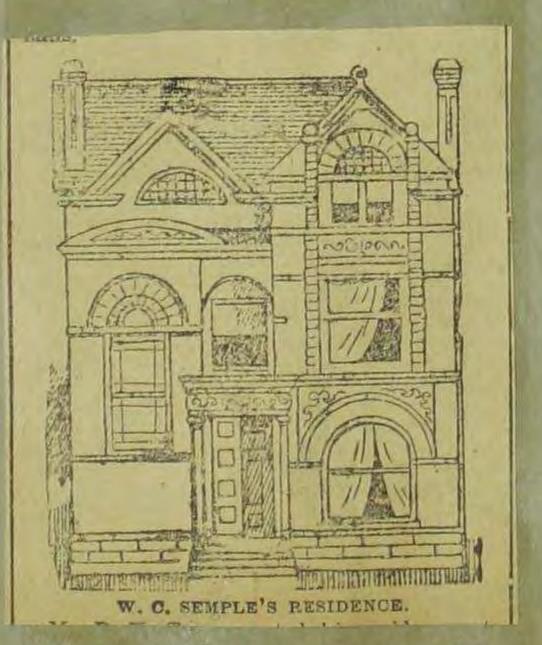
MACAULEY'S THEATER, LOUISVILLE.



RUSSELL SAGE.

No one, to look at Russell Sage, would take him for a keen, shrewd speculator, who keeps his own secrets, has always an eye on the main chance, and has amassed a fortune where most men lose all that they invest. The spectacles, the carefully-arranged dark hair, streaked with gray, the fringe of whisker under the chin, and the serious, deeply-lined face suggest rather the prim deaaffairs. Mr. Sage is a native of Troy, N. Y., and in his early manhood taught school. But he had little fondness for this work, and, at the earliest possible moment, laid down the birch and chalk for the scales and yardstick. As the proprietor of a small store he showed the qualities which have enabled him to wrest favors from Fortune in Wall street. He became in time a banker, and served two terms in Congress. From politics he retired to re-enter the world of finance. The millions which he possesses to-day were gained in general speculative and "put and call" operations. Mr. Sage is known as a man of set purpose and great determination, who cannot be tempted into saying more than he desires to say.





MANNING'S RESIGNATION.

The President Regretfully Accepts
It, to Take Effect the 1st of April.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The following correspondence between the President and Secretary Manning, in regard to the latter's withdrawal from the Cabinet, was made pub-

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.

—My Dear Sir: In view of the near adjournment of Congress, and in order that the time may suffice for the selection and confirmation of my suggester. I desire again to place my resignation of the office of Secretary of the Treasury in your hands, and trust you will now deem its acceptance no detriment to the public service.

"When you requested me last June to delay insisting upon the acceptance of my resignation, as again in our conferences last October, you honored me with such terms of personal consideration, and expressed so grave a decision in respect to the requirements of the public service, that it was as impossible to question my duty as to forget your kindness. I have not spered myself in the endeavor to comply with your wish and to contribute to the support of the policies which have illustrated your Administration. The approaching end of the Forty-ninth Congress marks a period in your own term of once, and in the divisions of our political calendar. If a change must occur in the heads of departments and at your council board, it is clear that your personal convenience and the public inte ests are best subserved should it occur now Moreover, the financial situation is to be seriously different from that which opened before us when the present Congress entered upon its lift, and upon the opportunities created by a transfer of the people's trust to new hands. In this most critical condition the circumspect execution of a wise fiscal policy, or of administrative reforms in the collection and distribution of our colossal revenues, is not alone demanded, though latters such as these have exacted and exhibited the abilities of our foremost statesmen slace the constitution of the Covernment. But there is also an exhausting round of daily administrative tasks which, however subordinate and clerical, an efficient Secretary of the Treasury can not, or should not, evade. These are tasks beyond my present strength. I therefore submit to your considerative judgment that, in asking release by the 4th of Marca, or as soon as you may select my successor, I fulful a duty to my family that may be permitted to outweigh the duty of accepting longer that assignment of public service which, two years ago, you did me the honor to make.

"Returning to the ranks of that great party which has called you to its lead, I shall still hope to follow its fortunes under your successful guidance with a fellow-citizen's loyal pride. Very respectfully yours, Daniel Manning."

"Executive Mansion, Washington, Feb. 15 .-Hon. Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury-My Dear Sir: Your formal letter of resignation, which I have received, though not entirely unexpected, presents the reality of a severance of our official relations, and causes me the deepest regret. This is tempered only by the knowledge that the frank and friendly personal relations which have unbrokenly existed between us are to still continue. I refer to these because such personal relations supply, after all, whatever of comfort and pleasure the world affords, and because I feel it to be almost superfluous to speak of the aid and support you have given me and the assistance you have furnished to the administration of the government during the time you have directed the affairs of the exacting and laborious office which you now seek to surrender. Your labors, your achievements, your success, and your devotion to public duty are fully seen and known, and they challenge the appreciation and gratitude of all your countrymen,

"Since I must at last relinquish my hope of your continuance at my side as counselor and collaborer, and since I can not question the reasons upon which your request to be relieved is based, it only remains for me to accept the resignation you have tendered, and to express my profound thanks for all that you have gone for me in sharing manfully labors and perplexities of the past two years. I feel that I may soil ask of you that the 1st day of April next be fixed as the date at which your resignation shall take effect, and that you will so regulate what remains to you of official duty in the meantime as to secure that measure of freedom from vexatious labor which you have so justly earned.

With the earnest hope that in any new path of life you may hereafter follow there may be allowed to you more of comfort and of ease than a conscientious discharge of duty here permits, I am, very sincerely, your friend.

The President will nominate a successor to Secretary Manning before the adjournment of Congress, but the appointment will not take effect before April 1.

Won't Have to Go Far.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Brown—Dumiey, I want to buy a dog.

Dumley—That's a good idea, Brown. I

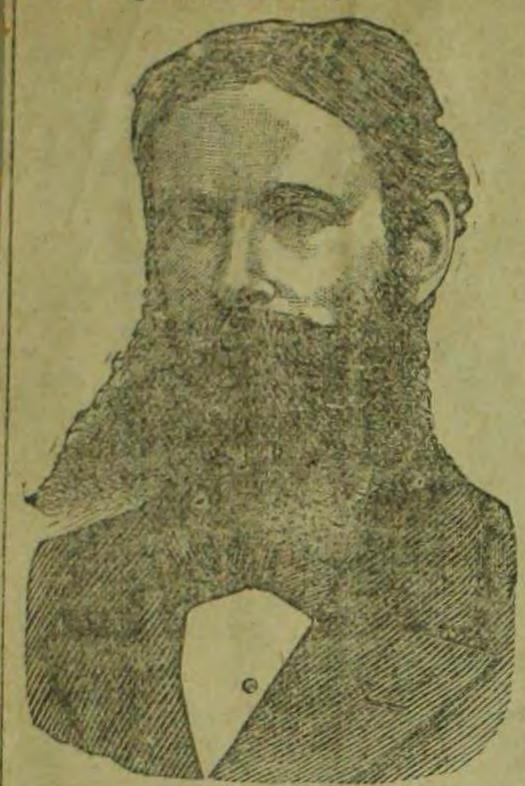
think every man ought to own a dog.

Brown—Do you know where I can get a

good one? Dumley-Yes; I'll sell you mine.

SIGNAL SERVICE CHIEF.

Capt. A. W. Greely Appointed To Succeed Gen. Hazen, With Bank of Brigadier General.



WASHINTON, Feb. 15. - [Special.] - The President to-day nominated Capt. A. W. Greely, of the Fifth Cavalry, to be Chief Signal Officer, with the rank of Brigadier General. Capt. Greely was first assigned to duty in the Signal Service about two years ago, after the recovery of his health from his famous Arctic expedition. He was later made assistant to Chief Officer Hazen, relieving the latter when necessity or ill-health required. Since Gen. Hazen's death Capt. Greely has been in charge of the service, and his promotion, while it is more rapid than ordinarily in the army, and is a jump over older heads, will be generally approved. This action will practically end, for some time at least, the plan for taking the Meteorological Bureau away from the army.

BEFORE DEATH.

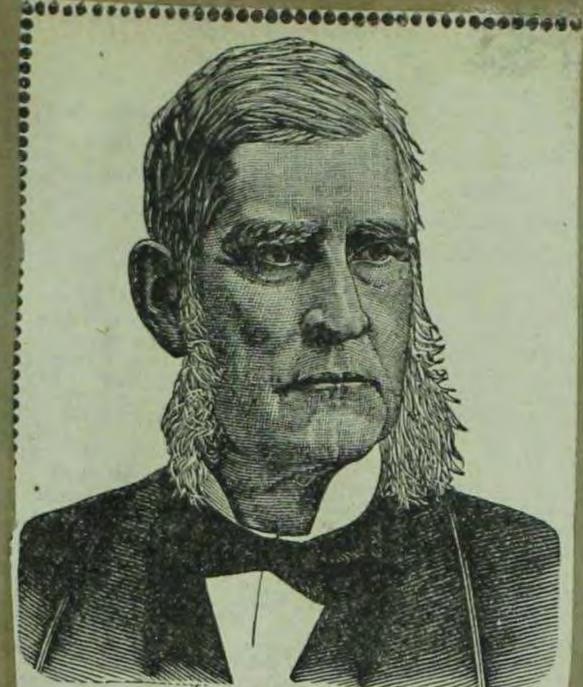
[Margaret J. Preston.] How much would I care for it could I know That when I am under the grass or snow, The raveled garment of life's trief day Folded and quie ly laid away; The spirit let loose from mortal bars And somewhere away among the stars; How much do you think it would matter then What praise was lavished upon me, when, Whatever might be its stint or store, It neither could help nor harm me more?

If midst of my to I they had but thought To stretch a finger, I would have caught Gladly such aid, to bear me through Some bitter duty I had to do; And when it was done, had I-but heard One breath of applause, one cheering word-One cry of "Courage!" amid the strife, So weighted for me with death or life-How would it have nerved my soul to strain Through the whirl of the coming surge again.

What use for the rope if it be not flung Till the swimmer's grap to the rock has clung? What help in a comrade's bugle-biast When the peril of Alpine's heights is past? What need that the spurring prean rod When the runner is safe beyond the goal? What worth is enlogy's blandest breath When whispered in ears that are hushed in death? No! No! If you have but a word of cheer Speak it while I am alive to hear!

Out on a Musical Fly.

[Collegiate Journal.] A new rival brass band was hired to play at the funeral of a Connecticut deacon. They were playing a slow and solemn dirge to the grave, when suddenly the trombone-man shot out a blast that startled the hearse horses, and broke up the whole procession. The leader, turning fiercely, asked him what in the world be was doing that for? He answered with a smile. "Gosh! I thought it was a note, and it was a hoss-fly, but I played it."



SIDNEY DILLON.

The tail form of Mr. Dillon can be seen almost any day on Wall street, although he no longer takes an open and active part in the battles and enterprises of that great financial and speculative arena. He belongs to a generation whose active work is over, as he is more than seventy years of age; but his snowy white hair, heavy English side whiskers, and erect bearing and positive manner still render him a remarkable figure wherever he appears. From the force of habit he haunts the scene of former struggles and victories, and takes a keep interest. former struggles and victories, and takes a keen interest in the operations of younger men than himself. For many years Mr. Dillon was President of the Union Pacific Railroad, to the construction of which, at a time when the scheme of a trans-continental railroad was ridiculed as wild and impossible, he bent the energies of a mind not accustomed to defeat. He has also been and still is interested in many of the enterprises of Mr. Jay Gould, with whom he has been a valued co-worker. He ranks among the rich men of to-day, and is worth millions of dollars.

THE DYING VETERAN.

[A Long Island incident-early part of the present century.]



Amid these days of order, ease, prosperity, Amid the current songs of beauty, peace, dec-

I cast a reminiscence-(likely 'twill offend you; I heard it in my boyhood)-more than a genera-

A queer old savage man, a fighter under Washington himself. Large, brave, cleanly, hot-blooded, no talker,

rather spiritualistic, (Had fought in the ranks-fought well-had been all through the Revolutionary war). Lay dying-sons, daughters, church descons, lov-

Sharpening their sense, their ears, toward his marmuring, half-caught words; "Let me return again to my war days, To the sights and scenes-to forming the line of

To the scouts ahead reconnoitering, To the cannons, the grim artillery,

ingly tending him.

To the galloping aids, carrying orders, To the wounded, the fallen, the heat, the sus-

The perfume strong, the smoke, the deafening Away with your life of peacel your joys of

Give me my old wild battle-life again!" · WALT WEITMAN.

ADVICE FOR TRAVELERS.

Women About to Sail Across the Ocean, Read This!

[Washington Star.]

That there are a large number of Washington people going abroad this season was demonstrated yesterday by the eager listeners who gathered about the lady who had crossed the Atlantic many times. It was at an afternoon reception, and one lady said it was strange that nobody ever wrote a detail of the things necessary for a sea voyage; the impediments of a sea voyage, as it were. "You want to wear a pair of congress gaiters," said this shepherdess of the ocean, in response. "for there is infinite distress in the bending over to button boots, and your maid is sure to have the mal de mer worse than yourself. Every small comfort is such a relief from the dread ul nausea that possesses you. No, I know no preventive for the horrible feeling of it Pounded ice helps a little; it sort paralyzes the stomach, only; but it is better to eat something, even though you throw it up again, for the retching upon emptiness is exhausting Be sure you buy your steamer chairs before sailing; the steamship companies ought to provide them, but they do not You store them in Liverpool until you return. I provide me a blue cloth wrapper with a plaiting at the bottom of it, so that it will look as dressy as possible, and a big double-breasted ulster that I button upon me, and a hood with an elastic in it, to cover over the hair-very pretty ones can be found in New York; then I carry warm shawls and a nubia to tie about my neck And if you value your health, do not fail to wear a pair of woolen stockings, else your legs will be very cold, and over them you must wear a pair of thick cloth drawers. I never wear any corsets, but just wrap me up in these garments like a mummy.

.Whatever else you forget, let it not be a square of stout linen with pockets in it, like a shoc bag. Tack it upon the wall of your state-room, and put into the pocket combs, brushes, bottles, needles, thread, pins, soap, rags, anything and everything of everyday use you may possibly require. It is no use to lay out things loose for convenience, for at the first lurch of the vessel away they all go, and you will never get trace of them again on that voyage. My plan has always been to stay upon deck all day and have the stewards bring me up something to eat, and never go into the saloon. As many times as I have crossed I am always sick. I always think what a fool I am to venture the voyage, but then I feel so well when I get my feet upon the ground and do not remember the discomforts of the crossing. Another thing you will find a great luxury is a small feather pillow. I cover one with black silk and carry it with me constantly. In Germany they use couton pillows, and many a stiff neck I have had trying to sleep upon them. Before leaving New York I have my hair thoroughly sham-

By the way, since the publicatin of the story, I have asked many persons from whence the name "Boston" came, and not one could tell, except that the American city was so called after a cathedral town in England. Why the cathedral town was so named no one seemed to know. The derivation is not usually given, though it is found in Trench's Manual and Hawthorne's " English Note-book." The "Hub" was named for the English town by its founders, and the latter was named in honor of St. Botolph. The "Saint" was soon dropped, and "Botolph's town," after many years was easily corrupted into "Boston," as may be readily understood by pronouncing the two words rapidly in succession.

THE following unique advertisement shows that a trip abroad has not weaned Mr. Douglass Sherley from his devotion to the unconventional. It is published at the regular advertising rates. OH, WHAT A SURPRISE!

Having heard much and read more of Louisville growth and enterprise, during a protracted absence from nome, it is with surprise, mingled with pain, that I contemplate the beautiful but empty rooms of my office building, on Main street, opposite Galt House, two short blocks above the Louisville Board of Trade.

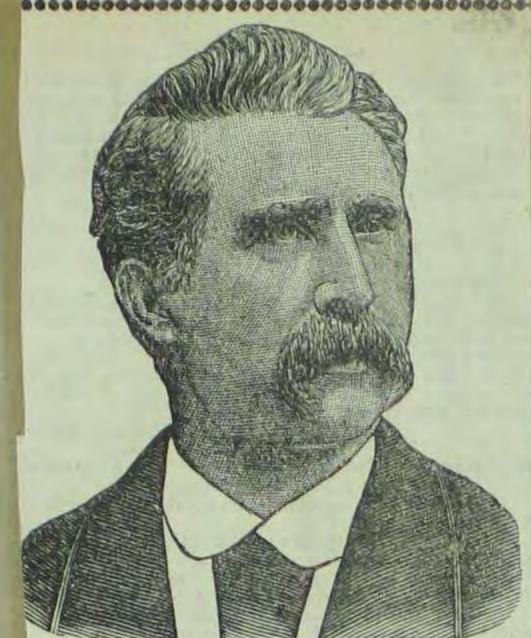
This brief statement was written and is now printed with a view to touching the heart, and untightening the purse strings, of some growing and future great individual, in need of good quarters, at a reasonable rate, and jealous for the sweetsake of Louisville enterprise.

The large army of anxious tenants will please address the owner, DOUGLASS SHERLEY. 200 West Chestnut street, City.

YORK, PA .- There are said to be seven wonders of the world in America-what P. C. W. are they?

Answer .- We are not aware that the wonder bunters have settled upon the seven greatest in this line for America, and by America we suppose that here the United States is meant. We are thus at liberty to offer our own view of the case, and we do so timidly enough, and subject to amendment, as follows: No one will question the right of Niagara Falls to rank as one of our wonders. Then there is Kentucky's Mammoth Cave, which is certainly a wonder. Lake Superior, the largest lake in the world, is also a wonder. Wonderful are the big trees in the Yosemite Valley of California. The natural bridge in Virginia is one of our wonders; so likewise is the Yellowstone Park. Taken all in all we suppose the Mississippi River would be regarded as one of our chief wonders. Precisely what should be understood by the word wonder we have not paused to consider; and the wonders named are, all wonders of nature. The wonder to the credit of man here turns on the extent to which in a comparatively short space of time he has civilized and made this new world his own, working harmomously with nature and causing her forces to be subservient to his will. To this, history has no parallel, and this is indeed the wonder of won lers.

It is not just to Art-nor true to Truth-to say that in the death of Carl Brenner Kentucky loses her greatest artist. But it may be said with truth and justice, that at his death ended a life of exceptional industry, and true art devotion to at least one of the phenomena of nature-the beech-wood forest. What Williamson did for our ferns, Brenner has done for our beech-woods-idealized and popularized them. Having thus brought man closer to nature, neither his life nor his art was in vain. He sohuld be buried where the beeches are most abundant and beautiful.



JOHN W. MACKEY.

When Edwin Adams, the well-known actor, was ill and penniless in San Francisco, news of his unhappy situa-tion reached J. W. Mackey, the "Bonanza King." He promptly visited the needy actor, took him to a firstclass hotel, procured for him the best medical attendance, and quietly slipped into his hand a check for \$5,000. This incident fairly illustrates Mr. Mackey's impulsive generosity. No appeal for charity is made to him in vain. He made a fortune rapidly in silver mines, and to-day is said to be worth \$50,000,000. He is interested with James Gordon Bennett in the transatlantic cable which bears their names. He has served a term in the United States Senate, representing the State of Nevada. At present he is about fifty (50) years old. For several years Mrs. Mackey and her daughter have lived in Paris. The boundless wealth at their disposal has enabled them to give entertainments which were the delight of the gay capital. Mrs. Mackey's dresses, furniture, objects of art and dinner parties have been "written up" again and again. Miss Mackey was lately married to Prince Colonna, a Roman, whose noble family was old in the time of Rienzi.

ASPHALTUS AND HIS FANTASY.

He thinks when a certain tree shall perish he too will expire).

Come bither, Louis, gaze on yonder tree, Which scarce betrays a leaf or sign of life; That is the symbol of my destiny, With whose surcease, will end my earthly strife,

Some read their fortunes in the stars, and date And count the hours betwixt them and the

Thy leaves, oh tree! compose my book of fate, Wherein I trace the flat of my doom.

Through weary days of fruitless toil and care I've marked thee from a tender sapling spring, As years roll by thy weal or woe I share-Through every change to thee I fondly cling.

Often at midnight from thy drooping boughs A mystic voice hath whispered to my soul, The strange, sad secret which I here disclose, (Dear Louis do not deem this idle dole).

I've watched thee wrestle with the whirlwind's might.

And brave the thunder with unscathed breast, But now, alas! a slow, correding blight Writes hopeless ruin on thy with ring crest.

I, too, have battled in my little day, With storms as fierce as those that menace thee; Like thee I feel the demon of decay Has laid his cold remorseless hand on me.

The tie that binds me to thy aching heart, No other stroke than that of death shall sever; Through joy or bale my fateful counterpart, As thou hast been so shalt thou be forever. AFLATUS.

A Short Prayer.

[Bloomington Eye.] Mother (to way ward young son)-"Tommy, why don't you say your prayers, like your of sister Alice?" Wayward son-"I would, mother, if I th

knew a short prayer like Alice says." "Well, what is it that Alice says?" "Why, she jumps into bed and says: 'Oh, th Lord! I wish I had a sealskin cloak."

Written for the Courier-Journal.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Speak kindly in the morning When you are leaving home, And give the day a lighter heart Into the week to roam. Leave kind words as mementoes, To be handled and caressed, And watch the noon-time hour arrive In gold and tinsel dressed.

Speak kindly in the evening, When on the walk is heard A tired footstep that you know. Speak one refreshing word; And see the glad light springing From the heart into the eye, As sometimes from behind a cloud A star leaps to the sky.

Speak kindly to the children, That crowd around your chair, The tender lips that lean on yours Kiss, smooth the flaxen hair; Some day a room that's lonesome The little ones may own, And home be empty as the nest From which the birds have flown.

Speak kindly to the stranger Who passes through the town, A loving word is light of weight-Not so would prove a frown. One is a precious jewel The heart would grasp in sleep, The other, like a demon's gift, The memory loathes to keep.

Speak kindly to the sorrowful Who stand beside the dead, The heart can lean against a word, Though thorny seems the bed; And oh! to those discouraged, Who faint upon the way, Stop, stop, if just a moment, And something kindly say.

Speak kindly to the fallen ones. Your voice may help them rise, A word right-spoken oft unclasps The gate beyond the skies. Speak kindly, and the future You'll find God looking through-Speak of another as you'd have Them always speak of you. MT. VERNON, ILL., June 26, 1887.

"THE MOTHER OF US ALL."

Down 'mid the tangled copses, Where the gold-eyed dai-les shine, Down through the sweet, green pastures, Where the sleek, still herds recline, Linger glad groups of children All the long summer day, Making the wildwood echo With their shouting loud and gay.

Thronging the crowded city, Weary, and worn, and thin, Bearing the grievous burden Of sorrow, perchance of sin; Too heavy for mirth or laughter, When the wolf looks in through the door, Crouching on curb and doorstep

And yet the same God made them, Marvels of wisdom al; His image stamped upon them, Gleams through the ruinous fall; Each one is a drop in the rainbow That spans this world of care; Each one is a gem to be fashioned

Are the children of the poor.

For the diadem Christ shall wear. Oh, Church of the loving Shepherd. Whose death our life hath won! Go forth, like a true, fond mother. And keep the children one; Let not the links be broken Which God's own hand bath wrought: Oh, let not one sheep perish,

His precious blood hath bought. - Dr. Henry B. Darnell in Churchman.

An Odd Bill.

[New York Sun.]

An itemized bill of the Twelfth century is old enough, in all conscience, but this one from the records of Winchester Cathedral, dated 1182, may be new to most people:

For work done in soldering and repairing St. Joseph 0 Cleaning and ornamenting the Holy Ghost .. 0 6 Repairing the Virgin Mary before and behind, and making a new child 4 8 Screwing a nose in the Devil, putting in the hair in his head, and placing a new joint in

his tail...... 5 6 The total bill amounted to 11 shillings and 4 pence, and it is to be presumed that the workman got his pay, though the records are silent on the point.

- VO

HIS BEST GIRL.

She Writes a Letter That Touched the Hearts of Several Tough

Drummers.

From the [Detroit Free Press.

He hurried up to the office as soon as he entered the hotel, and, without waiting to register, inquired eagerly:

"Any letter for me?"

The clerk sorted over a package with the negligent attention that comes of practice, then flopped one—a very small one—on the counter.

The traveling man took it with a curious smile that twisted his pleasant looking face into a mask of expectancy.

He smiled more as he read it. Then oblivious of other travelers who jostled him, he laid it tenderly against his lips and actually kissed it.

A loud guffaw startled him.

"Now, look here, old fellow," said a loud voice, "that won't do, you know. Too spoony for anything. Confess, now, your wife didn't write that letter?"

"No, she didn't," said the traveling man, with an amazed look, as if he would like to change the subject. "That letter is from my

best girl."

The admission was so unexpected that the trio of friends who had caught him said no more until after they had eaten a good dinner and were seated together in a chum's room.

Then they began to badger him.

"It's no use, you've got to read it to us, Dick," said one of them, "we want to know all about your best girl."

"So you shall," said Dick, with great coolness, "I will give you the letter and you can read it yourselves. There it is," and he laid it open on the table.

"I guess not," said the one who had been loudest in demanding it, "we like to chaff a little, but I hope we are gentlemen. The young lady would hardly care to have her letter read by this crowd," and he looked reproachfully at his friend.

"But I insist upon it," was the answer,
"there is nothing in it to be ashamed of—except the spelling; that is a little shaky, I'll
admit, but she won't care in the least. Read
it, Hardy, and judge for yourself."

Thus urged, Hardy took up the letter, shamefacedly enough, and read it. There were only a few words. First he laughed—then swallowed suspiciously, and as he finished it threw it on the table again, and rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes, as if troubled with dimness of vision.

"Pechaw," he said, "if I had a love letter

like that-" and then was silent.

"Fair play!" cried one of the others with

an uneasy laugh.

"I'll read it to you, boys," said their friend, seeing they made no move to take it, "and I think you'll agree with me that it's a model love letter."

And this was what he read:

"Mi owen deer PaPa

"I sa mi PRairs every nite annd Wen ikis yure Pitshure i ASK god to bless you good bi Pa Pa yure Best gurl DOLLY."

For a moment or two the company remained silent, while the little letter was passed from hand to hand, and you could have said that each and everyone had hay fever by the snuffling that was heard. Then Hardy jumped to his feet.

"Three cheers for Dolly, and three cheers

more for Dick's best girl!"

PHOCATENCO

They were given with a will.

Conclusive Logic.

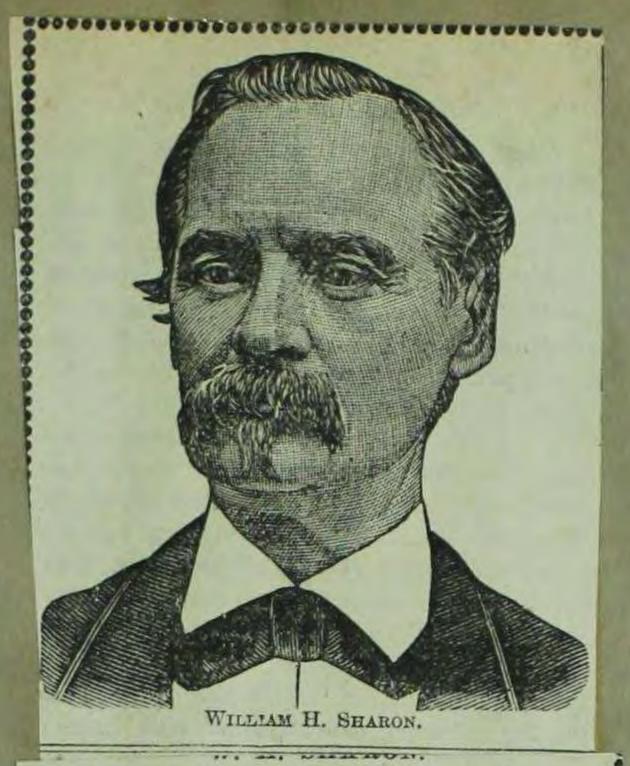
[Omaha World.] Little Nell-"Mamma, my doll's broke her

Omaha mamma_"You careless child, how did that happen?"

"She broke her head her own self; she tumbled off the chair."

"Now, look here, Nell, dolls can't tumble off chairs themselves."

off is easy enough. It's holding on that they hean't do."



Mr. Sharon is one of the many men who have oeen brought into prominence through the rich mineral treasures of the West. He may be styled a silver king, having reaped a vast harvest of riches through his large interests in silver mining. While in the United States Senate, representing the State of Nevada, he used all his influence to procure the passage of the Silver bill, and finally succeeded. Few men are personally better known in Washington. He possesses many personal traits which have won for him a large circle of friends and admirers. Mr. Sharon is about fifty-five years of age, and is said to be worth \$25,000,000.

PHILANTHROPIST CHILDS

Receives a Beautiful Letter From Henry Irving, the Eminent English Actor.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5.—Following is a copy of a letter received by Mr. George W. Childs from Henry Irving, who represented Mr. Childs at Stratford-on-Avon on the occasion of the presentation of the Shakes-

peare fountain to that city:

"Brunswick Hotel, New York, Oct. 31, 1887 .-My Dear Childs: Greeting, the heartiest and the kindest. I am back in your land again, amongst many dear friends, and with a welcome from your countrymen which makes my heart beat with love and gratitude, and, I must say, with pride, God bless them. When at Stratford-on-Avon, I was charged to deliver to you some honest water' from the Shakespeare fountain, and here it is borne by my faithful carrier and friend, Bram Stoker. It may not perform miracles, but it will give you a touch, as it were, of the beautiful monument which the poet's native town owes to you. The ceremony of dedication is not likely to be forgotten by those who had the prolege of taking part in it. I wish you had been there, and I rejoice to think that it has been regarded both at home and here-in England and America—as one of the landmarks in the history of peace and good will. May you live long to enjoy a distinction of which any citizen in either country might be proud; but your brain is ever busy with generosity and good deeds. For my self, I owe you my deep thanks for paping me, on that memorable day, in position of such hon-orable trust, and in thanking you, I thank the kindest man; the best conditioned and unwearied spirit in doing courtesies, that this great world has ever known. Believe me, my dear Mr. Childs, sincerely and faithfully yours, "HENRY IRVING."

She Had Seen Him at His Best. [Newark State Journal.]

"Are you a lover of athletic sports, Miss Quimby?"

"Oh, I adore them."

"You probably inherit the fondness for them. Your father was quite an athlete in his younger days. He was quite a remarkable wrestler."

"So I understand."

"Did you ever see your father wrestling in the catch-as-catch-can style?"

"No, not exactly, but I've seen him taking a barrel of apples down cellar."

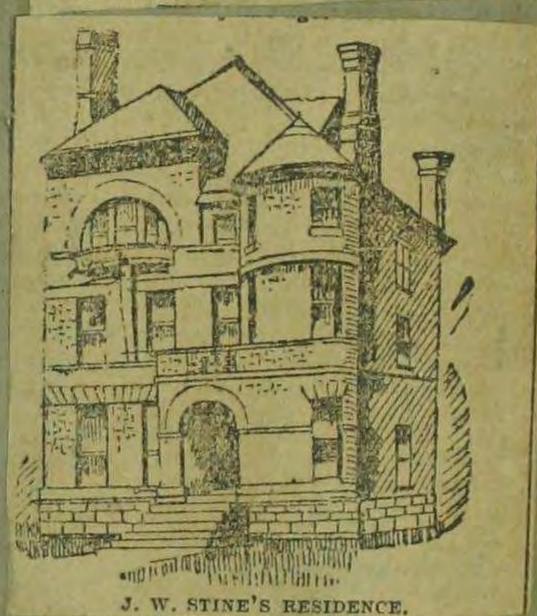
A PINK TEA.

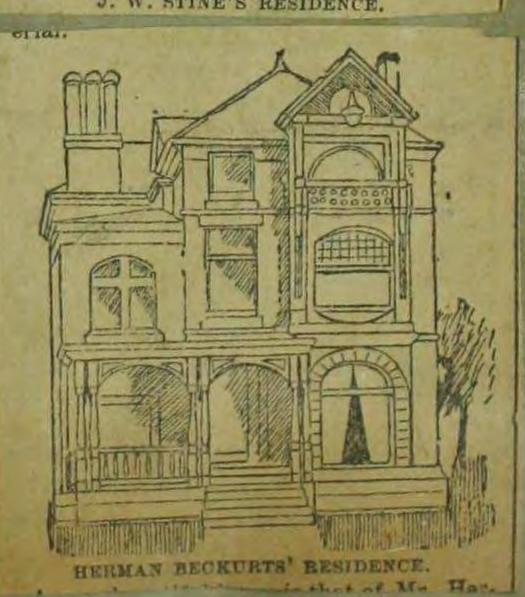
Pleasant Reception Given By Mrs. Henry C. Murrell In Honor of Her Niece.

Mrs. Henry C. Murrell gave a "pink tea" at her residence, Third street, near Breckin-ridge, yesterday afternoon in honor of her niece, Miss Rosa Gorin, who made her debut into society.

The parlors and drawing-rooms were decorated with pink flowers neatly shade delicate and fabric. About three hunared young society people paid their respects to the fair deoutante, and passed the time very enjoyably between the hours of 4 and 7 o'clock. Tea was set at 5 o'clock, and for two hours the young people gave it their attention. Mrs. Murrell was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Wm. Cheatham, Mrs. S. B. Toney and Mrs. Charles Meriwether. Among those present were: Mrs. Lewis Clarke, Mrs. F. D. Carley, Mrs. James Todd, Mrs. T. U. Dudley, Mrs. A. E. Willson, Mrs. Wm. Ekin, Mrs. James P. Curd, Mrs. Helm Bruce, Mrs. Chas. P. Moorman, Mrs. Frank Hogan, Mrs. James Fetter, Mrs. Amos Stickney, Mrs.

Augustus Sharpe, Mrs. J. H. Lindenberger, Mrs. Hector Dulaney, Mrs. James E. Gorin, Mrs. John Otter, Mrs. J. B. Castieman, Mrs. Fred DeFuniak, Mrs. Sam Hutchings, Mrs. Lee Woolfelk, Mrs. Henry Phillips, Mrs. Percy Semple, Misses Annie and Lou Burge, the Misses Barrett, Lillie Kent, Lillie Lindenberger, Carrie Wood, Belle Palmer, Nellie Hunt, Lilla Mundy, Lettie Anderson, Annie Loving, Misses Pettit, Margie Tillman, Preston Bruce, Miss Strother, of Virginia, Miss Louise Todd, Miss Bowmie Ashby, Belle Haldeman, Mary and Rachel Macauley, Florence Murrell, Mary Haldeman, of St. Louis, Gretta Watts, Nellie Sunrall, Ellen Gorin, Emma Dumesnil, Mary Adams, Loraine Tapp, the Misses Lee, and Messrs. John Caperton, Capt. Forrester, Robert Hunt, M. W. Thum, John McDowell, Ewing Eaches, Ben. Dulaney, Dr. Wm. Cheatham, Judge S. B. Toney, Prof. Gooch, Rodes Barret, David Parkhill, Charles Norton, Weisiger Chambers, Will Jarvis, Will Settle, Gray Heinsohn and T. G. Murrell.







MRS. VILAS, WIFE OF THE POSTMASTER GEN-ERAL.

THE STANDIFORD SALE.

The Auction Is Concluded, Fairly Good Prices Being Paid.

The sale at auction of the furniture and effects in the Standiford residence was concluded yesterday afternoon by Meddis, Southwick & Co. Owing to the bad weather, the crowd of ladies in attendance was comparatively small, about one hundred and fifty persons being in the rooms. The sale was begun shortly after 10 o'clock, and continued until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Every thing in the house was disposed of, and the bidding was spirited and lively, good prices in the main being received. The sale of the furniture will realize between \$3,000 and \$4,000 for the heirs. Some of the purchases were as follows:

One bed-room set, consisting of bed, bureau, washstand and mattress, \$120, Mr. Scott. Thirty-two yards bed-room Brussels carpet, 519.20, J. G. Caldwell.

Handsome hall table, thirty cents, Mrs, Knigh-

Eighty yards Brussels carpet from receptionroom, 77% cents per yard, Frank Standiford. One walnut wardrobe, \$42, Frank Standiford. One office desk, \$30.50, J. L. Simcoe.

One mantle mirror, \$45, John Adams. Settee, sitting-room, \$11.50, Mrs. Price.

Inlaid table, sitting-room, \$32.50, T. H. Sherley. One hundred yards carpet, in parlor, in two pieces, eighty cents a yard, Mrs. Simcoe; and seventy-seven cents, Mrs. McAteer. Table, sitting-room, \$11.50, Mrs. Strong.

Two hat-rack mirrors in hall, \$72 each, George

Twelve dining-room chairs, resale for Mr. Cox, \$6 each, Mrs. Frankel.

Chairs and sofas in sitting-room, entire set, \$49, Mrs. Bergman.

Pair fine mantel mirrors, with ebony frames, one in parlor one in sitting-room, \$60 each, George

Oil painting, \$950, Mrs. Conrad. One hundred yards hall carpet, sixty cents a yard, Mrs. McGill.

Rosewood hatrack, \$13, Mr. Weiler.

"The New Girl."

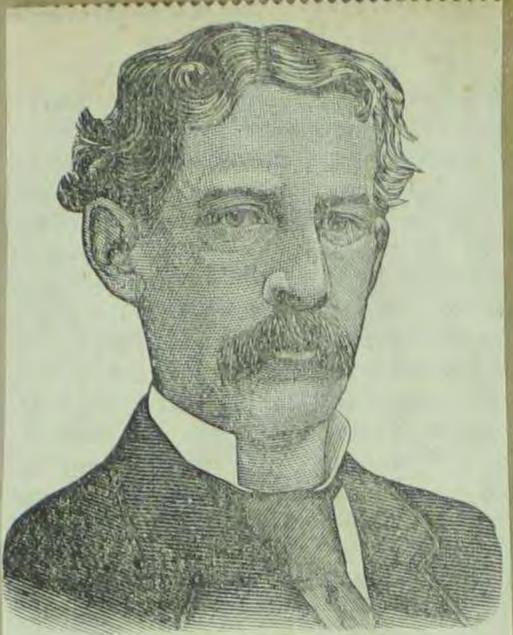
[By Steele Quill.]

We advertised for help last week, A girl to do our cooking; We wanted a damsel somewhat neat, And somewhat near good-looking.

Responses thick upon us came. Females of every nation; Some were "wild," some were "tame," A bad lot of creation.

We selected from the whole, A creature large and strong, Her stap was heavy on the floor, Her tongue was nine yards long.

She lingered with us just three days, This lovely mild-eyed queen, We saw her going through the roof Backed up by "kerosene."



JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

CHEST CONTROL DIVINIBLE,

At the death of his father, who was the proprietor and founder of the New York Herald, this gentleman inherited this valuable property, and has since obtained control of the entire Bennett estate. This estate includes the Herald building, on the corner of Broadway and Ann street, the Bennett building on the corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, the homestead at Fort Washington, and other property. He has a great fondness for yachting, polo, horse racing, and fox hunting. Notwithstanding this, however, he has always retained an active and direct management of his business. He resides almost wholly abroad, but is constantly in close communication with the Herald by cable. He is one of the owners of the re-cently-laid Bennett-Mackay cable, of which he makes free and continual use in transmitting news to his paper. Mr. Bennett has never married. He is now between thirty-five and forty years of age, and receives an income of \$1,000 a day from the Herdld alone. Not long since a syndicate is reported to have offered \$2,000,000 for the Herald, which Mr. Bennett refused.

The Silver Lining.

A fisherman sat at his door one day Watching the clouds that, heavy and

gray, Obscured the sunlight's shining; And he said to Bright Eyes at his knee, "Look yonder out in the west and see The cloud with a silver lining."

I think when our skies are cold and gray,

And we vainly seek to find the way, Somewhere the light is shining.

If we bravely resolve to do our part,

And bear our griefs with a patient heart, And free from all repining.

We shall be led to a higher way, To a better work than we do to-day, And find love's sunlight shining; For truth of spirit and strength of soul Will make the darkest cloud unroll And show its silver lining. -Helen Keith.

I Written for the Courter dour THE NEW YEAR.

Make a place for the New Year, He's coming in to-night; His foes are few, his friends are new, His hands are clean and white. Greet him with words of welcome, You know not what he brings, And place the lyre at the open fire, And join the songs he sings.

Make a place for the New Year In every home to-might. The ledger close that the old year shows, And in the new one write-Write with a firm en leavor To drop no blots between The opening neat and the closing sheet; Let all be white and clean.

Make a place for the New Year. Go hide away the tears. He wants a place with the hopeful face That can look into the years, And bunt for the hidden sunbeam That sleeps near the shadow's side-Meet him to-night with features bright

And bid him long abide. KATYDID. DECATUR, ALA.

BILL'S LETTER.

Written for THE COMMERCIAL.

Ole 'coman, quit yer knittin' now, take off yer specs an' rest,

For I have got a letter here from sumwhar', way out west. The writin' looks familiar like, it's pes'marked

Omaha;

I bet four bits that hit's from Bill, our darling son-in-law.

"Ole Hoss, how are you?" ("Keep yer seat.") "Say, hope you're doing well. Ah! How we miss the "old girl's" voice ("that's

you") no one can tell, We've got a farm ("Well, now dew tell!") and

while I run the plows

Your daughter ("That's our Mag, ole man!") stays home and milks the cows.

Say, dad, we've got a "little kid." You know when last I wrote That we were looking then for one ("They orter

have a goat.") ("Shet up, an' lis'en what he sez.") It's cunning

eyes are blue; It's head's the shape of your "old girl's," and got a foot like you.

Grasshoppers come around in droves ("I wish they'd eat him up,

The good fo' nothin' scamp") and Tom has got a big bull pup,

He'll grab a bull tight by the nose and never let him slip

Until he shakes that bull so bad his tail cracks like a whip.

("Well, did you ever? Say, ole man, I'll bet that thars a lie!") ("Now lis'en, will yer?") Last year's crop of corn

was twelve feet high; We've got nine cows and calves-("Great gosh, ole

man!") ("Keep still an' wait") (I'll bet thar ain't nine thousand calves on no farm in the state.")

I raise two crops a year out here, ("Bill's got a bully farm.")

It's cold as-well, it's tough in winter trying to keep warm,

And July is the only month that boys go in to

("Ef I wuz out thar I could make it hot enough for him.")

I've got a swampy piece of land-on it four million frogs,

You ought to see me gathering hops when I turn loose the dogs.

("Well, dern his lyin' skin!") ("Say, now ole ooman, yew jist wait")-

Why, we catch whales when we can get live buffa lo's for bait.

I've got a wind mill on my place ("I'd like to see hit goin'.")

It runs like thunder (Guess it duz, if Bill does all the blowin'.") ("Shet up.") That mill a thousand barrels of

flour a day will make. (Thar, that'll do-don't read no more, that last one takes the cake. ')

Mag told me to invite you out. Say, if you come

("What do yer say, ole 'coman, hae?") Why come out in the fail,

And bring the "old girl"-you know who. ("Well, he's the ltar of liars.")

And spend the winter; if she comes, we won't want any fires.

("Oh! Wait an' lis'en w'at he sez in these las' lines or two.")

P. S .- Ole man, I'll say a word in confidence to

Before I close this letter, and into the mail it's

I'll say my wife has got the best old mother in the

("Read that ag'in!") ("Set down!") ("I won't!") I love her as my life,

For I'm indebted to you both for having such a wife.

("Yes! bless his heart!") You say to her for me that "biz is biz,"

That absence does not conquer love, to-stay right where she is.

"The good fo' nuthin' nasty houn'!" was all the "old girl" said; She snatched the letter, gave a yell, and flew up-

stairs to bed; She never shut her eyes, because she couldn't stop

When morning came she took the lightning train for Omaha.

The old man could enjoy a joke as well as any

So now, while he was all alone, he studied up his To let Bill know that she was "on the road," he

thought it best To send this message: "Bill, look out-a cyclone

coming west." Desember 28, 1886.

WILL S. HAYS.

A POET'S ELEGY.

Here rests at last from worldly care and strife A gentle man of rhyme, Not all unknown to fame-whose lays and life Fell short of the sublime.

Yet, as his poems ('twas the critics' praise) Estrayed a careful mind, His life, with less of license than his lays, To virtue was inclined.

Whate'er of wit the kindly muse supplied He ever strove to bend To folly's hurt; nor once with wanton pride Employed to pain a friend.

He loved a quib, but in his jesting vein, With studious care effaced

The doubtful word that threatened to profane The sacred or the chaste.

He loathed the covert, diabolic jeer That conscience undermines; No hinted sacrilege nor skeptic sneer Lurks in his laughing lines.

With satire's sword to pierce the false and wrong, A ballad to invent That bore a wholesome sermon in the song-Such was the poet's bent.

In social converse "happy as a king," When colder men refrained From daring flights; he gave his fancy wing

And freedom unrestrained. And golden thoughts, at times-a motley brood-Came finshing from the mine, And fools who saw him in his merry mood

Accused the untasted wine. He valued social favor more than fame, And paid his social dues: He loved his art-but held his manly name

Far dearer than his muse. And partial friends, while gayly laughing o'er The merry lines they quote,

Say, with a sigh: "To us the man was more Than aught he ever wrote."

-[John G. Saxe.

A Rich Woman's Romance.

[New York Letter.]

A genuinely solemn thing is the death of Catharine Wolfe, the richest maiden lady in the land. She was a genuine devotee of religion and charity. Her obituaries have ere this been printed everywhere. Stories of the reason of her celibacy, and imparting a romantic tinge to it, are current in society. An intimate friend assures me that they are true. With millions upon millions at her command from girlhood, with the utmost refinement and goodness inherent in her nature, with family connections of the proudest sort, her opportunities for marrying advantageously were of the best. But she never had the remotest desire to marry. This feeling may have been partly due to a distrust of all wooers, for how could she know that they wanted her rather than her money? But principally it arose from a genuine repugnance to wedlock. She desired to maintain utter independence. Twenty-five years ago a Count Falco came nearer to winning her than anybody before or since. He was an Italian, and his title was all right, though Counts are of no distinction in Italy. He had been educated for the Catholic priesthood, but had become an Episcopalian in this country. He professed to devote himself to benevolent work, he gained Miss Wolfe's confidence in that way, and it was thought that she almost, if not quite, accepted him as a lover. But he couldn't wait for her money. She intrusted a thousand dollars to him for a particular charity. He confiscated the fund to his own use, and she detected the robbery.

"I will never trust a man again," she said, "unless he refrains from courting me." That seemed to become the fixed rule of her life, and its operation necessitated maid-

enhood.

JOHN R. McLEAN, Editor of the " Cincinnati Enquirer."

One of the foremost of the Western newspapers is the Cincinnati Enquirer, and our series of sketches of leading journalists will always been independent, and Mr. McLean not be complete without a few particulars of is averse to active participation in political its well-known editor and proprietor, Mr. affairs. John R. McLean.

part he played in the election of more than one President.

home in Cincinnati, and there he was pre- Emily Beale, daughter of Gen. Beale of Washpared for college. Then he entered Harvard, ington, and since then he has spent much of

but his stay there was short, as his boyish spirit brought him into conflict with the authorities.

Boy-like, young McLean was not an early riser, and was absent from chapel so long that one morning, when he put in an appearance, he found his seat occupied by another student. McLean requested him to move, remarking that when he did attend chapel he wanted credit for it. The intruder flatly refused; so Mc-

Lean took the law into his own hands, and | Besides his valuable property in the Enquirer, forcibly expelled him.

college discipline that the authorities decided | where. that McLean must leave the college; and he did so, all Harvard accompanying him to the and striking success. depot to see him off.

McLean now crossed the ocean to finish his education at the famous university of Heidelberg. Here he spent several years, acquiring sound information and a knowledge of the French and German languages.

He has always been fond of out-door sports and amusements. He was an enthusiastic base ball player, and was for some time "catcher" in a famous Cincinnati nine. In this position he once received a severe blow from a "foul tip," which struck him in the eye, and his sight was only preserved by spending six weeks in total darkness.

It was in 1870 that he returned to Cincinnati. His father, who was proprietor of the Enquirer, gave him some stock in the paper, and from that time he has devoted his energies to this journal.

So shrewd was Mr. McLean's management of his property that a few years later, when his father retired from notice 1:0

The voyagers were roused, and in spite o pull to the ship,' long sleepy swell. Now, said Captain Staunton, "we mus

was distinctly visible as they flapped against ve brilliant morning sunshine, and so clearly to defined that every rippling fold in the sails ly down; her snowy canyas gleaming in the or As for the stranger, there she was, just hull

ul to answer her helm. te lost way altogether, and refused any longer de whose surface was smooth as oil. The launch ly rose his bright beams flashed upon a sea re perceptibly dying away; and when the sur The wind, light all night, had been im-

'uozuou ui ie and then up rolled the glorious sun above the k out one by one; a bright rosy flush appeared is eastern quarter; the stars quietly twinkled

be inferred from this, he is not a strong partisan in politics.

The Enquirer is reckoned as a Democratic paper, but its course on public questions has

Until a few years ago, indeed, he never He comes of a family several of whose showed any interest in politics, except as members have been prominent in national such matters came in the direct line of his affairs. He is the only son of the Hon. Wash- professional duties; and recently he has been ington McLean, who was long a leader of the | heard to express his intention of avoiding for Democratic party, and was often called "the the future all aggression in the strife of par-Warwick of politics," so conspicuous was the ties. He holds that a newspaper should be a reflex of a day's history, and not the organ of any particular person or cause.

Mr. McLean's boyhood was spent at his | Some years ago, Mr. McLean married Miss

his time in that city, where he has built a handsome ref :dence. There. too, reside his father and mother, to whom he is a most devoted son.

Mr. McLean is one of the youngest, if not theyoungest of our leading journalists, being only about thirty-nine years of age.

During his sixteen or seventeen years of newspaper work, his wealth has grown so rapidly, that it is now estimated at three or four million dollars.

he owns real estate in Cincinnati and Wash-This scuffle was so grievous a breach of ington, and has profitable investments else-

Very few can point to a career of such rapid

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.



JOHN R. MCLEAN.

[For the Courier-Journal.] THE FACES WE NEVER FORGET

Do the dead come back from the shadow land? Do the spirits o'er on the golden strand, With their echoless steps on the glitt'ring sand, Press close their lips to the Styx's tide And call to their loved on this mortal side? Will Charon carry the messages o'er, That they have for us, from the shining shore?

Do the mists that rise like a sombre screen O'er the valley of death that lies between, O'er the trackless floods that intervene, Shut in the gaze of friends who roam By the silver lakes of the heavenly home? Do they know of the tears that our cheeks lave; Do they see the flowers we plant on each grave?

Can they hear-above the sullen roar Of billows that break on the farther shore, As they float the ferryman Charon o'er-Can they hear our sighs for our dear ones gone? Can they hear our moans as we mourn alone? Will the angel Death, on his evermore trips, Bear us one sweet word from their loving lips?

Oh, the sun rides so high in his glittering car! Oh, so cold is the ray of the far-away star! Say, is heaven beyond and above them so far? No, heaven is love, with its throne in the heart, And the spirits of lovers no death can part; Though their forms mould away in some flow'red

plot, The faces of loved ones are never forgot. -[JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS.

ALL HONOR

To George Washington, the Father of His Country.

Dedication of the The Great Monument at the Capital To-day.

President Arthur's Neat Address Hon. Robt. Winthrop's Oration.

The City Crowded With Visitors, and the Scene One of Imposing Splendor.

IN MEMORY OF OUR GREAT HERO

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.-The formal dedication of Washington monument took place this morning. The weather was intensely cold, the thermometer at 11 a. m. ranging fourteen degrees above zero, but the sky was clear and bright. The near approach of the inauguration ceremonies swelled the crowds of visithour At an early animated presented an streets appearance, numerous military and civic organizations and crowds of spectators marching toward the base of the grand shaft. The outdoor ceremonies began at the foot of the monument precisely at 11 o'clock. The grand stand was filled with distinguished guests. President Arthur, the Cabinet, visiting Govern. ors of States, Senators, Representatives, diplematic corps, members of the Monument Commission, and all participating in the presentation, dedication, religious and Masonic exercises.

Senator Sherman presided. He opened the exercises with a brief address, reviewing the history of the movement and paying an elequent tribute to Washington.

The address by the venerable W. W. Corcoran, President of the Washington Monument Association, who was present, but unequal to the task of speaking, was read.

Colonel Casey, engineer in charge of the construction of the monument, reviewed the work done under his superintendence.

Then President Arthur delivered the dedication address.

THE PRESIDENT'S DEDICATION.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN-Before the dawn of this century, whose eventful years will soon have faded into the past, when death had but lately robbed the Republic of its most beloved citizen, the Congress of the United States pledged the faith of the nation that in this city, bearing his honored name, then as now the seat of the General Government, a monument would be erected to commomorate the great events of his military and political life. The stately column which stretches heavenward from the plain whereon we stand bears witness to all who behold it that the covenant which our fathers made their children have fulfilled.

In the completion of this great work of patriotic endeavor is abundant cause for national rejoicing. For while this structure shall endure, it shall be to all mankind a steadfast token of the affectionate and reverent regard in which this people continue to hold the

memory of Washington. Well may he ever keep the foremost place in the hearts of his countrymen. The faith that never faltered; the wisdom that was broader and deeper than any learning taught in schools; the courage that shrank from no perilwas dismayed by no defeat; the loyalty that kept all selfish purpose subordinate to the de mands of patriotism and honor; the sagacity that displayed itself in camp and Cabinet-above all, that harmonious union of moral and intellectual qualities which has never found its parallel among men, these are the attributes of character which the intelligent thought of this century ascribes to the grandest figure of last. But other and more eloquent lips than mine will to-day rehearse to you the story of his noble life and its glorious achievements. To myself has been assigned the simple, formal duty, in fuldilment of which I do now, as President of the United States, in behalf of the people, receive this monument from the hands of its builder, and declare it dedicated from this time forth to the immortal name and memory of George Washington.

TO THE CAPITOL.

This closed the ceremonies at the monument, and the procession, a grand display of military pomp and civic power, moved from the monument grounds to the Capitol. The sidewalks on Pennsylvania avenue, through which the procession marched for a distance of a mile, were literally packed with people.

At the Capital all was expectancy from an early hour. The member's desks had been removed from the floor of the House and the available space filled up with

chairs. By 11 o'clock the galleries began to fill, and by 12 quite a number of members were in the places assigned to them. A covered platform had been constructed east entrance and between the the huge statue, which represents Washington, seated without clothing in cool contemplation of the Capitol of his

country. The President at 1:30 took his stand on the platform and reviewed the procession, as with steps quickened by the cold and the confusing blare of many bands it marched past him. The sun was shining brightly showing to perfection the brilliant variety of uniforms worn by the different military organizations.

Whilst the procession winded its way around the south side of the building and the artillerymen, who for four hours stood shivering on the southern plateau, at last got in their work, and woke echoes of the eastern branch. The Senators and diplomatic corps made their way to the Senate side and there awaited the summons of the House. The Judges of the Supreme Court were already waiting in their own chamber. As soon as notified that the House was ready, Mr. Edmunds, President pro tem of the Senate, accompanied that by entered the hall of the House of Representatives and took the Speaker's chair and was presiding officer of the ceremonies. Speaker Carlisle took a seat to the left of Edmunds.

The President, Cabinet and diplomatic corps and Judges of the Supreme Court were ranged immediately in front, and behind them were Senators and members, and in the back ground, filled in by tier upon tier, were interested spectators, a large proportion of whom were elegantly dressed ladies.

It was half-past 2 when the assembly was called to order. After a few opening remarks by Edmunds and prayer by Rev. Wallis, the oration of Hon. Robt. C. Winthrop was read by Congressman John D. Long, of Massachusetts:

MR. WINTHROP'S ADDRESS.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR, SENATORS AND REPRE. SENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES: By a joint resolution of Congress you have called upon me to address you on the completion of yonder colossal monument to the father of his

Octave Ragginier's. 321 GI91 CALL for Micholson's Liquid Bread at

tolen hog over the tence, MONEH HIS DECK IN MINE OF CHICK CHO

seemed foreshadowed and prefigured in that humiliating spectacle, and one could almost read on its sides in letters of blood: "Divided! Weighed in the balance! Found wanting!"
And well might that crude and undigested mass have stood so forever if our union had perished. An unfinished monument to Washington would have been a fit emblem of a divided country. How cheering, and how inunhappy contentions at an end, than this monument to Washington gave signs of fresh life, and soon was seen rising again toward the skies. Henceforth and forever it shall be lovingly associated not only with the memory of him in whose honor it has been erected, but with an era of assured peace, unity and concord, which would have been dearer to his heart than the costliest personal memorial. That compact, consolidated structure, with its countless blocks held firmly in position by their own weight and pressure, will ever be an instructive type of the national strength and grandeur, which can only be secured by the union of "many into one." Had the fine arts, indeed, made such advances in our country forty years ago as we are now proud to recognize, it is not improbable that a different design might have been adopted, but I am by no means sure it would have been a more effective and appropriate one. I ask in all sin-cerity, is not the acknowledged pre-eminence of the father of his country more adequately represented by that soaring shaft, rising high above all the smoke and stir of earth as he ever rose above sectional prejudices and party politics and personal interests, gleaming and glistening as far as sight can reach, arresting the eye at every turn, while it shoots triumphantly to the skies? | Does not that collosal unit remind all who gaze at it mere forcibly than any arch or statute could do that there is one name in American history above all other names; one character more exalted than all other characters; one example to be studied and reverenced beyond all other examples; one bright particular star in the clear upper sky of our firmament whose guiding light and peerless lustre are for all men and for all ages, never to be lost signt of, never to be unheeded. For let us not forget that we are here to commemorate not the mooument, but the man. That stupendous pile has not been reared for any vain purpose of challenging admiration for itself. It is upon him in whose honor it has been upreared, and upon the incomparable and inestimable services he has rendered to his country and to the world, that our thoughts should be concentered at this hour. Yet, what can I say, what can any man say of Washing. ton, which has not already been rendered as familiar as household words throughout the world? Every scene of that grand and glorious life has been traced and illustrated by the most accomplished and brilliant personal tongues. Henry Lee, through the life of John Marshal, summed up and condensed all that was felt and all that could be or ever can be said in these imperishable words, which will go ringing down the centuries in every clime, in every tongue, till time shall be no more-"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." But there are other imperishable words which will resound through the ages. Words of his own, not less memorable than his acts, some of them, I need not say, in that immortal farewell address which an eminent English historian has pronounced "unequaled by any composition of uninspired wisdom." and which ought to be learned by heart by the children of our schools, like the laws of the twelve tables in the schools of Ancient Rome, and never forgotten when those children grow up to the privileges and responsibilities of manhood. It was a custom of the ancient Egyptians-from whom the idea of our monument has been evolved-to cover their obelisks with hieroglyphical inscriptions which tell us little except the dates and doings of some despotic Pharaoh. Our Washington needle, while it has all of the severe simplicity, and far more than all of the massive grandeur which were characteristics of Egyptian architecture, bears no inscriptions whatever, and none are likely ever to be carved on it Each succeeding generation, indeed, will take its own pride in doing whatever may be wisely done in adorning the surroundings of this majestic pile. Yet to the mind's eye of an American patriot, those marble faces will never seem void or voiceless. Ever and anon, as he gazes, there will come flashing forth in letters of living light some of the great words and grand precepts and noble lessons of principle and duty which are the matchless bequest of Washington to his country and to mankind. And, above all, more precious than all the rest, there will come streaming down to many an eager and longing eye from the very point where its tiny apex reaches nearest to the skies, and shining forth with a radiance which no vision of Constantine could ever have eclipsed-some of those solemnly reiterated deciarations and counsels, which might almost be called the confes ion and creed of Wasaington, and which can never be forgotten by any Uhristian patriot. But what are all the noble words which Washington wrote or uttered-what are all the incidents of his birth and death-what are all the details of his marvelous career in comparison with his own

exalted character as a man? Rarely was Web-

ster more impressive than when, on the com-

pletion of the monument at Bunker Hill, he

gave unerance to the simple a sertion;

"America has furnished to the world tha

character of Washington." and wen dur ne addition that "it our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind." I do not forget that there have been other men, in other days, in other lands, and in our own land, who have been called to command larger armies, to preside over more distracted councils, to administer more extended governments, and to grapple with as complicated and critical affairs. Gratitude and honor wait ever on their persons and their names. But we do not estimate Militades, or Pausanias, or Themistocles, or Leonidas by the number of the forces which

they led on land or on sea. Nor do we gauge the glory of Columbus by the rize of the little fleet with which he ventured so heroically upon the perils of a mighty unknown deep. There are some cir-cumstances which can not occur twice: some occasions of which there can be no repetition; some names which will always assert their individual pre eminence, and will admit of no rivelry or comparison The glory of Colum-bus can never be eclipsed, never approached, till our new world shall require a frest dis-covery; and the glory of Washington will remain uneclipsed and peerless until American independence shall require to be again achieved or the foundations of constitutional liberty to be laid anew. Think not that I am claiming an immaculate perfection for any mortal man. One being only has ever walked this earth of ours without sin. Washington had his infirmities and his pa sions like the rest of us. He made no boast of virtue or of valor, and no amount of flattery ever led him to be otherwise than distrustful of his own abifity and merits. And when, at last, he was contemplating a final retirement from the Presidency, and, in one of the drafts of his farewell address, had written that he withdrew "with a pure heart and undefiled hands," or words to that effect, he suppressed the passage, and all other similar expressions, lest, as he suggested, he should seem to claim for him elf a measure of perfection which all the world now unites in according to him. For I hazard little in saying that all the world does now accord to Washington a tribute which has the indorsement of the Enevelopmenta Brittanica, that "of all menthat have ever lived, he was the greatest of good men and the best of great men." Or, let me borrow the same idea from a great Euglish poet, who gave his young life and brilliant genfus to the cause of liberty in modern Greece. "Where," wrote Byron,

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes, one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make men blush—there was but one."

A celebrated philosopher of antiquity wrote thus to a younger friend as a precept for a worthy life: "Some good man must be singled out and kept ever be ore our eyes, that we may live as if he were looking on, and do everything as if ne could see it." Let me borrow the spirit, if not the exact letter, of that precept and address it to the young men of my country. 'Keep ever in your mind, and before your mind's eye, the loftiest standard of charter. Of merely mortal men, the monument we have dedicated to day points out the one for all America to study, to imitate, and as far as may be, to emulate. Keep his example and his character ever before your eyes, and in your hearts. Live and act as if he were seeing and judging your personal conduct and your public career. Strive to approximate that lofty standard, and measure your integrity and your patriousm by your nearness to it or your departure from it. The prime meridian of pure, disinterested patriotism, exalted human character, will be marked forever by yonder Washington obelisk."

Yes, to the young men of America it remains, as they rise up from generation to generation, to shape the destinies of their country's future, and woe unto them if, regardless of the great example which is set before them, they prove unfaithful to the tremendous responsibilities which rest upon them.

Our matchless obelisk stands proudly before us to day, and we hall it with the exultation of a united and glorious nation. It may or may not be proof against the evils of critics, bu sothing of human construction is proof against the casualties of tige. The storms of winter must blow and beat upon it. The action of the elements must soil and discolor it The lightnings of heaven may scar and blacken it. An carthquake may shake its foundations. Some mighty tornado resistless cyclone may rend massive blocks asunder and hurl huge fragments to the ground. But the character which it commemorates and illustrates is secure. It will remain unchanged and unchangable in all its consummate purity and splendor, and will more and more command the homage of succeeding ages in all regions of the earth. God be praised, that character is ours forever.

At the conclusion of Winthrop's oration Hon. John W. Daniel, of Virginia. delivered an eloquent speech. At 4 o'clock Mr. Daniel is speaking. In his neat little speech introducing Will Carleton last night, Dr. Broadus said: "Why is it that of all Mr. Carleton's poems the most popular is the one called 'Betsy and I Are Out?' Does this mean that the poem touches a popular chord because every man and his Betsy have at some time or other been 'out?' Or that the recollection of such little domestic broils is pleasant? I rather think that the popularity of the ballad lies in the fact that 'Betsy and I'have 'made up,' cementing their love closer then ever, and in that case the recollection of the pain caused by their quarrels makes reconciliation all the sweeter."

Beecher's Probable Successor, Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D., of London.



Fechter's Diamond Pin.

This story of Fechter is told in Louis Engel's "From Mozart to Mario:"

"Wearing a large paste pin, he had gone down near the East river, where at that time a number of roughs were always ready to cut your throat for half a dollar if they thought they were likely to find anything worth taking on you. This pin, a theatrical diamond of excellent French imitation, attracted a thief's attention, and he stopped Feehter and roughly asked the time, with the evident intention of seeing whether he could lay hold of a watch. Fechter said he did not know, and ordered him to go his way, whereupon the negro-a tall, powerful man-laid hold of him; but Fechter, well versed in the jeu de la savante, got the man under in no time, when, to the rather ounpleasant surprise of Fechter, a big claspknife appeared upon the scene, and he thought discretion the better part of valor. 'Listen to me, my man,' he said, 'what is the good of your shedding blood and getting a hemp cravat? I have no money and no valuables; what do you want?' 'Your pin,' said the man, 'and I'll have it if I swing for it.' 'You shall,' said Feether, 'only I don't care to go home with my scarf open, as if I were drunk. If you'll let me have any other pin you may have mine without a struggle.' Agreed,' said the nigger, and he took out a rather tasteful turquoise and cameo pin and put Fechter's diamond (?) into his necktie. I leave the reader to judge what his feelings must have been when, next day, he came to ascertain the value of his 'honestly' acquired solitaire, for which he had given a pin worth at least ten times the price of the stone for which he narrowly escaped becoming a murdever."

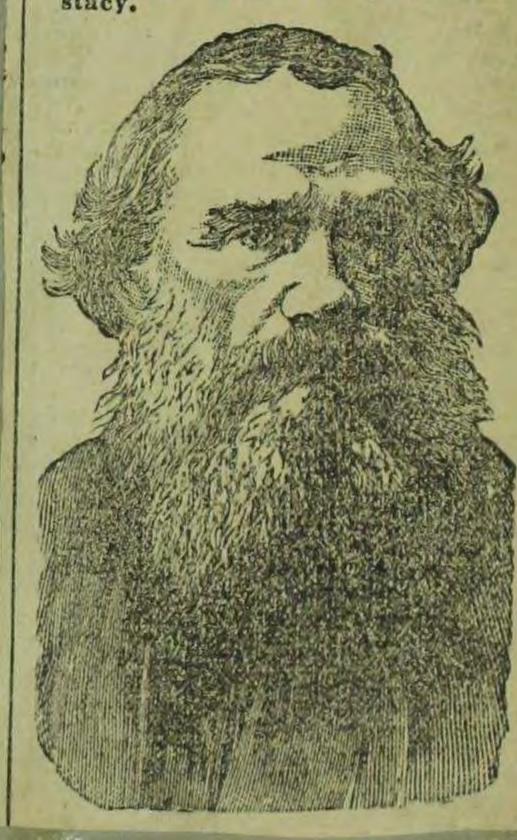
A REMARKABLE BEING.

A Man With Clock-Work Habits and Rigid Rules For Life's Prolonga-

NEW YORK, July 30.-To-morrow will be the eighty-fourth birthday of Capt. Ericsson. He lives, as he has lived for more than thirty years, at No. 36 Beach street. There is no busier man in the whole city than he, and yet no man lives more remote from its turmoil and confusion. His whole life is devoted to scientific and mechanical studies. Social pleasures he has none. He has no visitors but those who have business with him. His time is divided according to rigid rules, which make the most of the twentyfour hours in each day. He has shown himself able to devote himself to sedentary work for twelve hours a day for 365 days in the year for thirty-six years together, with scarcely the loss of a day. This is because since he was forty years old. Capt. Eriesson has followed the most exacting rules of temperance in eating as well as drinking. One day with him goes as another, He is called at twenty minutes before 7 A.M. summer and winter. On rising, he rubs his skin thoroughly with dry towels, previous to a vigorous scouring with cold water, crushed ice being added to the water in summer. Gymnastic exercise follows before dressing. At 9 o'clock a trugal breaktast is taken, consisting of eggs, tea and coarse bread. At half-past 4 o'clock he dines, the dinner invariably consisting of chops or steaks, a few vegetables, brown bread and tea again. Touacco he never touches. The hours from dinner until 10 o'clock at night are usually devoted to work, and from IU o'clock until midnight Capt. Ericsson seeks exercise in the open air. During working hours his time is divided between the drawing tables and the writing desk. The day's labors conclude with a record of its occurrences in a diary which has one page devoted to each daynever more, never less. He has reduced Dife almost to an exact science.

LYOF N. TOLSTOI,

Russian Novelist, the Author Whom Boston and Literary Americans Generally are Reading With Ecstacy.



WEDDING BELLS.

Their Mellow Ringing for America's Chief Magistrate.

Elaborate Preparations for President Cleveland's Wedding To-night.

Magnificent Floral Decorations in the White House.

THE BRIDAL ROBE.

[Special Dispatch to The Post.] Washington, June 2 .- Of course the President's wedding and all the surrounding incidents and gossip are the ruling subjects here to-day. Nothing else is thought of. Newspaper Row is agitated, and the ladies throughout all Washington are in a state of tremendous excitement. Even Congress found itself unable to accomplish much of a day's work, though, owing to the recent death of Miss Folsom's grandfather, no members of either branch of Congress, nor anybody outside the families and the Cabinet, are invited to be present. The members of Congress and of society thoroughly appreciate the situation, however, and do think it unkind that they shut out. Even the members of the Cabinet may think themselves fortunate to have been invited. They were not taken into the President's confidence at all until last Friday afternoon. All their information had been obtained from the newspapers. As soon as the President was able to make a positive announcement, which was not until Colonel Lamont's return, he asked his Cabinet officers to call at the White House. As the gentlemen of the Cabinet dropped in one after another the report went abroad that there was a special Cabinet meeting, and it was supposed that important consultation was to be leld regarding the controversy with Canada or some other great public matter. Instead of having any such significance, the gathering was one called to give the President a chance to tell his advisers, that he was to be married next Wednesday and each was bidden to the ceremony and the feast. Each and all of them extended hearty congratulations, and promised, of course, to be in the Blue Parlor at the appointed hour.



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

The wedding party consists simply of the Cabinet officers and families. Miss Rose Cleveland, Mrs. Hoyt. Mrs. Folsom, Mr. Benjamin Folsom, Colonel and Mrs. Lamont, and the officiating clergyman. The President desired the entire event to be characterized by extreme simplicity. The original intention was that the wedding should take place at a date between the 10th and 26th of June, and that the ceremony should be a grand affair. The death of Colonel Folsom made a change necessary. The friends of the contracting parties advised that if there was to be a large wedding a postponement of several weeks would be proper, and this was not thought to be best. It was then decided that if Miss Folsom, who was then on her way across the Atlantic, approved, it would be better to name an early day and

have a quiet wedding. The newly-wedded pair will remain in the White House. The President can not leave Washington now for a wedding trip for even a short duration, and will postpone that pleasure until later in the year, after Congress has adjourned. He has no intention of taking his bride to "Pretty Prospect," or "Rosedale," the variously-named property he has just acquired in the suburbs. He expects to use that as a refuge from visitors when he has business on hand that requires uninterrupted attention. There have been no changes in the interior arrangements of the White House in anticipation of the bride's coming. There has been such a spring cleaning as the establishment would have received if there had been no wedding in contemplation. After such a cleaning it is not such a mean house, with all that has been said of it, and the President has said that the house which the people think good enough for the President to live in must surely be regarded as good enough for the President's wife. Miss Rose Cleveland, the President's sister, is apparently as happy as the happiest over the event. She has known for several years of the probability of the marriage of Miss Folsom and her brother, and has shared with all the members of the family a sincere gratification in contemplating it. The recently published story of the relations existing between the President and his sister is denounced as a baseless fabrication. No brother and sister were ever more cordially affectionate or considerate of each other. While Miss Cleveland was lady of the White House she was treated with the kindest consideration by the President, and her friends were frequent and unrestricted visitors. The President knew of her intention to publish her book, and neither opposed it or pretended to any indignation that he did not feel. On the contrary he appreciated and shared in the cordial reception accorded to the work, with which he was fully acquainted before it appeared in print. Miss Folsom, with her mother, has twice visited Washington since the President's inaugaration-first during her Easter vacation in 1885, from Wells' College, and again in mid-autumn, just before sailing for Europe. It is not true, as stated, that Miss Cleveland was not here to act as hostess to these ladies. On the contrary, she was here on both occasions and showed them every attention. The President, Mrs. and Miss Folsom and herself drove out together one afternoon during her spring visit. Mrs. and Miss Folsom also received with Miss Cleveland on the Saturday included in their visit at this time.. Miss Cleveland spoke caressingly of Miss Folsom to several friends as "my little school girl." There is every reason to believe that her heart is in her brother's marriage, and that the future lady of the White House will have no warmer friend outside her husband's heart than the gifted sister he brought here to share the arduous first year of his administration.

Mr. Scott, the millionaire Congressman, has placed his yacht at the disposal of the President, and it is possible that at the close of next week he may run off, as he did a few weeks ago, with his wife for a visit to Mr. Scott's farm, in Maryland. Everything of this sort is, however, undetermined. The President's marriage will make a decided

change in Washington society. Its tendency will be to make things much gayer. Any President who is not married is at a great diradvantage in the White House. Miss Folsom is fond of society, and, of necessity, society will seek to pay her unusual honor after her marriage.

The Bride Elect Arrives. [Special Dispatch to The Post.]

Washington, June 2 .- Miss Folsom arrived in New York shortly after 5:30 o'clock this morning. She was met by Colonel La mont. There were very few persons in the Baltimore & Potomac depot when the train arrived, although broad daylight. The train was composed of four ears and President Robert's private car, the latter being occupied by Miss Folsom and party. While Lamont was hurrying down the platform, Benjamin Folsom stepped from the rear end of the car. He is about five feet eight inches tall, thin, with a blonde mustache. He was dressed in a mixed suit of brown, with a white Derby. Miss Folsom presently alighted. She was dressed in black, wore a wrap of the same color to protect her from the morning air, a stylish hat trimmed with white and black ribbons, and black kid gloves. She is of medium size, and her manner was shy and restless.



MISS FRANK FOLSOM.

She was escorted by Mr. Lamont to a carriage and driven direct to the White House with Mrs. Folsom, who was dresed in black and looked a little tired, and Mrs. Rogers, of Syracuse. There was a little delay owing to a number of English-looking bundles which had to be looked after.

Conductor R. Mitchell, who was in charge of the train, said that the journey was quiet and devoid of incident. There was a slight misty rain falling when the train arrived, and, as the wind was from the East, the prospects for a fine day were not favorable.

The floral display at the White House is being completed this morning, and will in every respect be of a nature befitting the occasion. The Blue Room, both from the peculiar tint of its walls and its oval shape, is especially. adopted for its floral setting. There will be no floral bell, horseshoes or other set pieces, as the President is opposed to any display which is not simple as well as elegant. As the ceremony is to take place by gaslight, windows will not be necessary, so it has een decided to occupy the whole south of he room with a huge bank of floral magnifience rising to nearly the entire height of the room. Masses of cut flowers at the base and rising tiers of beautiful flowering plants and palms will compose this masterpiece. It will be before this immense floral display that the ceremony will be performed, Dr. Sunderland's back being turned toward it as he joins the hands of the Presidential pair. Two mirrors, one each side of the room, will be tastefully decorated, and the mantelpieces will be banked with cut flowers. The handsome chandeliers in the center and gas brackets around the room will be garlanded with flowers, smilax and a new twining plant for decorative purposes. All the lower rooms of the mansion will be Wandsomely decorated with flowers, with the exception of the state dining-room, which will not be opened.

The long corrider will also be lined on both sides with blossoming plants and palms, and with many varieties of foliage plants. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the guests will be treated to a collation which they will take standing up in the family dining-rooms. Here again a wealth of color will meet their gaze. Handsome floral center-pieces on the tables, and large bonquets elsewhere around the room, will make it almost as beautiful as the Blue Room. Each guest on departing will receive a bouquet as a souvenir of the occasion.

THE MARRIAGE LICENSE.

President Cleveland, like all other persons seeking to marry, has to precure from the clerk of the court a license, and this will be the form of it:

To any minister of the Gospel authorized to celebrate marriages in the District of Columbia, Greeting:

You are hereby licensed to solemnize the rites of marriage between Frank Folsom, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Grover Cleveland, of Buffalo, N. Y., if you find no lawful impedament thereto; and having so done, you are commanded to appear in the Clerk's office of the Supreme Court of said district, and cerufy the same.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 2d day of June, 1886.

R. J. Mergs, Clerk.

After the marriage ceremony the clergyman who performs the service visits the clerk and makes out the certificate, which, in this instance, will read as follows:

"I, Byron Sunderland, minister of the First Presbyterian Church, hereby certify that, by authority of a license of the same tenor as the foregoing. I solemnized the marriage of the parties aforesaid on the second day of June, 1886, at the White House, in the District of Columbia.

BYRON SUNDERLAND,"

This completes the record, a copy of which can be obtained by either party at any time on the payment of \$1.

MISS POLSOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Miss Folsom, on her arrival at the White House, was assigned the large chamber and boudoir at the southeast corner of the mansion, that was occupied by all the ladies of the White House, President Arthur as well as President Cleveland leaving the beautiful, sunny room to their sisters. It was not refurnished or changed any at the time President Arthur had the Mansion thoroughly overhauled, and remains as Mrs. Garfield left it. The walls are penciled in plain gray and pompadour colors. The carpet repeats the same delicate tints, and the light wood furniture imitates bamboo.

TO KEEP OUT UNINVITED GUESTS.

The precautions to be taken to prevent the presence of uninvited guests this evening are remarkably elaborate and complete. An extra force of policemen will be stationed early at all gates and entrances of the grounds, and will be on hand till late. No admission will be allowed after 6 o'clock. The privacy of the affair is due, of course, to the recent death in the bride's family, Secretary Bayard's bereavement, and Secretary Manning's ill health. There are conflicting reports about Attorney General Garland's intentions concerning the wedding. It is stated that he assured a friend he would not be present, as he had made a vow years ago that he would never wear a swallow-tailed coat, and he would feel out of place at such an event. From another source it is learned that Mr. Garland had promised to be there, but to wear a Prince Albert coat. Notwithstanding the reports that the number of people who will hear the ceremony will be less than thirty, it is claimed by people at the White House that over fifty will be there. When Mr. Cleveland and Miss Folsom had written their private invitations to special friends they found the number to run up to almost thirty. The Cabinet officers and their wives, Colonel and Mrs. Lamont, and several who are considered ex-officio members of the White

House family, will make the aggregate about fifty.

A WEDDING TOUR DECIDED ON.

Col. Lamont said that a wedding tour had been decided upon at the last moment, but the destination is not announced. It is believed that the tour will last about a week,

because the President has requested the Enrolling Clerks of the Senate and House not to send any bills to the White House in the course of the next ten days.

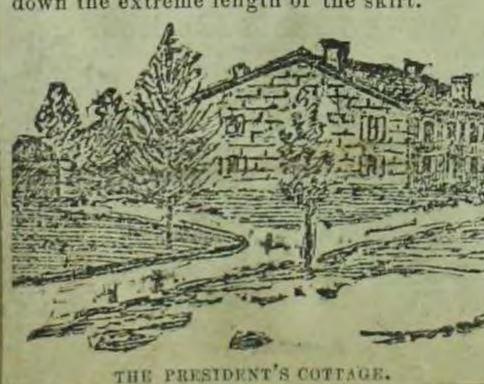
THE BRIDE'S CAKE ARRIVES.

The architect of the wedding cake arrived to-day, bringing his precious creation with him. He would not entrust it to anybody else. The cake weighs twenty-five pounds, and is eighteen inches in diameter and about six and a half inches high. The ornament frost work is plain. Mr. Cleveland and his bride both requested that it should be plain when they gave the order on Sunday evening. The ornamentation was designed by Mr. Pinard. The initials of the groom and bride, "C. F.," are worked in a monogram four inches in diameter.

THE BRIDAL ROBE.

Miss Folsom was preceded by sundry trunks and packages, among them the precious one containing the wedding dress. It is of corded ivory satin of extreme thickness and literally stands alone. It has a train nearly five yards in length, and the superb effect of the rich material is not lost by drapery. It falls in full rich folds about her figure, and it will extend almost out to the corridor door from where she will stand. The train is attached to the plain bodice just below the waist behind. It is slightly round and falls in rich folds, with no trimming whatever. The front of the skirt has a high draping, from side to side, soft Indian silk, which latter is caught high and fastened almost at the beginning of the court train on the left side. The border of this effective drapery is edged with a band of orange blossoms and leaves of rather diminutive size, and therefore light in effect. With the exception of this finish of white blossoms and tiny green leaves, the drapery is plain. The bodice was made to be becoming as well as fashionable, and is very tasteful. It is composed of plain satin, with two scarfs of the Indian silk muslin, which cross the bosom, and are bordered with the same narrow band of flowers that ornaments the skirts. The flowers are exquisite in their delicacy and artistic effect. These scarfs that cross the front of the bodice are carried to the sides and are there hidden away beneath a broad lappet of satin that crosses the bodice from left to right and fastens on the right hip.

While the sleeves are a compromise between short and long, they have the effect of reaching only to the elbow. They are, in fact, below it, and have a plisse formed of three crossway bands of Indian muslin at the elbow point. the inside of each sleeve are small orange buds. Delicate, full-bloom flowers and leaves, seen beneath the folds of the veil. The arrangement is perfect in respect to harmony of detail. The veil is over six yards in length, and is of plain white silk tulle, caught high on the head with a pompon of orange and white myrtle blossoms. Then it falls in folds down the extreme length of the skirt.



The cottage is on the Tenallytown road, at the corner of Woodly lane. The Tenallytown road is a turnpike read between Georgetown and some of the outlying small towns of Maryland. Tenallytown is a little settlement of half a dozen houses postoffice, a store and a The road is a dark red gash through high terra-cotta-colored clay banks. This is the road over which John Burroughs has often walked, and which has formed the subject of several charming chapters by this gossipy observer of nature. The road runs from the Georgetown Convent nearly straight north. "Pretty Prospect," the name of the President's matrimonial bower, is three miles from the White House, and about a mile and a half from the terminus of the Georgetown street-car line. It is about half a mile from Mr. Whitney's country place. West of the Tenallytown pide the scenery is as beautiful as anywhere about Washington. The ground is rolling woodland, which breaks every now and then into abrupt spurs. These spurs are the beginning of the Blue Ridge Mountains, not over ten miles away.

The Officiating Clergyman.
[Special Dispatch to The Post.]

Washington, June 2 .- Rev. Dr. Sunderland, who was selected to perform the ceremony, is a little smooth-faced man, the pastor of the church where the President attends. He is of course a central figure just now, though he did not attract much attention until he became pastor to the President. The Presbyterian divine was the pastor of the President's mother long years ago, when a young preacher in New York State. He has always been a Republican and an earnest Prohibitionist, and, with Channing, preached it from his pulpit during the war. In the last Presidential campaign it is well remembered that Dr. Sunderland was severe on Mr. Cleveland. When the latter selected the Four-and-a half-street Church as his place of worship there was great surprise among those who knew the minister's sentiments. After a little while the secret came out in the following:

At Miss Cleveland's first Saturday reception, the week of the inauguration, Mrs.Sunderland went with some friends. Mrs. Hoyt stood next to Miss Cleveland, and hearing the name of Sunderland, turned and said: "Are you the wife of Mr. Sunderland, who once preached in Batavia, N. Y.?" The minister's wife replied in the affirmative, and Mrs. Hoyt exclaimed: "Then we must be friends. Your husband was my dear

mother's pastor!" That was the beginning of a friendly conversation in the East room, resulting in more conversations and visits. When Mrs. Sunderland told her husband, had so denounced Cleveland who during the campaign, and who had not then called, and declared that he would not call on the President, the outspoken little preacher said he would not take back a work. But it was an unexpected blow to his political feelings toward Mr. Cleveland. Then the sister of the President and the wife of the minister put their heads together and brought about a meeting between the husband and brother. On Sunday the President walked into the Four-and-ahalf-street Church, and sat himself down in the pew selected by Miss Cleveland.

The Will of God.

[Selected.]
"I worship thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem

I love to kiss each print where thou Hast set thine unseen feet:

I can not fear three, blessed will,

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to me.
I do the little I can do.
And leave the rest with them."

"Arbor Day" For Kentucky.

[To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.] Is anybody doing anything to arrange that the first Kentucky Arbor Day be a success? In Nebraska, fifteen years ago, the State tree-planting idea took root, and since then several hundred thousand acres of trees have been planted. Kansas was the next State to institute the day; Minnessota so glorified the centennial year, and a million and a half of growing trees now prove the value of their annual observance of Arbor Day. Michigan followed in 1881, and Ohio in 1882. Now, such a day set apart by statute for treeplanting has been observed in seventeen States of the Union. Can Kentucky afford to advertise her forests for commercial purposes and do nothing to reproduce and perpetuate such a source of wealth? No argument is required to prove the advantages or the real necessity of tree-planting. Scarcely a word need be said of the utility, the beauty, the comfort, the educational influences, all cultured by the wisely-planned, systematic planting of trees. Who is philanthropic enough to lend aid and strength to the Governor's appointment of an Arbor Day for Kentucky? Every town in the State ought in some way to encourage and honor the day and the purpose. Every child should be taught to remember and observe it year by year. While the capitalists count coming years of prosperity, let the trees be growing. Would we adorn the graves of beloved ones, plant a graceful tree or flowering shrub. When we would honor an author, soldier, statesman, plant a memorial tree. On barren hill-tops, near all public buildings, on long stretches of bleak roadside, in neglected country grave-yards, come and plant trees in groups, in groves, singly, monumental trees, trees for beauty, for fruit, for shade, for protection from wind and storm. Come and plant. If this work is heartily begun its educational, beautifying, ennobling influences will extend until our Commonwealth may do her share in the inauguration of a national arbor day, observed from the Maine forests to Florida's orange groves, from the Eastern ocean shore to the Golden Gate. And then, perhaps, as is so earnestly to be desired, instead of the brief glory of fading flowers and withering garlands at the time consecrated to our nation's graves, our Decoration Day might be made one of memorial planting, either of trees, hardy roses or blooming plants.

Thus in each early spring-time our whole country might unite in a national memorial arbor day.

FAITH LATIMER.

THE BLUE BIRD'S MESSAGE.

"Blessed be God...who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we curselves are comforted of God."—
[IL Cor. i, 3, 4.

Afar from the South a blue bird flew,
And sang in sweet message to me,—
The comfort whereby God comforteth you,
Tell others that sorrowing be.

My heart had grown hard and cold, it seemed:
What comfort had God given me?
'Twas only a life that with sorrow teemed—
A life that I longed to flee.

Still in my heart the blue bird sang
His message divinely true;
Still in my thoughts the message rang,—
"Comfort others as God comforts you."

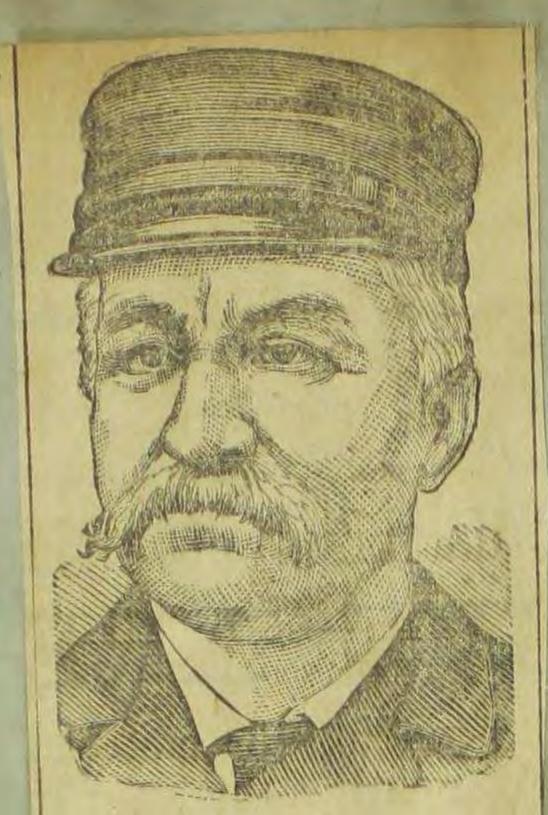
"My heart is so hard and cold," I said,
"How can I help others along?
Oh help me, dear Lord," I humbly prayed,
"To interpret the blue bird's song."

The answer came, "Be patient and strong;
Remember that God knows best;
He knows the way is weary and long
That leads to the eternal rest.

"Yet in the rough road your feet have trod,
Others are walking with you;
You found your comfort in turning to God,
Tell others to follow him too."

CASEY—June 15, at 10:30 p. m., Nellie, daughter of Edward and Ellen Casey, in the 5th year of her age.

Funeral will take place to-day at 10 o'clock from the residence of her parents, 1234 Twenty-first street.



The Victorious skipper-Capt. C. P. Crosby, Who Sailed the Coronet Across the Atlantic.

How Attorney-General Garland Located.

[New York Sun.]

"How on earth did such a bright fellow as
Garland come to live at such a place as Hominy Hill?" asked an admirer of the AttorneyGeneral of an Arkansas traveler yesterday.

"It's as bad as Podunk, Kalamazoo, Koko-

mo, Oshkosh, or Chatham Four Corners." "I'll tell you," said the other. "Hominy Hill is not, as everybody supposes, a town. It's an old-time sacred name given the farm Garland owns near Little Rock. Garland gets his mail at Little Rock, and is for all practical purposes a resident of that place. They worship him there. There is a queer story of how he happened to settle at that place. He was living in Washington, a little, unthrifty place, where his parents settled, when he was admitted to the bar. It was no place for a rising lawyer. One day he astonished his office chum by asking him to tie a handkerchief around his eyes. His friend complied. Garland took a pencil in his hand, stepped up to a map of the State, whirled his hand around three times, and jabbed the pencil at the map. 'There,' said the young lawyer, 'untie this hard knot and I'll tell you what I am doing. I'm sick of this town. I'm going to move to where my pencil struck the map. If it's a town I'll practice law; if it's country I'll farm it; if it's river I'll go to steamboating.' The pencil had struck Little Rock, and there he went. A. H. Garland has been just as fateful and just as lucky as that all his life."

THE OLD MAN LAUGHED.

"The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" Did Not Make Her Tired.

A Southern woman here, by the way, tells about dining in Boston last year, when next her sat a very homely old gentleman, who wanted to know how she passed the time in

the country with her old father. "Well-we read," answered Miss.

"What do you read?"

"Chiefly 'The Autocrat at the Breakfast
Table."

"Oh, no. When we get to the end we simply turn back to the beginning."

The old gentleman chuckled and made a remark implying that the "Autocrat" was no great thing among books—and Miss was rather surprised at his disparaging air. After dinner she demanded of her hostess the name of the very unappreciative old gentleman and was told it was Dr. Holmes.

ROOF GARDENS.

A Sensible New Yorker's Summer Va-

[New York Jo r sal.]

"No, I am not going to the country this summer," said a rich and decidedly original friend of mile, the other day, in New York, in response to the stereotype question which greets every Lody at this season of the year. "I shall spend a month in the mountains in the autumn when the foli ge begins to turn, but the summer I shall spend in my roof garcon." I suppose I stared at him blankly, for he laughed and added: "Yes, my roof garden; come up and see it. All the advantages of the country, no mosquitoes, no malaria, cool air, large airy bea-rooms, house with ail modern improvements, and all that sort of tining. Come up and dine with me and I will SLOW YOU, 11

We strolled up the avenue and entered his house, on Murray hill. After a capital din nor my friend similed as he led the way to the elevator.

"We will have coffee and cigars in the

When I had ascended the stairway and stepped through the scuttle I could hardly be leverthat I was on the top of one of the commonplace brown-stone houses of fashionable New York. The flat roof had been covered with a narrow-slitted flooring. I ofted plants and shrups in boxes delighted the eye, releved the sharp angles of the caves, and hid the chimneys. A large marquee, such as we see on country lawns, protected us from the sun, and rugs, cane easy-chairs, hammocks, two or three small

linterns made the roof seem a bit of larrylund.
"What do you think of it?" he sail, gay ly, as we seated ourselves, and his wite made the coffee in one of those French balance coffee-pois, which make the best coffee in the

world. It was charming, and I told them

bamboo tables, and a multitude of Chinese

"It costs no more than a week at a fashionable hotel would, and it is much more co.n ortable. My cooking suits me. Th re are no unpleasant people, no wild rushes for trains or boats, no saudy little hotel rooms, no impudent waiters. We have a cool breeze here every night and a fine view. See there where the Brooklyn bridge stretches across the river like a necklace of damonds. That cluster of brilliants is the light-tower in Madison square, and the one just below is Umon square. The little spark off in the bay is tie statue of Liberty, beyond are the electric Iguts of St. George and Erastina, Staten Island. Over there is the Casmo with its many-colored lights on the roof garden from warea I got my idea, and beyond it are the twinking lights of Jersey City and Hoboken. I think it is rather jolly myself," he continued, modestly.

people do not follow my friend's example. During the evening half a dozen people dropped in an I were shown up to the roof. Ites and a bottle or two of wine were served, and when I strolle I down the hot city street again I could hardly realize that there was such a joby little park high up in the air, where all the comforts of the city and country could be combined into such a unique and delightful whole.

HOW DANIEL WEBSTER DRANK.

He Audibly and Courteously Wished Good Health to All Present.

[Boston Record.]

The demolition of the old Albion, at the corner of Beacon and Tremont streets, reminds a friend of the historian that Daniel Webster was a frequent patron of the old hostelry when Major Barton kept the house. He recalls the great statesman's appearance as he entered one cold morning, courteously saluting the proprietor with a pleasant—

"Good morning, Major Barton."
"Good morning, Mr. Webster," rejoined

"Don't you think it is about time for a gentleman to have his brandy and water, Major?"

"I do, Mr. Webster."

Presently it was set before him. The great Daniel poised the glass half way to his lips, bowed to those present, "Your healths, gentlemen," and drained the glass. "Good morning, Major; good morning, gentlemen," and passed out into the street once more.

The Great Value of Quinine-Its Aimost Universal Medical Use. [Prairie Farmer.]

No other substance in the whole range of the materia medica has been so great a boon to the human race as quinine, and in later years it has been administered to many ailing domestic animals with decided benefit. A vast amount of suffering has been alleviated by it, and many hundreds of thousands of lives have been saved or prolonged during the settlement of our new country, where there has been constant exposure to decaying accumulations of centuries of vegetable growth. "Ague," "chills," "fever and ague" bave been the thing, of all others, to be dreaded by those going into new regions. especially those covered with forests in somewhat level countries. We well remember that when our neighbors in families and groups emigrated to the wilds of Michigan, the first inquiry made concerning them was whether they had yet had, or how they got through with the inevitable intermittent fever or "fevernague," as it was usually termed. During the late war probably more men were placed hers du combat and came bome with health shattered by malaria than perished from the rifle and cannon missiles. It is perhaps safe to say that the amount of suffering from this cause would have been doubled had not quinine been a leading article in the army medical supplies.

The large increase in the average length of human life during the last forty years is due in no small measure to the increased production of quinine and its almost universal use by physicians. The writer of this can but speak with gratitude, and feelingly, on this subject, after suffering more or less for a dozen years from the effects of mainria brought home from long day and night service in the hospital camps of Viaginia during 1863-64. Finding little relief from any treatment, excepting when residing among the mountains of Switzerland, he began the use of quinine in 1876, by the advice of the late Bishop Simpson, The change was wonderful. With the exception of a temporary prostration by heat in the summer of 1883, he has not lost a dozen days from ill-health since taking the Bishop's advice; and to-day, by the continuance of very small quantities of quinine only, he is more vigorous than even in "the prime of life" period, between forty and fifty. He goes through fourteen or sixteen hours a day of vigorous work, and even enjoys it. We attribute this almost wholly to quinine, and one reason why

will be seen further on.

A little history of quinine will be interesting. The natives of some parts of South America, particularly in Peru and Ecuador, had long known the beneficial effects of the cinchona tree or shrub. Perhaps from its having been found largely in Peru, it received the appellation of Peruvian bark. It has, in its different varieties, been called cinchona bark, calisaya bark, and a score of other less prominent names. One report is that the Spanish Countess of Cinchon, whose husband has been Viceroy of Peru, brought the remedy into Spain on her return in 1640. After its introduction it was sold by the Jesuits for its weight in silver. It only became known in England and France just about 200 years ago. But the powdered bark, or a decoction of it, was mainly employed up to the present century, and in leading medical works of only 40 years ago the bark was chiefly specified. Since then, the work of extracting quinia, or quinine, from the bark has gone forward with rapid strides, and during 25 years past the use of quinine has very greatly extended. There is now made and used double, if not threefold, the quantity of 20 years ago. The English Government established the culture of the cinchona tree in East India possessions, and these plantations are now supplying an immense amount of the bark from which quinine is extracted. The present unprecedented low price is largely due to this new source of supply.

We do not believe in recommending any medicine to promiscuous use. We refuse all medical advertisements, because, however good a medicine may be, no unprofessional person can say that this or that may be used or useful in his case. What may be highly valuable to one may be injurious or even poisonous to another, and no one but a quack will offer to cure or prescribe for a distant person on his own statement of his symptoms. The best physicians will not prescribe for themselves, well knowing that they can not do so safely when their own judgment is distorted by ill health, and therefore unreliable. But we consider quinine in small doses, to be tested and increased only after carefully observing its effect, as one of the safest and most universally useful medicines for ordinary iliness.

It has a specific effect in destroying malaria in the system, and is an antidote for intermittent fevers and many other ailments. In our own experience of its use we reason thus: Strength, recuperation from a low condition of system, can only come from good food well digested; but if the system, and especially the digestive organs, be out of sorts, be weak, they will not digest food well. Now, one, two, or more grains of quinine taken before, or even with the meal, tones up the digestive organs, enabling them to perform their appropriate work. The food thus digested enters into and builds up the system, and thus restores strength and vigor. So, when weary and languid at the close of a day's work, if, before partaking of a late dinner on arriving home, one takes a grain or two, or more of quinine, it tones up the system to appropriate a good meal, which in turn furnishes the vigor and strength needed for another day's toil. As the quinine itself is a vegetable or organic substance, it is digested along with the food, and is wholly out of the blood in a few hours. During the past eight years the writer has probably taken from 10,000 to 20,000 grains, seldom over ten or twelve grains in one day, and often none. Contrary to the long-held opinion of physicians, it does not lose its effect from constant use. When in full vigor and not overworked, it is omitted, but in this case, usually within a week, the old malarial symptoms, the heritage of the war camp, reappear very plainly.

DULANEY -- FULTON.

A Brilliant Home Wedding at Third and Oak Last Evening.

Last evening at 8 o'clock, in the beautiful new residence at the corner of Third and Oak streets, Mr. Hector Dulaney and Miss Carrie Fulton were married. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. E. Craik. Mr. Ben. Dulaney acted as best man and Mr. Robert Dulaney and Mr. John Cochran as ushers. About 150 persons were present at the ceremony. The house has just been finished, and of the many handsome residences for which the city is noted, it presents the most picturesque interior. To beauty of architecture was added all that tasteful floral decoration and brilljant illumination could do to enhance the effect, and the air was full of the perfume of flowers, with which the rooms were profusely decorated. The doorways were arched, the mantels banked with flowers, and from the arches were suspended large balls of roses. A bower of roses and smilax was placed at one end of the drawing-room, and beneath this the bride and groom stood during the ceremony. The bride's toilet was of handsome white moire, trimmed with duchesse lace. She wore pearl ornaments, and carried a bouquet of jacqueminot roses. Miss Fulton, who has always been accounted one of the handsomest girls of Louisville, made a very handsome bride, and the room, with its masses of flowers and colored globes and candles, made the prettiest possible setting for the event. There was a fortune in presents, a dazzling array of cut glass, silver and other costly articles, sufficient to furnish a house.

The bride and groom left on the midnight train for New York.

THE STOMACH.

d New Yorker Gives Some Ad-& In Regard To lts Treatment.

[N. Y. Sun.] An old New Yorker, who was brought up in hotels and restaurants, and knows all about eating, gave some points to a reporter of the Sun the other day about the way for a man to make friends with his stomach. "There are two big mistakes that almost all persons make," said he. "One is that they don't eat the right things, and the other is that what they do eat they don't eat right. Dyspensia and indigestion are killing more people than rum ten times over. Why delirium tremens is joy compared with a bad digestion. When a man has the tremens he's happy sometimes, because he forgets himself, but when he's got dyspepsia his stomach is always with him, and he's always conscious of it. He can't sleep. His food doesn't taste right. Boils break out over him. He's morbid, All his friends seem to have deserted him, and some day he goes off and blows his brains out, and the public and newspapers say he had business troubles. Business troubles! Why. what does a man care for business troubles when his stomach's all right? If his stomach is right his head will be clear, and he'll prosper. No glutton or dyspeptic can stand up alongside of a man with a sound stomach and a clear head.

When you got up this morning what did you do? Went right off to breakfast and filled yourself, with your nose in the papers and your mind running over the earth. You don't know what you ate, or how much or how long it took. For all the good it did you, you might as well have swallowed bacon and cornbread, or turkey and buckwheat cakes, or any other mixture that would take up space in your stomach. Then, while you ate, you gulped down ice-water and coffee alternately, and when you got through you lit a cigar and went down town, glad you had done your part of the work of the day.

"That's not breakfasting. It's loading up your stomach, and it's worse for you than if you hadn't eaten any thing. Then you have a headache and feel bad, and grow fat and wonder why it all is. It's because you don't pay as much attention to your stomach as you do to your office-boy. Your stomach takes its revenge by making you wretched. To squelch it you pour a lot of liquor into it and gulp some ice-water on that with a cracker or pretzel and a bit of cheese. What sort of a mixture is that! Just imagine the cheese and rum and pretzel and think that something inside of you has to get away with that. If you want to drink, drink and enjoy your drink. Don't down it and fling things at it when you've got it down. Take a glass of wine and enjoy it, but don't fling it into your stomach as you would your fist into somebody's eye. Your stomach ought to be your friend, but if you go to pitching into it it'll show fight, and you may as well understand that it will get the best of it.

"When you get up in the morning take a big drink of water. Your system wants water first. An engine isn't first fired up and then some water let into the boiler. Clean your teeth, and let the water run from the spigot while you're doing it. Then drink a pint of it. Use common hydrant water; no ice, no salt, no mineral water. Ordinary water is good enough for an ordinarily healthy man. Keep away from drugs and pills and give your stomach a show,

"If you're in a hurry to read the papers, read them before breakfast. When you sit down to the breakfast table be happy; you're going to do something pleasant. Breakfast isn't a penalty imposed on you or a task to be performed as soon as possible, but a pleasant, enjoyable occasion. Try and have somebody talk to you, and talk yourself. Laugh. Start off with fruit-some oranges, say. Then eat some fish and stale bread. or stale rolls or toast. If you want anything more eat some meat. Take your time to it all. I stay at the table for an hour, and eat all the time. Don't each much, but take your time to it. If you haven't time, eat less. The time you spend at breakfast will be saved over and over again during the day.

"If you've been up the night before, don't take a cocktail or ice water. Try some broth and some tripe if your stomach's pretty far gone. When a man's been off a little his stomach is raw and inflamed. He doesn't want to start right off with more rum. Let him give his stomach a show. It'll pay him to. Coddle your stomach in the morning and it'll stand up for you at night. If you go pitching into it first thing it will have its

"Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and you must drink, wait until your stomach is through with breakfast. Try this thing of starting off fair and square. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening, and it won't tell on it. A man's stomach is his friend, and if he'll only treat it kindly the first half of the day, it will show its appreciation and stick by him at night."

revenge.

HOW TO BE WELL.

What a Literary Athlete Says-Julian Hawthorne's Opinions and Suggestions.

[Home Knowledge,]

You can improve your physical health and strength several hundred per cent. without ever touching a club or a dumb-bell or pulling a weight. In fact, gymnasiums often do harm, for two reasons: first, because of the contined air; secondly, because those who attend them do not know what sort of work is best suited to them, and are apt to overdo the work they undertake, thereby distorting themselves, and sapping their vitality, an ounce of which is worth a ton of "muscle" in the long run. Too much muscle will shorten your life; but vitality is life itself.

The stomach, the skin, and the lungs are the three essential things in a human being. So long as they are in perfect order, the finest professional gymnast can have little to teach you. To keep them in good condition, no gymnasium or gymnastie apparatus is required; still less any pepsine pills or sarsaparilla. You can do it all yourself, without altering your business or domestic habits, or putting yourself to any inconvenience. Quite the contrary. But it is extraordinary, the ingenuity some people show, when the choice is offered them between two things or courses, one healthy, the other unhealthy; but both equally available or easy-the diabolical certainty, I say, with which they fix upon that which is unhealthy. Whatever the metaphysical morals of the bulk of man and womankind may be, their physical morality often seems not far removed from total de-

pravity. Take the stomach first. How many of our average citizens can lay their hands upon that noble organ and swear that a week (I might well say a day) passes in which they do not overload it with pie, pickles and candy? And how many gallons of strong-even green-tea and hot coffee per annum do they drench themselves with? As to mastication, regularity of meals, respect for the digestive processes, and so forth, I say nothing. After we have ceased to stuff ourselves with trash that has no more nourishment in it than sawdust, and is actually injurious into the bargain, we may begin to consider these more elevated subjects. We hear of crusades against alcohol; but I have no sympathy with a pie and candy-eating and tea and coffeedrinking man or woman who preaches temperance or abstinence; let them first take the beam out of their own eye. A small quantity of alcohol, administered at the right time, may do good; pie and candy and green tea never can. Abstain from such stuff entirely; never drink anything hotter than blood heat. Let your only condiments be salt and mustard, in moderation; eat butter sparingly, and cheese not at all; for breakfast and supper have bread and milk, oatmeal and eggs; for dinner, fresh meat and vegetables, between half a pint of soup and a couple of spoonfuls of light pudding. As to drink, if you are thirsty, you can drink water; if the water is bad, take mineral water, with an occasional glass of pure ale or claret. Every five or ten minutes stop and ask yourself whether you have not had enough; and if you think you can get along with what you have eaten, do not take another mouthful. Never try to "tempt" your appetite; on the contrary, ask yourself whether you could, if necessary, make your meal on pure bread and water; and, if the answer is in the negative, omit that meal and see how you feel at the nextbut never eat between meals. If you ate only wholesome things, you could live and thrive on half the present bulk of your food. Starvation is the best cure for dyspepsia; pick-me-ups only keep it alive. After you have lived on reasonable food for a month or two, you will no longer be troubled with squeamish appetite. If any way practicable, you ought to have at least half an hour in the open air before sitting down to table; and at any rate wash your face and arms and chest in cool water. But I must leave the stomach here, with a hundred things still to be said about it.

Now for the skin. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred never think about their skin, though the health of all their internal organs depends upon its condition. It is no use washing your face and hands and leaving the rest of your body untouched. It is little better to stand in front of a basin and spatter yourself from head to foot with water. You must cleanse every part of your skin thoroughly once a day. I am no advocate of discomfort in bathing-cold water in a comroom, and all such nonsense. Have the room warm, and the water only a few degrees cooler. Stay in the bath five minutes, keeping yourself either under water or pouring wet all the time. But it is after you leave the tub that the really important part of the bath begins. Dry yourself thoroughly with two towels; then take a stiff flesh brush, and try with all your might to rub your skin off. A cocoanut-fibre brush is the best; and to get at your back, it is a good plan to have a cocoanut-fibre mat hung against the wall to rub yourself against. Keep up this friction for at least ten minutes. You could not invest the time more usefully. There is no such remedy for a feverish habit as this, nothing like it to relieve the internal organs from undue heat and congestion of blood, and to free the lungs from oppression. Moreover, it actually increases the size of the muscles, and makes them firmer, by causing the blood to circulate more freely in them. As to its effect upon the elasticity and beauty of the skin itself, that will be obvious enough at a glance. It is the brush, not the toilet bottle, that furnishes the only true Bloom of Youth. But the morning bath and rub-down alone are not sufficient. If, during the day, you get into a perspiration, do not allow the moisture to dry on your skin. Never come in from a walk or a horseback ride or a row, and sit down as you are. Go to your room, take off everything and use the brush. It may seem inconvenient at first, but when it is done you will rejoice, and soon it will become a matter of course to you. If your underclothing is damp, it is, of course, best to change it; but if the skin has been brushed red, you may venture to use the same clothes with comparative impunity. This friction after exercise is of great importance; so much so, that it may be affirmed that three-fourths of the benefit of any exercise is lost without it. If you foresee that it will be impossible, after your exercise, to take a rub-down, then it will often be better to choose the rub-down instead of the exercise.

Once a week-say on Sunday, when you have more time-you should take a bath of a more elaborate kind. Fill the tub with water as hot as you can bear it. Get in and stay there until you feel almost uncomfortably warm. Then stand up and take a big sponge or a pitcher full of cold water, and deluge yourself again and again from head to foot. This is delicious; there are few things that give so keen a sense of physical wholesomeness and vigor. Dry and rub down as usual, and you will imagine yourself ten years younger. The stimulus to the circulation is enormous. It is one of the best preventives against catching cold. It is an excellent substitute for the Turkish or hot-air bath, and takes only a quarter of the time. If you feel a headache coming on, it will often send it away. But be sure to have the hot water very hot, and apply the cold without stint.

As regards the lungs, the more fresh outdoor air you can get into them, the happier and more comfortable you will be. But it is not enough to go out in the open air; you must learn how to breathe when you get there. Most people let year after year go by without ever drawing a full breath. A quantity of impure air always remains at the bottom of their lungs, like bilge water in a ship; and it contaminates the whole system, If you will breathe properly you may get more benefit from a half an hour in your back yard than another person will from a twelve-hours' dawdle at the seaside. It is a very simple matter: breathe slowly, and breathe in as much air as you can possibly get into your lungs. When they will hold no more, then emit your breath as deliberately as you

took it in. Suppose you are walking at your usual pace along the street; draw in your breath while you are taking seven steps; emit it while you are taking the next seven, and so on. It will make you feel queer at first, but keep it up! After practicing this every time you go out for a week or two you will be able to breathe in while you are taking eight or ten steps; and later on, even more. Then note the effects. After walking for quarter of an hour at a lessurely pace on a winter's day, you will find yourself warm enough to do without an overcoat. In half an hour you will be in a glow down to the tips of your fingers; in an hour, you will feel as if your whole body had been vigorously exercised. And so it has. Take the measurement of your chest after a year of such practice and you will find that it has increased in girth a matter of three inches. And your eyes will be brighter.

your skin fresher, your stomach stronger, your muscles firmer-because you will have thoroughly aerated and dxygenized your blood. And you will have acquired the habit not only of breathing slowly and deeply while you are out walking or exercising, but of breathing in that manner all the time. And if you are called upon suddenly to escape over a plowed field from a mad bull, you will find yourself able to do so without losing your breath-which might, in such a case, be tantamount to losing your life as well. I need scarcely say that all the breathing must be done through the nose, with the mouth shut. That comes hard at first; but it is worth while taking a great deal of pains about.

Observe these rules for a year, and you will be twice the man or woman that you are now; and then you may begin to think about

gymnastics,

What most reminds us of old Mother Eve in our daily life? A spare rib.

Why are carriages like gabby women? Because they have long tongues.

Why is a drunkard like a man on the gallows? It's a drop he has taken.

When can you call a man in a tent patented? When he is a Pat-tented.

Why does our Christmas dinner represent Asia? Because it gives Turkey.

Why are funerals like great men? Because they have their followers.

Why are bed the last place to look for comfort? Because they take you in. What vegetable is like the blind? The potato

it aas eyes, but cannot see. Why is the beggar and door-mat one? Because

they are kept of doors. When is flow like a man that has made himself

great? When self-raising. When is a fashionable man like a case in court?

When he has a new suit on, What is the choicest thing a man would be?

The choice of his lady tove. When are ladies and lawyers alike? When in-

terested in trying their suits. What seam in a garment is like a deceptive

friend? An underhanded one. When does a youth resemble a pillow? When

he's growing down on his chin.

When is the heart of a woman like the wing of an army? When surrendered.

When is a ship coming in from a voyage like a baby? When put into her slip.

Why are fishermen the meanest men in the world? Because they are selfish,

Why is a boy serving his master like a ship going to sea? Because he is bound out.

What feathery nothings do the dudes represent when lionized? The dandy-lions. When is a mountain like a person that has taken

a dislike to a friend? When peaked. When is a cook like a man fording a swift cur-

rent? When she is stemming currants. Why is a fashionable lady like a locomotive?

Because she carries her train behind her,

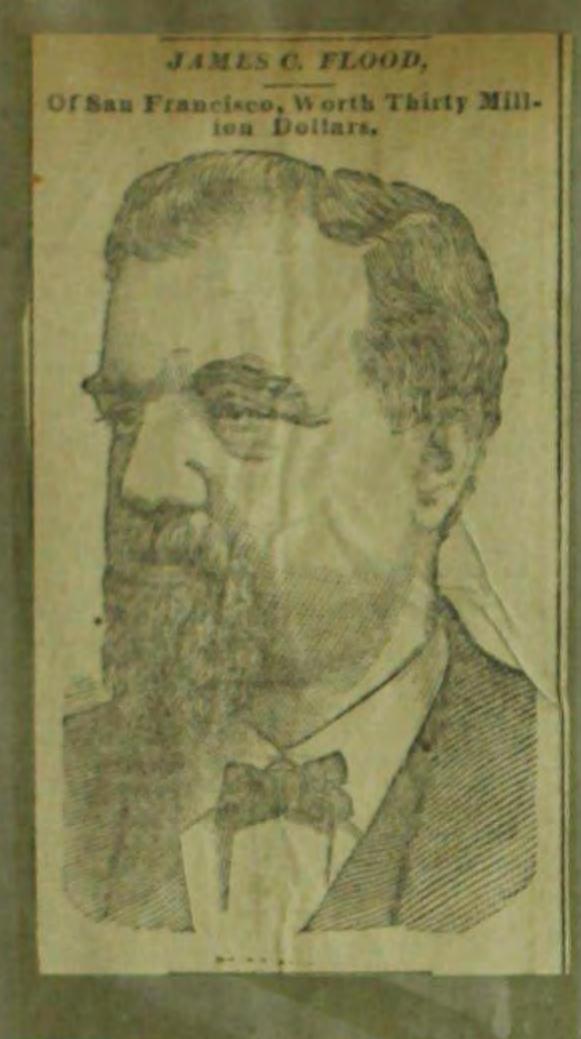
Why is the President's house like the City of New Orleans? Because it has its levees, Why are blind people the most sympathetic?

Because they always feel for their friends.

Why are lawyers and emigrant wagons alike! Because they both are used for conveyances,

How can a lady miss a train, and yet find herself cosily seated in it? When seated in her dress train.

Flux, which has been almost epidemic in this city for a month past, is fast subsiding. A syrup made of a pound of white sugar to a pint of vinegar is said to be a sure cure for the severest case of flux in eight hours' time. Who ald Massaria War to a Walnut street



MY CREED.

[Florida Methodist.]

I believe in God, Creator, Father of all human

Not a monarch watching nature while her wondrous plan unrolls, But the father of our spirits and the molder of

our frames. Loving each as one begotten, calling all by sepa-

In the Creator of our spirits I believe.

I believe the hallowed Jesus loved divinely, suffered much,

That our God might teach His children with a close and human touch; Drawing us with love so tender up the pathway

who re He trod, Till we fall like weeping children in the yearning arms of God.

In our King and Priest and Prophet I believe.

I believe the Holy Spirit fills the earth from shore Round about, above, within us, bearing witness

Where the Holy Ghost abideth, if He tarry but a Even sordid eyes beholding see the wondrous love

In the Paraclete of promise I believe.

I believe the holy angels hover round us all the Each commissioned by the father; clouds of wit-

To the throne they bear our sorrows, then return

on tireless wing. Bringing to each heart dispatches from the palace of our King.

In the ministering of angels I believe.

I believe in life eternal; trees and flowers, and drops of rain.

Live and die, and decomposing live and die, and live again; Doubting still what wondrous changes shall com-

piele the perfect sphere, Life I know is greater, grander, than the segment painted here.

In the coming Life Eternal I believe.

I believe the boly message is infallible and true, What therein the Lord commanded He will strengthen us to do:

Not in churches, saints, or prophets, nor in wise men do i trust; If they teach me words of wisdom, where they

icarned them there I must. in the word of Inspiration I believe.

I believe in sweet communion with the saints in praire and prayer; I believe that in forgiving we rise upward stair by

I believe in godly strivings; I believe in contrite

I believe that in believing we shall live through engless years-For the key of Life is only I believe.

MRS. J. C. KENWORTHY.

LUCK IN OPALS.

The Reversal of the Old Superstition. [New York Commercial Advertiser.]

The most popular thing in the way of gems just now is the opal. Not that any one objects to presents of diamonds, but the opal is enjoying a boom in the best society. A veracious Maiden-lane jeweler says the reason for this is that late researches into ancient lore have entirely reversed the old notion that the opal is an unlucky stone. The exact contrary is the fact. A man may have all kinds of luck with the biggest diamond that was ever found. Nothing but good fortune goes with the opal. Young women who are going to Europe get a set of opal jewelry, this jeweler says, to keep them from going to the bottom. Gentlemen who are going to Coney Island to take a flyer on a race buy a pair of opal sleeve-buttons, and win on a

"A customer of mine," he went on, "came in here the other day and told me a little story which illustrates the power of the opal. Last Christmas his wife made him a present of a scarf-pin set with one of these marvelous stones. At that time he had a mortgage on his house; his business-he is a coffee broker, and had been fooling with the wrong end of the market-was in a de perate condition; he was threatened with paralysis, and things were going wrong with him generally. Pretty soon coffee began to rise. It kept going up and carried this man right along with it. He got his business into shape, paid off his mortgage, and went along swimmingly. Now, here's the most remarkable part of the story. Some one shipped the pin out of his scarf one day in a crowd. The very next day he fell down-stairs and broke two ribs; his wife upset a bottle of purple ink all over his new summer clothes; his little boy played truant from school and got arrested for tying a package of firecrackers to a dog's tail; the parior maid smashed the new chandelier to flinders with a step-ladder; one of the horses developed glanders, and the hired man poured a ladleful of melted lead down his

boot-leg. "During the next week a shutter fell off the front of the house and hit a policeman on the heal; the gas-meter man brought in a bill for 767,000 feet for the month; the cook set the house on fire with a pan of melted grease, and moths got in the new parlor carpet. When things came to this pass the man saw that he would have to draw the line. He sent for two detectives and told them to get that opal back if it took all the money in New York. The next day they found the opal in a pawnshop. An I do you know, sir, that man just got his opai back in time to get out of the coffee market before the panic, and if he badn't got out he would have gone higher than a kite. There's nothing in the world like an opal. Horseshoes and fourleaved clovers are nothing to it."

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

[H. C. Dodge in Detroit Free Press.] Actions speak louder than words ever do; You can't eat your cake and hold on to it, too. When the cat is away, then the little mice play;

Where there is a will there is always a way. One's deep in the mud as the other in mire; Don't jump from the frying-pan into the fire.

There's no use crying o'er milk that is spilt; No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever is smoke; The pitcher goes oft to the well till it's broke.

By rogues falling out honest men get their due; Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy: A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half loaf is better than no bread at all; And pride always goeth before a sad fail.

Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to your

Contentment is better than riches, we know. The devil finds work for hands idle to do. A miss is as good as a mile is to you.

You speak of the devil he's sure to appear: You can't make a slik purse from out a sow's ear.

A man by his company always is known; Who lives in a glass house should not throw a

When the blind leads the blind both will fall in the

It's better born lucky than being born rich. Little pitchers have big ears; burnt child dreads the fire:

Though speaking the truth no one credits a liar. Speech may be silver, but silence is gold; There's never a feel like the fool who is old.

When is an ear of corn like a question? When popping it

Why are our feet like our being? They both have souls.

What clings closer to a man than his friends? His bad habits.

When is a basker likes newpaper. When full of clippings

What bird remines as of a piece of gold? guinea hen. When are densists like the ball-room? When

forming sets. When is a ferrybour like a carry When it forw

side wheels. When is a castle sky-lighted.

What should a lady always avoid? An engineer (engine near).

When are potatoes like a full audience? When speak-taters.

Why is a bootblack like the sun? Because he shines for all.

Why are widowers like pirates? They bury their treasures.

Why are tongues like cigar holders? They are mouth-pieces.

When is a man like a bad fitting dress? When he is wrinkled.

When are mountain rills often like our eyes? When dried up.

When is an umbrella like a bomb-shell? When blown Inside out.

When is a pot of sweetmeats like an old maid? When left over.

Why is a storm like house builders? Because it raises up houses.

When is a vessel like a child jumping the rope?

When a skipper. When is a table like the cover of a book! When

the leaves are out. What knots should lovers tie their vows with?

The forget-me-nots. When is a dredging machine like flour? When it is a flour dredge.

Why are cows like travelers? They always carry their bags along.

When is a young man like an Annex-boat? When he has Ann-next.

Who was the oldest dandy in America? The Yankee Doodle dandy.

When is a stocking like the first rule in dancing? When the toes are out.

When are men's souls and bank bills alike? When past redemption.

He Picked a Fight. [Detroit Free Press.]

A rancid-looking old fellow was curled up in a corner of a Woodward avenue car the other day when a dudish appearing young chap came in and took a seat beside him. The old fellow looked him over in a disgusted way, and it was plain enough that he wanted to pick a fight. The opportunity soon came. The dude, in moving about, touched the other's foot and promptly said:

"Eeg pardon, sir."

"How!" called the other as he put his hand to his ear.

"Beg pardon!"

"How! What is it!" roared the other.

"I beg your pardon, sir!"

"A beggar, ch! No, sir, I have nothing to give a teggar! Why don't you go to work?" "I said I begged your pardon!" shouted the dude, as his face grew flery red.

"Not a cent?" screamed the old man, as he waved his arms around. "You are just as well able to work as I am, and you ought to be pulled in for begging! Who are you

and where do you live?" The dude couldn't stand any more. The passengers were all laughing, and he rose up and made a sneak off the car.

"He simply begged your pardon," explained a man across the aisle.

"Exactly !" whispered the old man, "but I didn't want my pardon begged. My pardon is all right-all right. He should have come down town in a dog cart."

SOCIETY AT A SALE.

Dr. Standiford's Late Residence Crowded.

Ladies who Came to See, and Were Disappointed at the Poor "Lay-Out"-The Offerings Bring

Good Prices.

Society turned out en masse this morning to attend the advertised auction sale of household effects at the late residence of Dr. E. D. Standiford. No sale of the kind in this city was, perhaps, ever so largely attended. For an hour or more before the time for the sale a stream of ladies poured into the house, and in a short time it was so crowded as to make getting about a matter of much difficulty. Most of those who visited the place were drawn thither by curiosity. The ladies evidently expected to see a great "lay-out" of rich household effects, but in this they were disappointed. The members of Dr. Standilord's family had made a liberal selection at the figures of the appraisers, and it was only the refuse that was offered for sale.

Mr. Sim Meddis presided as auctioneer, and the bidding was quite lively. The spirit of competition was rife, and the goods were knocked down at good prices. The sale commenced at the kitchen, and is proceeding through the other depart-Mrs. John Adams, of Jeffersonville, was the most liberal purchaser, and after her Mr. Attilla Cox was

the most prominent bidder. A set of 172 pieces of fancy china,

which was said to have cost \$500, was bought by Mrs. Adams for \$110.

Mr. Attilla Cox bought another set of 151 pieces, which is said to have cost \$150, for \$50.

Twenty claret classes, 30 cents each,

Mrs. Charles Gaines.

A silver-plated stand and cut-glass icee cream bowl was knocked down to Mrs. of Henry C. Murrell at So 25.

Other sales were made as follows: Twenty-one sherry glasses, 25 cents each,

; Mrs. Adams. One pair Russian cut bottler, \$10, Mr.

n James Caldwell. Nineteen champagne glasses 40 cents th each, Mr. James Caldwell.

Eight plain Bohemian finger bowls, 25 cents each, Mr. Burrell Marshall.

Twenty-four pearl-handled, silver steel knives, \$1.45 each, Mr. Murray Kellar.

Eight finger bowls, assorted colors, 95 cents each, Mr. James Caldwell. Three imitation tortoise shell finger bowls, 55 cents each, Mr. James Caldwell. One royal Roman punch bowl, \$9 50, George L. Danforth.

Sixteen cut and engraved goblets, 65 cents each; Mrs. John Adams.

One set of fourteen pieces dining-room furniture finished in Russia leather, \$84; Mr. Attilla Cox.

After the dining-room furniture had been disposed of, the bric-a-brac of the parlor was put up. It consisted of ordinary articles, which brought good figures.

The sale is going on this afternoon,

The sale of furniture and household property at the residence of the late Dr. Standiford, 1022 Fourth avenue, began yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. A half hour before that time the people begun to arrive. The crowd consisted chiefly of well-dressed ladies, but a few gentlemen were present to inspect the articles offered for sale. When the auction began the apartments were so well filled with people that there was scarcely room to look at the articles offered for sale. In the street, in front of the residence, stood more than a score of carriages.

A lot of kitchen and dining-room articles were first sold. They were unimportant, and the sale was quickly over. At 11 o'clock Mr. Sim Meddis took the stand in the middle of the front hall. Fully four hundred people were present, and Mr. Meddis could not at first be heard. When partial quiet was procured he began the sale of the costly articles, and the bidding was lively. One of the first offers was a set of Havelin china, in 192 pieces. Mr. James Caldwell and Mrs. Adams, of Jeffersonville, were the chief bidders, the latter taking it at \$110. The set cost \$300. Another set of fine china, in fifty pieces, was bought by Col. Attilla Cox for \$50. A list of the other finer articles sold, with the prices and the purchasers, is as follows:

Silver-plated stand with cut-glass bowl for fruit or preserves, \$5.25, Mrs. H. C. Murrell, Twenty-one cut and engraved sherry glasses,

twenty-nve cents each, Mrs. A. Adams.
Two Russia cut-glass water bottles, \$5 each, James Caldwell. Twenty cut and engraved clarets, thirty cents

each, Mrs. Charles Gheens; three finger bowls, ninety-five cents each. James Caldwell. Royal Roman punch bowl, \$9,50, George Dan-

Twelve cut and engraved goblets, twenty-five cents each, Mrs. John Adams, Nineteen champagne glasses, thirty cents each,

James Caldwell. Eight plain Bohemian glass finger bowls, twenty-five cents each, Mrs. Marshall. Engraved sherry decanter, thirty cents, Mrs.

Ten cut and engraved boutonniere glasses, five cents each, Mrs. Murrell.

Twenty-four pearl-handled silver-plated knives, two sizes, new, \$1.45 each, Murray Kellar. Seven Austrian glass ice-cream dishes, ten cents each, Mrs. Rosenfield.

Cut-glass tray, \$2.25, Mrs. John Simrall. Ten fine assorted wine glasses, fifteen cents each, Mrs. Murrell.

Engraved pitcher and water bottle, \$2, Mrs. Set of china, Japanese decorations, twelve plates and two stands, forty cents each, Mrs. Ad-

Cut-glass tray, \$1.75, Mrs. Foster. Chioto teapot, thirty-five cents each, Mrs. Berg-

Brass crumb-scraper and tray, sixty-five cents,

Murray Kellar. Large salver, triple-plated, \$4, Mrs. Stoll. Winding-stand fly-flaps, \$2. Capt. Irwin Dugan.

Patent gas-lighter, \$3, Mrs. Meddis. Set of handsome dining-room chairs, walnut and figured leather, two large and ten small, \$6 Pair bisque groups, Cupid, with hand broken,

\$5.50; Mrs. Barry Taylor. Snowball, Dresden vase, \$2; Mrs. Adams, Hand-painted placque, \$1.25; Mrs. Headley, Pair lava vases, \$1.25 each: Capt. Dugan.

Two fine lamps, pink and blue, \$4 each, George Danforth and Mrs. Headley. Pair handsome bisque vases, \$6.50 each, Mrs.

Elephant-base lamp, \$1.25, Mrs. Adams. Shell-shaped vase with bisque figure, \$2, Mrs. Whisk broom-holder, brass, sixty cents, Mrs.

Fine china cup and saucer, fifty cents, Sim Meddis. China cushion, handsomely decorated with

painted figures, \$9, James Caldwell. A little vase, twenty-five cents, to Nettie Standi-

Three fine pink vases, \$2.50 each, James Cald-Pair Dresden candle-sticks, \$5.25 each, James

Bronze Shakespeare, \$3.25, Irvin Dugan. Brass placque, Henry IV., two feet in diameter, \$7, Mr. John Morris.

The sale lasted until 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and will be resumed at 10 o'clock this morning.

A Sure Cure For La Grippe.

(Denver Press.)

A large number of La Grippe patients have been treated with success by the use of Pulverized Alfalfa. This remedy has not failed to a single case to give immediate relief and a speedy cure, and it is believed to be a positive preventive.

A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY.

All That Remains of the Grayson Homestead, On Sixth Street, Shortly to Be Disposed Of,

And a Place Where Wealth and Soci ety Formerly Mingled, Removed Forever From View.



THE GRAYSON PLACE.

The Grayson hom steal, situated on Sixth street, near Walnut, next to St. Paul's chapel, is soon to be disposed of at trustees' sale, and will be transformed into a dwelling place of a more modern appearance than the house which now graces the spot. This quaint old building was erected in 1811 by Frederick S. Grayson, then one of the wealthiest and allest of Louisville's barristers, and was intended as a wedding present to his Leautiful young bride, who was a daughter of the Hon. Davis L. Ward, then the richest land-owner in the State.

The site upon which the weird old building was erected was one of rare grandeur. At that time much of the territory now occupied by buildings, from Fourth to Sixth streets and from Market to Walnut, was a broad, rippling sheet of water, which the residents of the city, whose southern bounds then reached only as far Market, called "the lake." Along its banks on every side weeping willows grew in abundance, and leneath their shades many of the courtships which culminated in the marriage of some of Louisville's old st and most substantial citizens were begun. The Grayson homestead was for years looked upon by the upper-society element as the center of all their most fashiona le gatherings, and the elite of the State were wont to as emble there for the discussion of the most important topics touching the social world or that outside of its bounds.

For thirty-five years Mr. and Mrs. Grayson I ved in this palatial home, and during the major part of the time the beauty of their surroundings was undisturbed. As the limits of the city were widened, however, and its growth became more rapid, the peace and quiet of their surrounging was disturbed, buildings were erected on all sides around them, the beautiful lake filled up, and all of the romance and attraction taken from the locality. In 1840 Mr. Grayson died, and from that time on the residence was occupied by his widow, whose death occurred in 1880. Much of the property she left has been disposed of to her relatives; and until recently the old house has remained untouched. An order of the court a lew days ago made it necessary to realize out of its sale ready cash to be placed to the credit of the relatives, and in a short while all that remains of the once magnificent old homestead will be forever removed from view.

mat

01 10

the

near

fam

fluer

they

SOLF

mat

the

nur

unt

mer

noc

gol

Tac

the

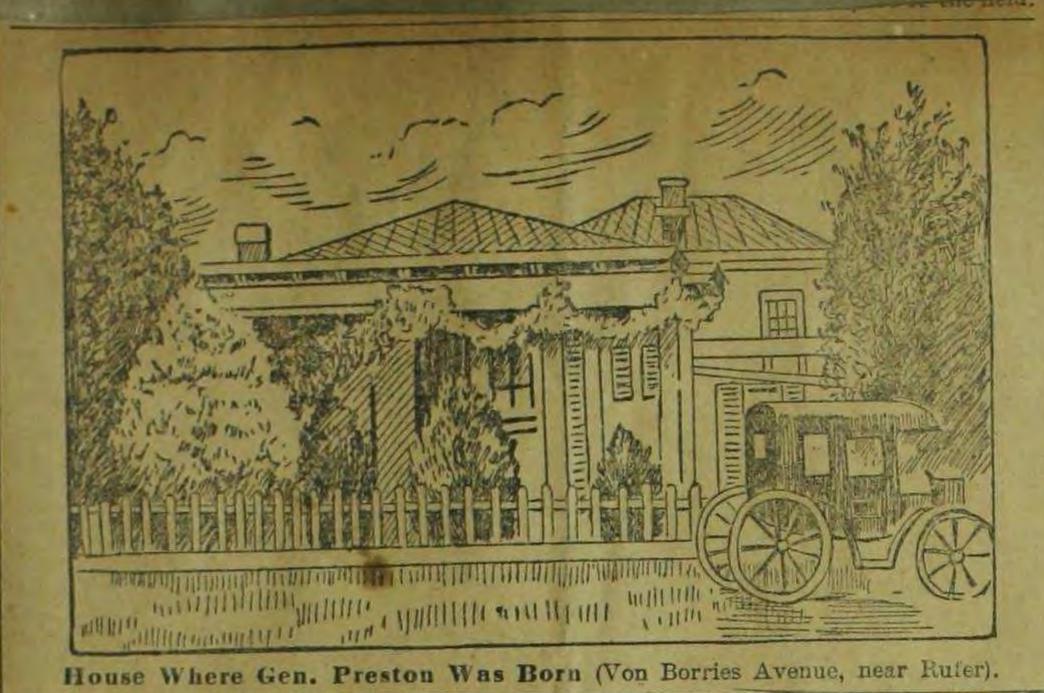
anu

the

Ha

alti

ott



Gen. William Preston.

A kingly man! a lion-hearted chief! Yet quick to feel as the mimosa's leaf— Thy nature turned from craemy a d wrong, As the dove, gentle, as the lion, strong.

Ah! who will fill the dear and honored place Of one whose path by noble deeds we trace, Who, living well, wished all as well to live, And, giving freely, longed for more to give?

A warrior folded in eternal rest,
Thy passing spirit is f. a mi nous blest;
A peace past understanding on the brow,
Caught troin that inguer his that whits thee now.

As some translucent shell which erst concealed An Or out pearl, by flash of light revealed, Thy nools soul, 'neath death's mysterious spell, Immortal jewel, lit its mortal shell!

Quaffing, in youth's fair morn, the wine of life, Fame's crown was won through mannood's eager strife, While e'en the burden and the heat of day

Thy brilliant life doth mind me, at its close, Of cloudless sunlight, when undimmed it flows Down the long lapse of summer's matchless day

Go search this swarming globe, from end to end, For nobler gentleman or truer friend, Or braver soldier till his latest breath;

The flowers above thy heart would wake again
his throbbing pulse, were friendship not all vain,
To work the spell—so fresh, so sweet, so fair—
And thou wouldst wake to know who placed them

there.

Pale autumn roses, violets, let them lie,
Never to lose their sweetness, never die,
If love could keep them in perennial bloom
Like Resurrection flowers in Egypt's mystic tomb.
Rosa Vertner Jeffrey.

MY DOG.

I love my dog-a beautiful dog, Brave and alert for a race; Ready to frol c with baby or man: Diguified, too, in his place.

I like his bark—a resonant bark, Musical, honest, and deep; And his swirling tail and his shaggy coat And his sudden powerful leap.

Oh, never a corpulant pug for me,
Nor a Spitz with treacherous snap!
Never a trembling, pattering hound.
Nor a poodle to live on my lap!

No soft-lined basket for bed has Jack, Nor bib, nor luxurious plate; But the doorstep brown, that he guards so well, And the lawn are his royal state.

No dainty leading-ribbon of silk My grand, good dog shall fret. No golden collar needs he, to show He's a very expensive pet;

But just my loving voice for a chain,
His bound at my slightest sign,
And the faith when we look in each other's
eye's
Proclaim that my dog is mine.

He'll never be carried in arms like a babe,
Nor be dragged like a toy, all a-curl;
For he proudly knows he's a dog does
Jack.

-[Bessie Hill, in St. Nicholas for October.

SOME ORIGINAL THINGS.

Linen was first made in England in 1253 and only worn by the luxurious.

Books in the present form were first made by Attalus, King of Bergamus, in 837.

The first royal letter was written by Henry V. to the Bishop of Durham, February 10, 1418.

The model of the first English steam vessel was laid before the board of admiralty in 1789.

The first house ever numbered in London was one abutting east of Northumberland House, Strand.

The first idea of electricity was given by the friction of two globes of quicksilver in the year 1647.

The first book containing musical characters was issued in 1495 from the press of the celebrated "Wynken de Worde."

The first Lord mayor's show was in 1453, and Sir John Shaw was the first that held a feast in the Guildhall, 1501.

The first advertisements known of in England were in the shape of small bills affixed to the doors of St. Pauls Church.

The first record of a judge's salary gives £138 13s. 4d. as the stipend of Thomas Litton, Judge of the King's Bench, 1466.

The first Italian lady who sang in public in England was Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, who appeared in various operas in

The first play bill issued from Drury Lane theater was on April 8, 1663, the piece represented being "The Humorous Lieutenant."

Carriages were first introduced into England in 1380, and were for a long time used only for the conveyance of the sick and of ladies.

The first toll for the repair of English highways was imposed in the reign of Edward III., and was for repairing the road between St Giles and Temple Bar.

The first English almanac was brought out at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1347, and the first printed almanac appeared in London about one hundred years later.

The first striking clock was imported into Europe by the Persians about the year A. D. 800. It was bought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdella, King of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem.

ORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1887

ST. PAUL'S GREAT DAY.

THE PROCESSION

moved up Third to Jackson. Here the screets were lit rally jammed with a surging multitude of Lumanity, which rushed after the carriages like a great wave. Every window, every balcony, and even the tops of buildings were thronged with people who caught up the cheers from below as the procession moved by. At the Ryan Hotel a mass of people, curious to catch a glimpse of the President, thronged the streets, and as his carriage moved by a shout went up that fairly made the air ring. The President alighted and was escorted into the hotel. Taken to the handsomely decorated pariors of the hotel, the President and his party were introduced to Mayor Smith, who delivered a very brief speech of welcome, saying:

"Less than thirty-four years ago a portion of this queenly city, to whose hospitalities we now wercome you in cenaif of its chizens, was occupied by the red men; is now co-ered by churches, sensor mouses, manisions of the wealthuy, coffages of the poor, work-shops, man factories, and all the evidences of mouern civilization."

The Fres dent delivered his response in a strong, clear voice, as follows:

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

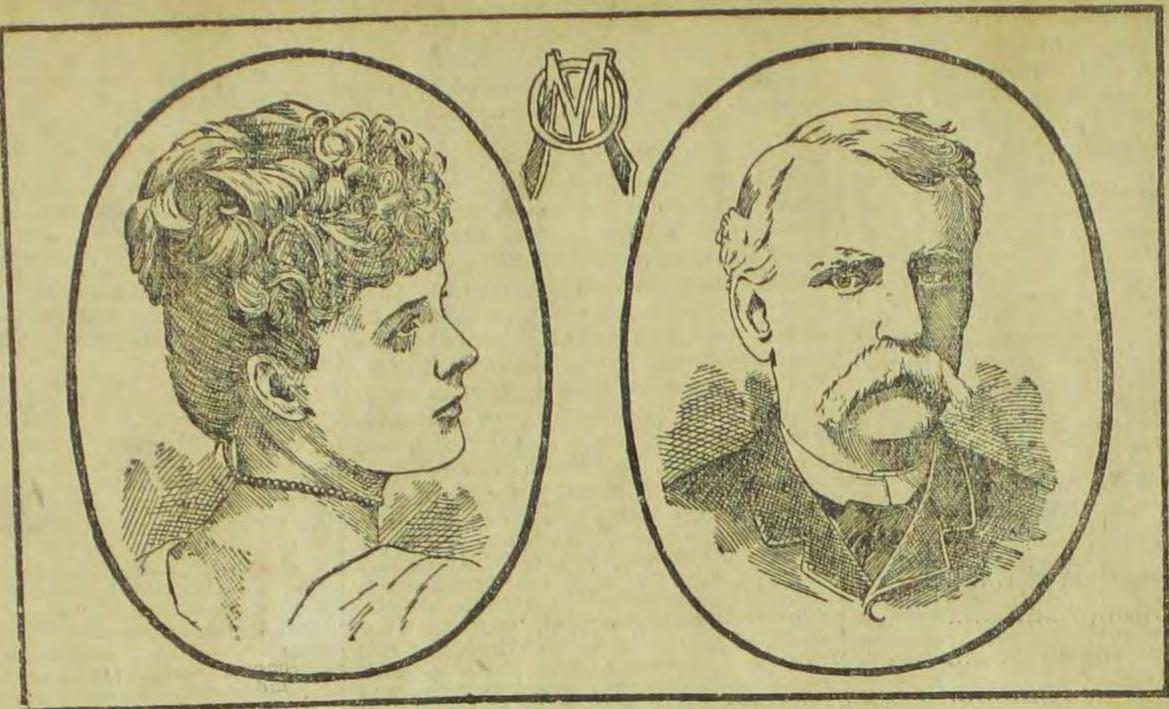
"I was reminded by the invitation which I received to visit the tate of Minnesota and the city of St. Paul, that a distinguished scale min visit ing here in 1860, spoke of this place as the center of the Continent of North America, and stated his benef that the ultim to last seal of the Government of this great Comment would be found somewhere not far from the spot on which he stood at the need of navigation of the Mississippi river. At the time of Mr. Seward's visit the population of your blate was 172,000, and that of Saint Paul, its capital city, 10,000. What shall I say, who, after twenty-seven years have passed, find here a State containing nearly a million and a ball of muabitants, and as cap.t I with a population hearly as great as that of the State itself in 18.0. And while one is considering this immense growth, he is acqually amazed by the fact that 60 per cent, or more of the population of the Stare has been added within the last live years, and t at the population of St. Faul has more than tre-lea within the same if.ne.

"Whether you are to have here the seat of Government of this great continent I do not know. Those of us who are engaged in the business of the Government at Washington are certainly not at present pr puring 10 move here. But the seat of those things which of troi the Government and make it great is fast moving this way. The center of the country's population is rapidly moving westward, and the increase of the wealth and products of this wonderful region are more than keeping pace with the movement in your direction of the nation's population.

"The marvelous city of St. Paul, scorning the ordinary steps by which cities reach the lead, and springing aimost at o ce to prominence and greatness; her people establishing a trade, as if by magic, immense in its volume and constantly increasing, erecting without tear or hesitation business blocks riva ing in expense and spiender these of the largest and oldest of our caties, exhibit possibilities and achievements in which every im rican citizen can claim a share o. pride and sains. Chon. Ali this has been accomplished by our reliow-citizens upon American soil, and under the impetus and encouragement of American institution, and laws. Your State, with all the energy and enterprise of its inhabitants in the direction of business and the development of its material resources, has not overloosed those things which create and toster valuable chazenship. Its common schools and other institutions for the education of the people are numerous and abundantly sustained, while the improvement of neglected and dependent children is especially provided for by av. In the maintenance and support of its charactle institutions Minnesota is quite abreast of the older States, and illustrates the benevolence and care of the American people for their poor and un-

fortunare. "My visit to you being a social one, and trusting that we have a sort of friendly feeling for each other, I want to suggest to you are son why I am pa ticularly and personally inter-sted in St. Paul and his people. Some years alo a young gar dwell among you and went to school. She has grown up to be a woman, and is now toy wife. If any one thinks a President ought not to mention things of this sort in public. I hope the or she do s not live in St. Paul, for I don't want to snock anybody when I thank the good people of this city because they natther marked nor spelled my wife (laughter a d up) lause), and when I tell them that they are is ated to that in my tire better than all earthly honors and distinctions. Hereafter you may be sure that her pleasant recollection of school days will be re-entorced by the no less pleasant me nory of our present visit, and thus will our joint interest in St. Paul and its kind citizens be increased and perpetuated."

ANOTHER DINNER.



Mr. Ovington and His Handsome Bride.

OVINGTON--MAIZE.

Brilliant Nuptials Celebrated at Calvary Church Last Evening.

A Wedding In Which Society and People Generally Have Taken Much Interest.

One of Louisville's Fairest Daughters United to a Wealthy New York Gentleman

Some of the Handsome Toilets Worn By the Ladies at the Reception.

STEWART - BLACKBURN MARRIAGE.



ITHIN the memory of the present generation no social event has created such wide-spread interest as the marriage of Mr. Edward Ovington and Mr. Edward Georgia Cheatham Maize, which took place last evening at

Calvary church. It has not only absorbed the interest and furnished the gossip for the circle of which the bride was the center, but it has for weeks been the subject of dis-

cussion in the shops and on the streets. The beauty of the bride, the richness of the trousseau, the age of the groom have served as inexhaustible themes for speculations and discussions that have awakened even the interest and curiosity of the trades people, and created a demand for admission unparalleled in the history of Louisville society.

The house has been besieged by persons who wanted to see the trousseau; the family and friends of the bride have been importuned for invitations, not only by strangers, but shop-girls and others. Several thousand invitations were issued, but the majority of them were sent away from the city, many to friends of the groom abroad. The number delivered in town was comparatively small, and of these only about one hundred and fifty included invitations to the reception, which was held at the residence of the bride's parents, between the hours of 9 and 13 o'clock. Judging from the crowd that filled and overflowed the church, thronged the yard and the sidewalk, all were there who had an invitation; and though only those were admitted who presented cards, and every precaution was taken to prevent a crush, every square inch of space was occupied, and when the opening strain of the march announced the arrival of the bridal party, several hundred heads turned as if upon a single neck and faced the door. The altar had been decorated with picturesque masses of toliage, palms and ferns, relieved here and there by bits of color, and the portion of the church reserved for the friends and family was gay with evening toilets and luminous with jewels.

THE PROCESSION.

As the procession entered the church the "Priests' March From Athalie," Mendelssohn, was played by Prof. George Selby, who presided at the organ, and the bridal party moved toward the altar in the following order: First, the four ushers, Messrs. Marc Mundy, Jr., Prof. Hiram Gooch, William I. Hunt and Archie Brockenbrough, walking two abreast. These were followed by the groomsmen, Mr. Nathan Appleton, of Boston, Mr. Charles Ovington, of Brooklyn, the groom's nephew; Prof. Harry Johnson, of Mississippi; Mr. Percy Latham, of Indianapolis, and Messrs. John I. Jacob, Weissinger Chambers, Edward Bonnie and Forman Hamilton. Then came the bridesmaids, Miss Rosa Maise, the bride's junior sister, the Misses Louise and Anna Burge, Miss May Brockenbrough, Miss Lillie Anderson, Miss Blanche Kelly, Miss Fannie Maize and Miss Josephine Stickney. These wore toilets of white silk mull, with bodices of white moire, and carried large bouquets of Catherine Mermet roses, tied with long loo s of pink ribbon. The bride came in with the maid of honor, Miss JeanShe wore a beautiful imported dress of pink silk en train, draped with tulle and ornamented with long falling loops of pink ribbon embroidered in gold and silver. The corsage was V-shaped, pointed, back and front. Soft folds of tulle crossed the bodice diagonally, and puffs of tulle formed the short sleeves.

The groom entered from the vestry with his best man, Col. Nicholas Smith, of New York, and received the bride at the steps of

The tableau which filled the chancel was persect in its arrangement. The usuers and groomsmen formed a semicircle; just outside of this another was formed by the bridesmaids, and in the center were the bride, with the maid of honor on her left, and the groom,

With the best man on his right.
The ceremony was read by the Rev. J. G.
Minnigerode at 8 o'c ock, and at the close
the Coronation March from Meyerbeer's
Prophet was played while the procession
moved out.

THE BRIDE.

The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maize, is a beautiful woman, of the blonde type, with the exquisite, delicate coloring of a piece of Dresden china; eyes like forget-me-nots, with long, dark lashes, and a singularly winning expression. She wore an elegant gown of ivory moire, elaborately trimined with duchess lace. The low-cut corsage was finished at the top with afall of lace, and the same material formed the short sleeves, which were met by the long white gants de suede. A tulle vail, grace-

fully draped, was held in place by a cluster of white rose-buds, and fell gracefully over the train at the back.

THE GROOM.

Much has been said about the disparity of ages. Mr. Ovington is gray-hured, but not old. He is tall an i erect, with a wellknit, manly figure, hand ome clear-cut features and distinguished presence. He is a native of New York, but has spent much of his time abroad, and has the easy grace of manner that belongs to a man of the world. Having seen him one readily understands bow, even with the advantage of wealth removed, he might still command the situation in the presence of younger rivals. The story of the wooing is a very pretty and romantic one of love at first sight, and is all the more interesting because with it was involved the happiness of two other lovers. The relicitous experience of the father explained the preference of the daughter for a man some years her senior, and obtained his consent to a marriage to which he had previously objected.

THE RECEPTION.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. The house had been very tastefully decorated by Nanz & Neuner, who had also prepared the church. In the center of the table was a large mirror, fringed with ferns and flowers, and poised above it was a butt-rily two feet in diameter, made of cut flowers in the natural colors.

About one hundred and twenty-five persons were present at the reception, among

Mrs. G. F. Downs, in a superb toflet of blac velvet, a diamond necklace, and a diamond star

Mrs. S. in Culbertson in pale blue silk, trimmed

Mrs. Lawrence S. Parsons, blue silk draped with tulle.

Miss matte Miller, blue silk with corange bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. Henry L. Pope, black silk and lace; flow-

ers.
Mrs. Cates, of Alabama, white lace over white silk, with corsage bouquet of pink roses.

Mrs. T. G. Gaylord, old-gold satin, black lace overdress, with a profusion of diamonds.

Mrs. Thomas Maize, heliotrope moire, point lace; dismonds.

Mrs. Cheatham, crepe de chine, white lace overdress; diamonds and flowers. Mrs. Margaret Scott, black satin trimmed with

black and white lace, and white feathers in her hair.

Mrs Elizabeth Kelly, black Spanish lace; flowers and pearls.

Mrs. Claude Duvall, Jr., black silk; diamonds.

Mrs. Charles Meriwether, blue moire, crepe de

Mrs. Charles Meriwether, blue moire, crepe de chine; diamonds and flowers.

Mrs. Wm. Mix. whi e moire, pearl trimmings, point lace; diamonds.

Mrs. Lou G. Davis, black silk; diamonds.
Mrs. Mattie Card, black silk, Spanish lace;
flowers.

Mrs. William Malze, bin ik silk; diamonds.

Mrs. John T. Howard, Chattanoga, Tenn., blue
wat red silk, pearl trimming; diamond ornaments.

Miss May Brockenbrough, faille Francaise;

Miss Anna Belle Bijur, combination white silk net over satin, crystal trimming; pearls.

Mrs. Clint McClarty, Jr., white moire, pearls triuming; diamonds.

trimming; diamonds.

Miss Annie McClarty, white silk; pearls and flowers.

Mrs. Sterling B. Toney, green plush velvet waist, faille Francaise: d amonds.

Miss Laura Brand, white moire, point lace;

pearls.
Mrs. J. T. S. Brown, black silk, Spanish lace; diamonds.

Mrs. B. H. Ridgeley, white lace, Marie Louise waist, trimmed with variegated ribbons; diamonds and flowers.

Mrs. Hindman, brocaded satin, Fedora lace;

Mrs. Louis Hite, white moire and satin, point lace; diamonds.

Mrs. D. E. O'Sullivan, white silk, Duchesse lace; diamonds

Mrs. J.W. Irwin, wine-colored velvet; diamonds.

Mrs. Lu lus Culobaugh, Chicago, cream-colored

Mrs. J. M. Fetter, dark blue silk, beaded garnet waist; diamonds.

Mrs. John H. Brand, black Brussels lace; diamonds. Miss Emily Forman, pink crepe di chine; pearls

Mrs. Roland L. Whitney, combination white moire and lace; diamonds and flowers.

Miss Jennie Merrill, white satin, crystal trimming; flowers and diamonds.

OTHER GUESTS.

Among the gentlemen present were Messrs. Edward Ovington, son of the groom; Charles R. Meriwether, John T. Moore, Dr. W. H. Cheatham, Hon. Charles D. Jacob, Clinton McClarty, Sr., John I. Jacob, Lewis Buckner, R. E. Miles, John B. Hundley, Nicholas Smith, of New York; Benjamin Davis, Archie Brockenbrough, John Caperton, Louis J. Frazee, Forman Hamilton, Wm. Hamilton,

Clint McClarty, Jr., Dr. John G. Cecil, Austin Ballard, Marc Mundy, Maj. J. W. Stickney, Henry Smith, Burton Vauce, Lewis Hite, Robert Moore, John R. Tapp, T. G. Gaylord, Hiram Gooch, J. M. Fetter, Col. J. W. Sprague, Allan Hite, Claude Barnes, Percy Latham, William Hardgrove, Roland L. Whitney, Samuel Culbertson, William B. H. Ridgley, Dr. Osborne. W. Irwin, Steven McCarthy, Robert Ferguson, Dr. Ewing Marshall, David Davis, Cincinnati, John Chambers, Col. William Hamilton, Mt. Sterling; Robert Bonnie, Judge Sterling B. Toney, John Sharp, Charles Campbell, Lawrence S. Parsons. Dr. J. Morrison Ray, Capt. J. H. Louthers, Louis Hite, Prof. Halleck, John Armstrong, Dr. Mandeville Thum, William Mix, Maj. G. F. Downs, Claude Duvall, Jr. THE BRIDAL TRIP.

The bride and groom leave immediately for Chicago, where they will remain until November, going from there to Brooklyn, where Miss Jeannette Ovington is to be married to Mr. Nathan Appleton on the 15th of next month. They will spend the winter

in Washington, and sail for Europe in the spring. Telegrams of congratulation were received yesterday from London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other points in the old world,

THE PRESENTS.

There was a most magnificent array of presents. Among them were a handsome diamond ornament, to be worn either as brooch or pendant, in the shape of a rose with a cluster of leaves, the gift of the groom; a diamond bracelet, with nineteen large diamonus, one for every year of the bride's age, was the gift of her parents; a handsome necklace of diamonds and pearls, presented by the son and daughter of groom. There was an even dozen of tans; one of these, presented as a souvenir by Miss Owington, was of white crepe, with pearl sticks beautifully painted and ornamented with lace meuallions. Another was a handsome Wattenn fan, the gift of Mrs. Rachel Mc-Auley.

Mr. Nathan Appleton gave a fine moonstone, set round with diamonds and pearls, to be worn as a pendant or brooch.

Some handsome silver was sent by the employes of Mr. Ovington's establishment in Chicago.

Mr. Kittell, of New York, sent an olivewood trunk filled with knives, forks and spoons of sterning silver, worth \$300.

A handsome dressing-case, filled with toilet articles in silver repousse, was the gift of Miss Fannie Maize, the cousin of the bride.

Mr. Chas. Ovington presented a handsome traveling clock, and Miss Irene Ovington an

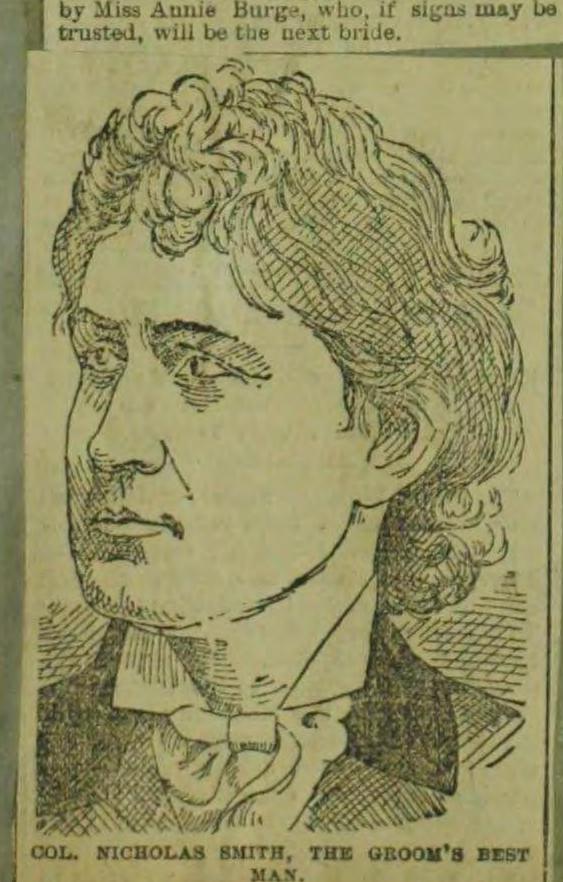
The attendants all gave handsome presents in Minton, Worcester and Dresden ware, and Col. Smith gave a very beautiful etching,

"Cupid and Psyche."

-The prayer-book used in the marriage service was the gift of Dr. Cheatham, of Shelbyville, for whom Miss Maize is named.

-Miss Jennie Merrill, who was to have been one of the bridesmaids, but was called away just before the wedding, arrived from Virginia last night in the midst of the festivities

-Pieces of the bride's cake were put up in boxes, and in one of the boxes was a gold ring. The bride's maids each drew a box, and the one containing the ring was drawn



It has happened-the wedding of the present generation. Mr. E. J. Ovington and Miss Georgia Cheatham Maize of yesterday are today Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Ovington. of Paris, France. And what a brilliant wedding it was. A bride of exquisite beauty, a groom of distinguished appearance and wealth, a church adorned, the bridesmaids of the most beautiful women, surrounded by music, flowers-everything to make the nuptials of the newly-married couple an event long; be remembered. As the beautiful bride marched toward the altar, whispers of admiration were heard in every part of the church, and the groom standing at the chancel awaiting his bride was also the center of critical and admiring attention. The reception at Mr. and Mrs. William Maize's residence was elegant, perfect in every detail. Some of the costumes worn were marvels of design and richness, while the supper-well, it could not have been excelled. The only thing that in the least way marred the bridal festival was that Miss Ovington, the groom's daughter, fainted soon after reaching the house, and was unable to make her appearance afterwards. Her gown - one of Worth's gems, a dress marked by the personality of the designer himself-was greatly admired, and as she stood near the newly-made wife, it was said by the ladies around me "Nothing like it has ever before been seen here."

Col. Nicholas Smith, the first groomsman, never looked handsomer than he did last night, and how that picture got in the morning paper it is hard to conceive. I was sorry for this accomplished gentleman last night, when as he was about to step into his carriage, a lot of unruly, mean boys must have mortified him by crying out loud enough for everyone to hear, "Johnny, get your hair cut short." They should have been driven away.

OVINGTON-MAIZE.

Brilliant Consummation of the Matrimontal Alliance Which Has so Long Kept Society on the

Qui Vive.

After all that has been said about the Ovington-Maize wedding, nothing remains to be written, now that the coremony has been performed, except that the marriage was witnessed one of the largest ani most fashionable concourses that ever assembled at any wedding in the city. The costumes not only of the bride and bridesmaids, but of all the ladies present, were in exquisite taste. The church had been handsomely draped, and was crowded to its utmost capacity long betore 8 o'clock. Frot. George Selby played the wedding march as the bridal party entered.

First came the four usbers, Messrs. Mare Mundy, Jr., Prof. Hiram Goesh, William I. Hunt and Archie Brockenbrough, walking two abreast. These were followed by the groomsmen, Mr. Nathan Appleton of Boston, Mr. Charles Ovington of Brooklyn, the groom's nephew, Prot. Harry Johnson of Mississippi, Mr. Percy Latham of Indianapolis, and Messrs. John I. Jacob, Weissinger Chambers, Edward Bounie and Forman Hamilton. Then came the bridesmaids, Miss Rosa Maize, the bride's junior sister, the Misses Louise and Anna Burge, Miss May Brockenbrough, Miss Little Anderson, Miss Blauche Kelly, Miss Fannie Maize and Miss Josephine Stickney.

The groom entered from the vestry with his best man, Col. Nicholas Smith, of New York, and received the bride at the stops of the altar. The ceremony was read by the Rev. J. G. Minnigerode at 8 o'clock, and at the close the Coronation March from Meyer-beer's "Prophet" was played while the procession moved out.

After the ceremony a reception was given at the home of the bride. The bride and groom leave today for Chicago, going thence on November 1 to Brooklyn. The winter will be spent in Washington. Next spring Mr. and Mrs. Ovington will sail for Europe.

In addition to the presents already mentioned in the papers, a large number of handsome ones were made.

There was an even dozen of fans; one of these, presented as a souvenir by Miss Ovington, was of white crepe, with pearl sticks beautifully painted and ornamented with lace medallions. Another was a handsome Watteau fan, the gift of Mrs. Rachel McAuley. Mr. Nathan Appleton gave a fine moonstone, set round with diamonds and pearls, to be worn as a pendant or brooch. Some handsome silver was sent by the employes of Mr. Ovington's establishment in Chicago. Mr Kittell, of New York, sent an olivewood trunk filled with knives, forks and spoons of sterling silver, worth \$300. A handsome dressing-case, filled with articles in silver repousse, was the gift of Miss Fannie Maize, the cousin of the bride. Mr. Chas. Ovington presented a handsome traveling clock, and Miss Irene Ovington an elegant writing set. The attendants all gave handsome presents in Minton, Worcester and Dresden ware, and Col. Smith gave a very beautiful etching, "Cupid and Psyche."

Maize wedding is fixed for October 19. Society is on the qui vive for this, the most
fashionable and notable event of the season,
and it may be said without fear of contradiction that the church—it is to be a church
wedding—will be taxed to its utmost capacity
to accommodate the large number of friends
and acquaintances of the lovely bride-to-be,
all of whom will want to see her in her exquisite bridal robe and in all-her regal beauty.

The trousseau, it is said, will exceed in variety and richness anything ever attempted in this city before. Madame Dougherty has had carte-blanche to design the robe of honor, reception, evening and walking costumes, all of which will be accompanied by dainty hats, exquisite bonnets, and shoes and boots to match.

Miss Georgie Maize has already selected her bridesmaids. There will be ten of them. They are as follows: Miss May Brocken-brough, Miss Maize, the sister of the bride-elect, Miss Fannie Maize, Miss Louise Burge, Miss Annie Burge, Miss Merrill of Mississippi, Miss Stickney, Miss Ovington, the groom's sister, Miss Miller of West Virginia, and Miss Blanche Kelly.

It is understood that after the ceremony the bride and groom will go immediately to the East where they will spend part of the winter, though some of their time is to be devoted to Washington. They will not proceed to Paris, their future home, until the early spring following.

HAMMOND-MCVEAGH .- Louisville society will be interested in the marriage of Miss Mary Hammond, of St. Paul, the daughter of Gen. J. H. Hammond, and Mr. Lincoln Mc-Veagh, son of ex-Secretary Wayne McVeagh. Miss Hammond has visited here frequently and is well known. The ceremony took place on the 6th of this month at the handsome residence of General Hammond. Among the floral decorations was an arch of pink and white roses, thirteen feet in height, from which an enormous wedding bell of white roses was suspended. The maid of honor was Miss Sophie Hammond, sister of the bride, and the best man was Mr. James Cameron, son of Don Cameron of Philadelphia. The bridal procession, as it passed up to the arch under which the ceremony was performed, was quite imposing; first the ushers, then two little maids, sisters of the bride and groom, carrying flowers. Then the bridesmaids and groomsmen, then the maid of honor with a magnificent bouquet, then the bride and groom. The bridal robe was of white faille, flounced with duchess lace, with front drapery of embroidered erepe de chine. The waist was of satin bar crepe lisse, Vshaped front and back, and the veil of crepe with satin barred border. She wore Marechal Veil buds, and carried a bouquet of white roses tied with long ends of white ribbon. The traveling dress was of Acajou brown suiting, with ulster and bonnet to match.

Bon-Bonniere. — The handsomest wedding present that Mrs. Edward Ovington received was the offering of her fair cousin, Miss Fannie Maize. It was a solid silver toilet set from Tifany's. Each piece was massively wrought in solid silver, and the whole was at once elegant and gorgeous. Mr. and Mrs. William Mix also gave a handsome remembrance of solid silver that attracted much attention. One of the prettiest offerings was a mounted screen of unique design presented by Mr. T. Forman Hamilton. Pretty Miss May Brockenbrough gave a unique bit. It was a gold bon-bonniere made upon Miss B's special order. The present carried with it a pretty suggestion of humor. In all affairs of dress Miss Brockenbrough has a special device. It is a pea-cock's feather, which always forms a part of her toilet. To the sallies of her friends the young lady inevitably replies that the pea-cock feather is her eternal fate. She left no card with her present for Mrs. Ovington, but on the lid was carved the pea-cock's feather. This identified the remembrance. It was a witty conceit that caused mutual friends a good measure of amusement. Mr. John I. Jacab also gave

an odd and pretty present—a fan of pale green ostrich tips. It was a Parisian importation.

There was one feature about the notable Ovington-Maize wedding last week that pleased everybody. Not even the callow character-cannibals of society who go roaming about tearing everything and everybody to pieces were dissatisfied with it. The admirable feature to which I refer was the arrival of the bridal party at the church absolutely on time. It was announced that the ceremony would place take o'elock and just as the clock had began to strike the hour the bridal procession was moving up the aisle. This was

an unheard of event in connection with any other fashionable wedding that ever occured in the world, and many friends who had gone to see pretty Miss Maize married were delighted and surprised. As a a rule fashionable weddings seldom take place within an hour of the appointed time, and the assemblage is generally very thoroughly tired out with waiting before the bridal party arrives. I recall a fashionable wedding at Calvary Church a few years ago which did not take place until two hours and a half after the appointed hour. Many of the guests were preparing to leave the church and a rumor was flying around to the effect that the groom had bolted at the last moment, when all at once the bridal party arrived as calmly and imposingly as if it were nothing to keep six hundred people waiting three long hours. Miss Maize's innovation will long be remembered with feelings of gratitude. She has set a good example.

residence of the billies parence. Among the presents were: A hand some diamond ornament, to be wor either as brooch or pendant, in th shape of a rose with a cluster of leaves, the gift of the groom; a dia mond bracelet, with nineteen larg diamonds, one for every year of the bride's age, was the gift of her pa ents; a handsome necklace of dis monds and pearls, presented by the son and daughter of the groom. The was an even dozen of fans; one these, presented as a souvenir Miss Ovington, was of white crep with pearl sticks beautifully painted and ornamented with lace medallion Another was a handsome Wattea fan, the gift of Mrs. Rachel McAuley

THE REUNION OF THE PLOWERS.

A few of the spring-time flowers
And the summer blossoms sweet
Agreed, at the early autumn,
In a locust grove to meet,

And there to hold communion, By the light of the setting sun, And each relate or mention Some kind act they had done.

And he whose deed was noblest Should, at the close of the day, Be Colonel of their regiment, And lead the ranks away.

Assemble where the trees
Had lowered their limbs to listen
And halted every breeze,

A rose in the richest satin, With a bud to her bonnet tied, Was first to break the silence That reigned on every side.

"I lived with a lovely lady,
In a handsome house of brick,
And went with her each morning,
To wait upon the sick.

"I've leaned beside the pillows
Where wounded soldiers lay,
And I wept at the funeral service,
Of an orphan child to-day."

"I bloomed in an humble garden
Where an old man used to look,"
Said the Jonquii, "ere the snow-drift
His window-sill forsook."

"A poor bee shivered homeward"
One night," the Tulip said,
"Fell through my scarlet curtains
And died upon my bed."

"I looked in at a window
And made two lovers kiss,"
The Pansy owned, and, laughing,
Said it was not amiss.

"I went into a palace,"
The Lily then replied,
"And held the vali that evening
Of a happy-hearted bride."

"I sweetened the room of a poet,
And over his coffin wept,"
The Heliotrope low whispered,
And back in the shadows crept.

"I tried to gather the sunshine
And hold it up to God.

"To make the world less sober,
To make the heart less sad,
Was all the mission, brethren,
Your humble servant had."

In the ranks of that floral army,
That marched at the close of day,
That sunny-featured blossom
Was the one that led the way.

KATYDID.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

Old-fashioned? Yes, I must confess
The antique pattern of her dress,
The ancient frills and furbelows,
The faded ribbons and the bows.
Why she should show those shruaken charms,
That wrinkled neck, those tawny arms.
I can not guess; her russett gown
Round her spare form hangs loosely down;
Her voice is thin and cracked; her eye
And smile have lost their witchery.
By those faint jests, that flagging wit,
By each attenuated curl.
She surely is, I must admit,
An odd old-fashioned girl.

Tis long, long since she had a beau,
And now with those who sit a-row
Along the wall she takes her place,
With something of the old-time grace.
She yearns to join the mazy waltz,
And slyly sniffs her smelling-raits.
Ah, many an angel in disguise
May walk before our human eyes!
Where'er the fever-smitten lie
In grimy haunts of poverty.
Along the dark and squalid street.
'Mid drunken jests of boor and churt,
She grees with swift and pitying leet—

This same old fashioned girl.

—[James B. Kenyon, in the Century.

Judge R. H. Thompson, City Engineer R. T. Scowden, President H. S. Tyler, of the Board of Councilmen, W. R. Ray and half a dozen other Louisvillers, en route to Lake Gogebic for a week's sport with the reel and fly, spent the day here watching the delegates and taking a look through the convention hall.

J. J. Resbitt of Owinger Ill

JENNY LIND AT HOME.

THE QUAINT LITTLE OLD WOMAN.

Her Romantic Marriage and Her Charities-The Residence that She Has-Her Once Glerious Voice.

From the Memphis Appeal

It hardly seems possible that the quaint little old lady, Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt, with whom I have recently spent so charming an evening, is really the same "Jenny Lind" who thrilled the world with her unparalleled voice and made it ring with her praises a generation or more ago. Although never a beautiful woman, the great cantatrice, judging from the many different portraits that are hanging about her house, must formerly have been attractive and engaging in her appearance, but to-day she is the plainest, most old fashioned little body imaginable, dressing in the style of thirty-five years ago, with a fuuny little cape folded over her shoulders and a curiously fashioned cap on her head, underneath which her hair is drawn down smoothly on her face over her ears. Added to these peculiarities, she wears a dress made in a perfect plain manner, "gathered" into a belt at the waist, and with so attempt whatever at ornamentation in the way of trimming or overskirt.

Few people, I fancy, save her very intimate friends, are aware of the exceedingly romantic nature of Jenny Lind's marriage, not so many years ago, to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who is perhaps fully fifteen years her junior, and, although a bald-headed, rather elderly looking gentleman, still appears to be much younger than his talented wife. When Jenny Lind came to America Sir Jules Benedict also came as her accompanist. He was obliged to return for some reason suddenly to England, and the great singer bethought her of a poor young German musician, whom she had met some time before in Germany, and as soon as possible secured his services in the place of Sir Jules Benedict's. The young man, like all who came within sound of the magical voice, soon became Jenny Lind's ardent admirer and presently her slave. Never dreaming that he might in any way hope for a return of his passion he determined to leave her, and upon announcing this fact and telling her he could no longer endure her perfect indifference to him she told him of her concealed love for him, and they soon went together to England, where they were married and have since lived.

Their present residence is 1 Morton Gardens, Bolton, S. W., and is comfortable rather than a pretentious abode. It is full of souveniers of Jenny Lind's early triumphs, and there are also many valuable pictures. A large portrait of the Princess Christian is hung in a conspicious place, and is the gift of her Royal Highness, who was a favorite pupil and is now a warm friend of Mme. Lind Goldschmidt, often coming to visit her in the most informal way. Jenny Lind is also a great favorite with the Queen and the royal family generally. Mme Lind-Goldschmidt has three children, one daughter and two sons, none of them, however, having the least musical talent. One is in the army.

There is little left of the once glorious voice of Jenny Lind, and she rarely uses it at all except in instructing some pupil how to render a passage of a song. She is a most charitable woman, and for some years has had a class of ten poor girls whom she teaches twice a week at her own home, and prepares for opera and concert. She is, however, very careful in selecting for this class only those who have very decided talent and unusual natural voice. The failing health of "the greatest singer that has ever lived" will deprive many a poor girl of her valuable instruction, and perhaps the musical world of some brilliant stars.

NAME OF TAXABLE PARTY OF TAXABLE PARTY.

JENNY LIND'S VISIT.

To the Editor of THE COMMERCIAL.

London, Oct. 14.—I inclose herewith a brief poem I wrote for Jenny Lind more than a third of a century ago, especially for her visit to the United State, while in the Ohio valley. If you think it worth while, you can publish it in the next Sunday's Commencial. Respectfully,

W. D. GALLAGHER.

JENNY LIND'S VISIT.

T.

I have left the land of the Viking.
The old home of the Runic Skald,
For the land of Freedom's liking.
By her gentle children call'd.
I come to the Norse-named Vinland,
And pause on its gen'rous shore,
Then go to its sun-bright inland,
Beyond Niagara's roar.

II.

From the banks of the mild Ohio,
From savanna's of brightest green
That spread out from the Southern bayou
To the city's busy scene,
A welcome for me is spoken.
Sincere, without guile or art:
Each kindly and flattering token
I garner in my heart.

III.

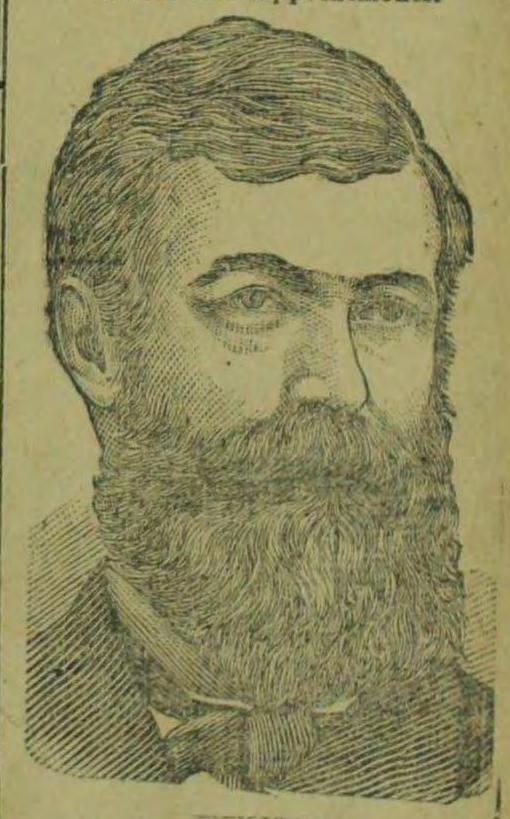
I'm a daughter of bleak old Sweien.
Where the frost-class shipe in the wind;
But my heart has found an Eden,
In its love of human kind.
A child of the Swede!—yet others,
If they wish to claim me, cau;
All sisters are we, and brothers,
Of the family of Man.

IV.

Oh, my heart is rich in oblations,
And my spirit becomes more free,
As the Brotherhood of Nations
I'm permitted thus to see,
The brightest and best communion
Beneath the eternal sue.
Long live the glorious Union!
God save the Many in One!

THE COMMANDER'S STAFF.

Gen. John P. Rae, of the G. A. R., Makes His Appointments.



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 8.—Commander-in-Chief Rae, of the G. A. R., this afternoon announced the following appointments:
Adjutant General, Daniel Fish, Minneapolis;
Quartermaster General, John Taylor, 218
Walnut street, Philadelphia; Judge Advocate General, Wheelock G. Veazey, Rutland,
Vt. The first and second named receive salaries of \$2,000 and \$1,200 a year respectively.

For the Labor Record. SOTHIN' TO SAY.

Editor LABOR RECORD:

The following lines are original and written by the author for the LABOR RECORD, the subject being suggested by reading "Nothin' to Say," in your s issue of Sept. 10.

You're going to get married! Well, now, let me see:

You've always been kind and a good child to me;

So I won't say no-though you're plenty young yet-

But listen, my daughter, and please p don't forget.

Now your mind is made up; so have your own way;

But look here, dear Maggie, I've sothin' a to say.

Just twenty, you say! I guess you're right,

For well I remember the cold stormy night

The Lord gave you breath. And ever since then

I've prayed for and watched you time and again;

But, Maggie, come near-you're too far away-

As I've already told yeu, I've sothin' to say.

I've noticed it often when Charley comes here,

The house looks so neat and you in good cheer;

He's hearty and handsome, and I think he would

Make you a good husband if any one could.

Now, don't hide your eyes. Come look right this way,

For, Maggie, my daughter, I've sothin' to say.

Nigh onto ten years your mother's been dead,

And you've been a good child, I've already said;

So now it's my time, and to Charley and you

I've deeded these acres five hundred and two.

Why, what is the matter! Don't take it that way;

I'm not done yet, daughter; I've sothin' to say.

The farm and the house, and everything in it,

To you and to Charley I give from this minute.

I made up my mind, and so lawyer Buzand

Says the papers are right and sure they will stand.

But, hold on awhile, I'd rather you'd stay;

Don't go yet, my daughter; I've got more to say.

Under the old dresser bottom, down next to the floor,

Is a secret contraption you've not seen before.

Some twenty-odd thousand-you'll find it all there

Where it's been folded snugly for many

Now hold up your head, and don't look is away,

For Maggie, dear Maggie, I've sothin' to say.

I don't want but one thing from Charley and you;

Remember this, daughter, and see to it,

Be kind to your father, and give him a home

So long as he lives-but now I am done.

Yes, Maggie, I'm willing; you have your own way.

God bless you, my children! What G. W. J. more can I say?

FAITHFUL TO HIS TRUST.

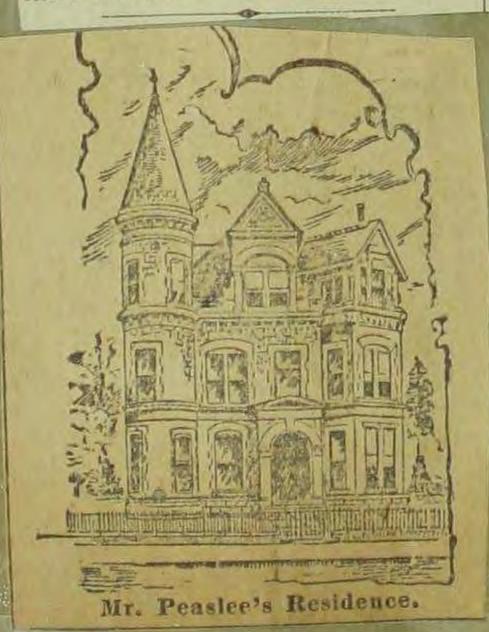
For Nearly Thirty Years an Old Man Proves His Honest Worth.

Hazelton (Pa.) Special.

Twenty-eight years ago a widower with two children, the oldest a year and a half died in a village in the Wyoming valley. He had \$15,000 in eash. His only relatives beside his children was a younger brother. Just before he died he called his brother to his bedside and told him to take the \$15,000 and hold it in trust for the two children. There was no will nor a paper to show the responsibility of the brother.

When the sick man died the brother took his infant children to his home. He raised them till they were old enough to care for themselves. They grew up in entire ignorance of the small fortune their father had left them in the care of their uncle. The boys were inclined to be wild, and it was not until two or three years ago, having married, that they settled down and became sober and indus-

trious citizens. Last week the uncle, satisfied that the boys would appreciate and make good use of the benefit he had to bestow upon them, notified them to meet him at the office of a wellknown lawyer. When the three met the the uncle consummated the trust his dead brother had placed in him, and paid over to each brother \$20,000, the principal and income of the \$15,000 left with him for them for nearly thirty years. The names of the parties to this most unheard-of transaction, the lawyer who relates the story, is bound by a promise to his conscientious and faithful client to withhold.



AN INQUISITIVE AMERICAN.

His Visit to the Palace Which Baron Rothschild Was Building.

[Youth's Compan on.]

An American, sight-seeing in Europe, gives his mind to his work, which is to do the places of interest: In order to satisfy his curiosity he sometimes disregards the proprietors and accosts the first man he meets if he thinks him capable of serving as a guide-book. One of these American tourists, while in London, heard of the famous palace which Baron Rothschild was building. He went to see it, and was fortunate enough to meet the master builder, who showed him over the building. After he had finished the inspection he addressed a portly old gentleman whom he saw watching the workmen with "Good morning, sir." The man bowed politely without speaking.

"I'm a stranger," the American continued, thinking he might be speaking to the contractor; "I've been looking over this building, and I should like to ask you for some

information."

"I shall be happy to oblige you," said the old gentleman, and he told the American many interesting facts about the building. "I suppose you have seen Rothschild,

sir?" said the American.

"Which one?" "The old cock."

"I see the old cock every day," answered the old man, eyeing the American.

"I should like te have a look at him. People say he is a gay old chap and lives high. I wish I had him in my power, I'd not let him up till he had shelled out a pile of his money."

The American rattled on and the old gentleman laughed heartily. When there was a pause he remarked: "Baron Rothschild had to work for his money, and deserves to enjoy it."

"Maybe so," said the American, "but I reckon he did a heap of squeezing to get it." The old man's face flushed as he said stiffly: "I never heard the honesty of the house called in question."

"Didn't you? Well, to tell the truth, neither have I. But I wouldn't be surprised if I'm right, after all."

The old man's face grew black, and he bit

his lip, but he said nothing.

"People tell me," continued the American, "that the Rothschilds have made two fortunes. Now, I'd like to learn the way the thing was done."

"I can tell you," replied the old man, smiling. "People say the house of Rothschild made one fortune by being careful to mind their own business, and the other by letting that of others alone. Good morning, sir."

And the old gentieman left the American staring at him, and went to the other end of

the building.

"Can you tell me the name of that old gentleman?" asked the American of a handsome young man who was looking at the building.

"That is Baron Rothschild." "Then I've got myself into a scrape!" exclaimed the mortified American, and told the young man what had occurred.

"That was awkward," the young man remarked, after a hearty laugh.

"He's a crusty old chap, he's as cross as a bear," continued the vexed American.

"O, that is only his way; he is a kindhearted man, but a little eccentric," said the "Do you know Baron Rothschild?" in-

quired the American. "I have met him several times, and I have

an appointment to wait on him today." "Then I wish you'd say to him that I did not know to whom I was talking this morn ing, or I would not have said so much; and that he need not have been so huffish about

"I will do so; he will be the first to laugh at the adventure when he hears your explanation. Good morning."

Just then a workman passed, and the American asked him the nature of the young gentleman.

"That was one of the younger Rothchilds," said the workman. The American was afraid to speak to a stranger for a week, for fear he might be a Rothschild

AN OIL KING.

Some Facts About John D. Rockefeller, President of the Standard Oil Company.

Once a Newsboy, Now Worth Many Millions—His Magnificent Home and Valuable Art Gallery.

(Morning Journal.)

\$35,000,000.

Promptly at 10 o'clock each morning the man who is worth that much, and probably several millions more, gets out of an elevated railroad train at Rector street, and walks to his office at No. 26 Broadway.

He is of medium height and stout build. He is slightly stooped. His brown hair is fast turning to a dull gray. His eyes are brown and are overhung by heavy brows. He wears a short, dark beard and an uncared-for mustache. A stern, but yet a kindly face, seamed with small wrinkles, as if by concentrated thought.

This is John D. Rockefeller, the famous Oil King and the President of the Standard Oil Company, one of the wealthiest and most powerful corporations on earth.

Mr. Rockefeiler's clothes might have been purchased at a second-hand store. They seem to have been thrown on carelessly, and the battered silk hat has needed brushing for a long time. Scores of clerks in his employ



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

are dressed a dozen times more expensively

than the Oil King.

Mr. Rockefeller might be taken for the owner of a small grocery store, and that is what he was not so many years ago. Now he has a palatial home in this city filled to the doors with splendid paintings and rare works of art and a summer residence at Greenwich, Conn., which ranks among the finest along the Sound.

John D. Rockefeller is about fifty years of age. He was a New England boy, and does not hide the fact that, in company with his brother William, he began life by selling newspapers in the streets of New Bedford, Mass. He possessed a partial education acquired at the common schools, and was

When yet a young man Mr. Rockefeller, like so many other New England boys, left home for the West. He did not get very far West, however, as he settled at Cleveland, O., and became a clerk in a grocery. In a few years young Rockefeller owned the grocery. He continued the business until about 1870, when his first big boost into the ranks

At that time Samuel J. Andrews, who had been a day inborer in Cleveland, after years of patient experimenting and investigation, invented several new processes sor refining crude oil. He went to John D. Rockefeller and showed him what he had. The shrewd groceryman at once saw the fortune within his grasp, and he became a partner in the firm of Andrews & Rockefeller. That firm was the original Standard Oil Company, and every man connected with it at the start has become many times a millionaire.

The pushing business quanties of Rockefeller soon made themselves felt. It was obvious to him that control of the oil fields
meant a virtual ownership of the oil wells.
One by one the small refineries in Ohio—in
Pennsylvania and everywhere else, in fact,
were absorbed by Andrews & Rockefeller.
They were bought out, squeezed out and
frozen out, and then the larger concerns in
the big cities were attacked, the scheme being to obtain control of the petroleum trade
of the world.

In three years Rockefeller was worth \$5,000,000, and he then let his brother William into the business and formed the Standard Oil Company. Associated with them was Peter A. Watson, then President of the Erie railway, and his assistance proved invaluable in aiding the Standard to crush out its weaker rivals. Many of the Standard's competitors were bought out and retired with big fortunes; those who were foolish enough to fight the big monopoly were remorselessly sent to the wall.

Mr. Rockefeller's fortune kept growing larger and larger, until, like most wealthy Americans, he concluded to remove from Cleveland to New York. A year or two ago the Standard Oil Company erected the mammoth building Nos. 18 and 26 Broadway, and on the seventh floor of that great structure the Oil King has his plainly-furnished office.

No one can secure an audience with him without first running the gauntlet of a door-keeper and private secretary. The Oil King is sharp and quick in his answers, and has no time for reminiscences. His last and greatest scheme is said to be a plan to obtain control of the Russian oil fields and to establish the Standard monopoly in the Balkan peninsula.

Mr. Rockefeller has a wife and several children, and on his removal to this city he purchased a magnificent house at No. 4 West Fifty-fourth street. It is said that he paid \$600,000 for the property, which he purchased from Mrs. Worsham, the wealthy widow who has since married millionaire Collis P. Huntington. The house is expensively and elegantly furnished, and is a miracle in the way of frescoing, paneling and in decorations of all kinds. Its interior is more like the house of some Oriental monarch than of a plain American citizen.

Mr Rockefeller's hobby is paintings, and he has lavished hundreds of thousands of dollars upon foreign and native artists. On his return from a recent trip to Europe he brought back over \$50,000 worth of paintings with him. His art gallery is one of the finest in America, but only his personal friends have an opportunity of gazing at the rare art treasures.

Mr. Rockefeller is a devoted Christian and a member of the Baptist faith. He taught a large Sunday-school class in Cleveland for years, and has given a great deal of money to various religious institutions. Among his donations was \$25,000 to the University of Rochester, in this State.

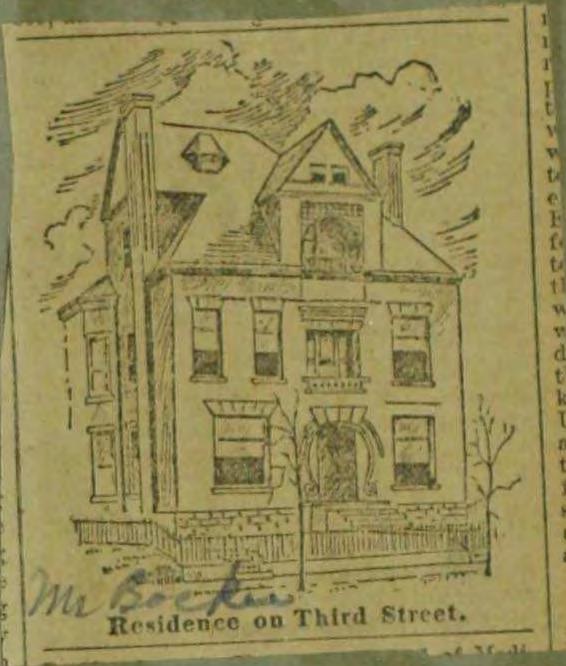
Mr. Rockefeller enjoys a drive behind a fast team, and he has several trotters with low records in his stables. He frequently drives out on the road and likes to handle the ribbons without the aid of a coachman.

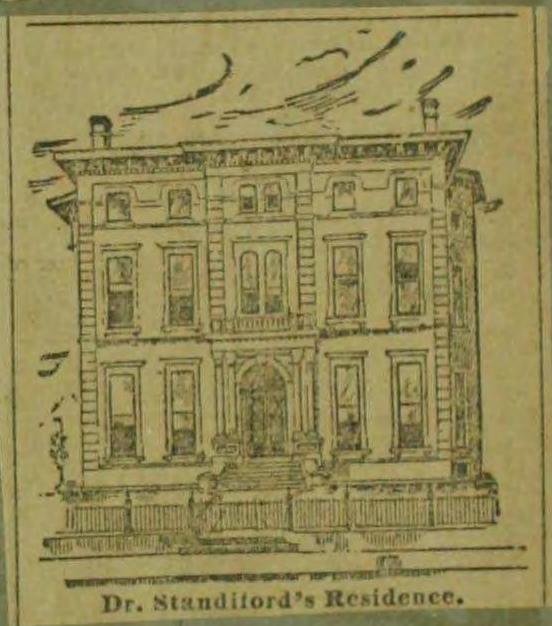
It is said that Mr. Rockefeller knows every verse in the Bible by heart, and he delights in theological discussion with his intimate friends. His home life is quiet and sedate, and he is seldom seen at the opera or in fashionable circles.

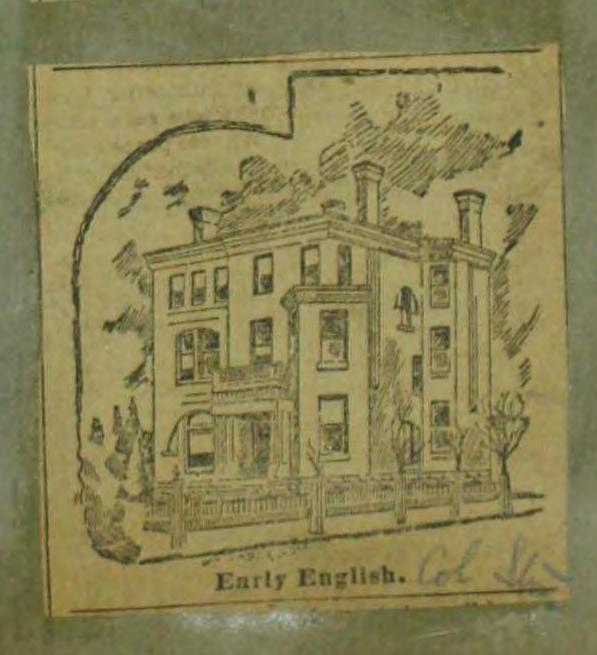
At his elegant summer residence in Green-wich the Rockefeller family spend most of the warm season, the Oil King going there every night and returning to the city in the morning. It is abundantly supplied with hot-houses, in which the choicest flowers are raised. Hundreds of fruit-trees lend a grateful shade to the ground, and a short distance away the blue waters of the sound can be seen glistening in the sunlight. Among his neighbors Mr. Rockefeller is very popular, and his private charities are said to be many and large.

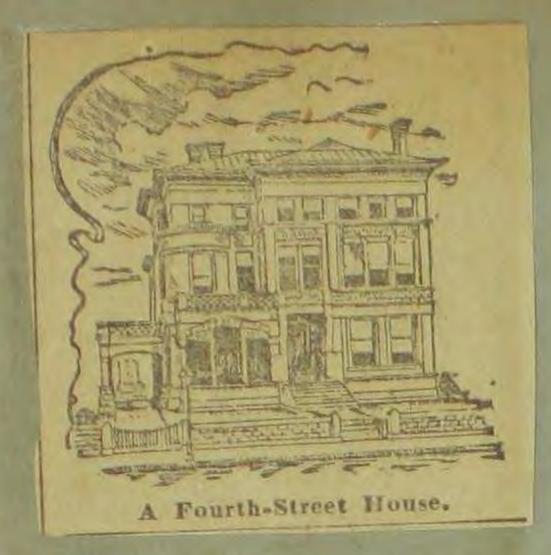
Such is the man who is the head of America's greatest monopoly, and whose millions are rolling up so rapidly that he himself acknowledges that he can not tell within \$5,-000,000 how much he is worth to-day.











When are lovers like spirits? When ardent. When are bricks like bread? When baked.

Why are eyes like whips? Both have lashes.

When is a horse like a gutter? When curbed,

When is a man like a whale? When spouting.
When is a door like ladies' hair? When banged.

When is a pigeon like a glass? When a tum-

When are boils like meats? When they are Pa's boils.

When is a lamp like a post? When a lamppost.

When is a lawn like an ash barrel? When raked over.

When are thoughts like the stage? When acted upon.

When is a brook like an infant? When babbling.

Why are sands and rum alike? Both found at the bar.

When is a lady like a cornfield? When draped in silk.

When are thankless hearts like coal? When ingrates.

When are sheep like blank paper? When folded.

What tradesmen have the most vices? The blacksmiths.

What tradesmen are always on a strike? Stone cutters.

Why is the mouth like a cottage? Because it is roofed.

When is a fish like a drunkard? When it is a bloater.

When is the cover to a bed like a watch? When ticking.

When are eggs like Noah's ark? When served in pairs.

When is a sore finger like a rogue? When it has a fel-lon.

When are doves like cross children? When pouters.

What is the nearest tie on earth to man? His neck-tie.

When is a lady's boot like a gentleman? When polished.

When are fruit baskets like letters? When bearing dates.

What horn is most desired in the world? Horn of plenty.

Why are ears like absent friends? Because they are parted,

When are springs of water like foundries? When found-dry.



MOSES TAYLOR.

The business activity of the late Moses Taylor ended only with his life. No man in the commercial community was better known nor more highly esteemed. Mr. Taylor's career began in 1830, when he opened an office in Wall street near the East River. He put his first capital into one of the original packet lines to Europe, and became rich very fast. He established the City Bank in Wall street, and was one of the pioneers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Hundreds of Mr. Taylor's friends and business associates recall the old gentleman's figure. His full, smooth face, was framed by silvery hair, and beamed with kindness and good-nature. Mr. Taylor's tact and energy in trade were equaled by his benevolence, and every year he gave large amounts for charitable purposes. During the last years of his life he occupied a mansion on the lower part of Fifth avenue. His widow and son inherit his immense fortune.

As we gaze behind us the surface of the earth seems to heave and swell with gravemounds as the sea with billows; many bright visions that once enraptured us have vanished from our eyes like morning exhalations; our once leaping and flying pulses are beating faint and low; the tires of our old enthusiasm live but in their embers; the rainbow has faded from our life, leaving only the cold gray cloud; the burning stars that once shone above us, floating and swimming and breathing like living creatures of the upper air, have gone down upon our heart; the fairies that danced in the moonlight ring of our dreams have changed to gibbering dwarfs or mocking fiends; the chords of being that shed their Æolian music around us in every breeze nave snapped in twain, giving forth but sounds of discord in response to the rudely-sweeping fingers of the tempest; pale memories hang weeping over departed joys like willows over graves in the cities of the dead; the fountains that once opened in our breast have frozen or turned to dust; the flowers that have diffused their perfume around our pathway hang blackening upon their stems, blighted by the trosts and the bitter winds of years; and a thousand hopes and aspirations that mounted above sky and star have come wounded and fluttering back to fold their broken wings in our soul; and yet our courage is as strong and high, our resolve as firm and indomitable, our devotion to the true, the just, the right, as steadfast and unchangeable, our scorn of oppression and wrong and falsehood as fierce and uncompromising, and our love of country and of our race as deep and deathless as in the olden time when the whole world was bright before us and our skies were thickly beleaguered with God's bright cherubim .-[Prentice.

THE DAUNTLESS IN PORT.

She Passes the Finishing Line One Day, Six Hours and Nearly Forty Minutes Behind the Coronet

Her Log Shows That She Followed in the Wake of the Winner and Encountered the Same Storms.

QUEENSTOWN, March 28.—The Dauntless passed Old Head, off Kinsale, at 3:15 this afternoon. The wind was blowing from the northwest, and was light.

The Danntless crossed the finishing line at 6:45 o'clock. Her actual time on passage was sixteen days, one hour, forty-three minutes and thirteen seconds. She has been towed into the harbor and is now safely at anchor. All on board the Dauntless are well, and the yacht is in as good shape as when she left Old Head, nothing having been carried away. She experienced about same weather as the Coronet. comparison of the logs of the two racers indicates that they followed about the same course. Mr. Caldwell Colt, owner of the Dauntless, says that he encountered more wind than he bargained for. For sixteen hours his boat was obliged to lay to. Once she scudded before the gale under bare poles. When last seen from tha deck of the Coronet, on the evening of the start, the Dauntless was steering south-southeast by east. On March 16 she ran into a heavy cross sea, with a strong southeast gale. Oil was used with good effect to break the waves, and the yacht weathered her first storm well. Next day the sea was even more turbulent and broke over the deck in rapid succession, wrenching the yacht so much that she began to leak slightly. The temperature of both air and water on the afternoon of the 18th indicated that ice was in close proximity, and it was necessary to use precautions in running. At midnight the thermometer registered 44° and the water 35°. An hour later the temperature of the air was 40° and the water 28°. At 6 o'clock on the night of the 19th, when a heavy gaie was blowing from southwest, a smooth stretch of water was run into. Its temperature indicated that there were icebergs near. There was a quantity of field-ice to the leeward, and very near. On the 30th, 21st and 22d there were strong gales. It was on the last of those days that the Dauntless hove to. Since last Thursday the weather was fine. On the 25th a run of 328 miles was made, which is said to be the best ever made by a yacht on the Atlantic ocean. Fastnet light was sighted at 1:30 in the morning, but the wind had died out, and the run along the coast was slow. The following extracts from the log-book of the Dauntless show the latitude and longtitude and distance made each day:

March 13, longitude 68° 38', latitude 40° 03', distance 232 miles; March 14, longitude 64° 18', latitude 39° 57', distance 200 miles; March 15, longitude 61° 29', latitude 40° 66', distance 130 miles; March 16, longitude 55° 07', latitude 42° 03', distance 260 miles; March 17, longitude 52° 47', latitude 41° 28', distance 140 miles; March 18, longitude 44° 29', latitude 42" 05', distance 140 miles; March 19, longitude 43° 50', latitude 43° 35', distance 270 miles; March 20, longitude 40° 50', latitude 44° 10", distance 145 miles; March 21, longitude 86° 30', latitude 44° 41', distance 195 miles; March 23, longitude 37° 15' latitude 46° 13', distance 100 miles; March 23, longitude 36° 7', latitude 46° 7', distance 43 miles; March 24, longitude 31° 44', latitude 47° 05', distance 205 miles; March 25, longitude 24° 20', latitude 41° 45', distance 323 miles; March 26, longitude 17° 45', latitude 30° 47', distance 266 miles; March 27, longitude 13° 45', latitude 30° 16', distance 148 miles; March 28, arrived at Queenstown.

During the storm of the 23d the cockpet was on several occasions filled with water. and altogether it was a perilous time for the yucht. On the 24th the sea was terribly rough, and the boat rolled so badly that the water-tank burst. The seamen were consequently put on the smallest possible allowance of water, but later on they were plentifully supplied with ale and claret, and ultimately with champagne, instead of water. All on board arrived in the best of health.

The officers of the Coronel and other yachtsmen are greatly pleased with the result of the race, and say it has served to show admirable qualities in both yachts. Considering the difference in the tonuage and length of the two yachts, and the extraordinarily heavy weather which prevailed during the voyage, the Dauntless is thought to have done as well as her competitor. The officers and friends of both yachts will be entertained by the members of the Royal Cork Yacht Club.

During one of the severe gales on the passage, two men were washed from the wheel and only saved from going overboard by the lashing with which they were bound.

A CUP FOR ANOTHER RACE.

NEW YORK, March 28 .- Richard K. Fox has notified Messes. Bush and Colt, owners of the Coronat and Dauntless, that he will, upon their approval, offer a \$5,000 cup for a return race between the yachts from Fastnet, Ireland, to Sandy Hook, N. J.

BURNSHIEL.

CLING TO YOUR BIBLE, MY BOY.

[Lines affectionately inscribed to My Little Boy.] Come, sit down, my boy, let me say tuis to you: As the journey through life to your grave you.

There is one thing I want you forever to do-Cling to the Bible, my boy.

Though sinners may say that your actions are edd. Don't mind them, but see that each footstep

you've trod. Is a step toward heaven. You trust in your God-

And cling to your Bible, my boy.

You may meet with misfortunes and sorrows and

You may battle with sin and with Satan for years; He a Christian, go on, don't you have any fears-You cling to your Bible, my boy.

Put your faith in Our Father, and you will be strong;

Keep your eye on the cross, and you'll never go Sing sweet songs of praise as you journey along-

And cling to your Bible, my boy.

If you'll read it, and heed it, my boy, you will God's kind invitation all through it is free,

To all who love Jesus to "come unto me"-So cling to your Bible, my boy.

'Tis the Anchor of Hope, and the lamp that gives light; Tis the star that will shine through your life's

darkest night, If you'll follow its guidance, you'll always be

right-Ol cling to your Bible, my boy.

Every time that you read it you'll learn something now

Of Jesus, who died on the cross to save you; To God, and yourself, and to heaven be true-

And cling to your Bible, my boy. And, this is not all-God commands you to

Yes! "pray without ceasing;" He'll hear what And He'll answer each one of your prayers, in

His way-O! cling to your Bible, my boy.

If God lets His righteousness in your heart

I trust you'll live long, all His glories to tell; With God in your heart, son, you needn't fear bell-

En! Cling to your Bible, my boy. With Jesus to love you, hell can't be your fate, For God and the angels will patiently wait To we come you home, when you knock at the gaio-

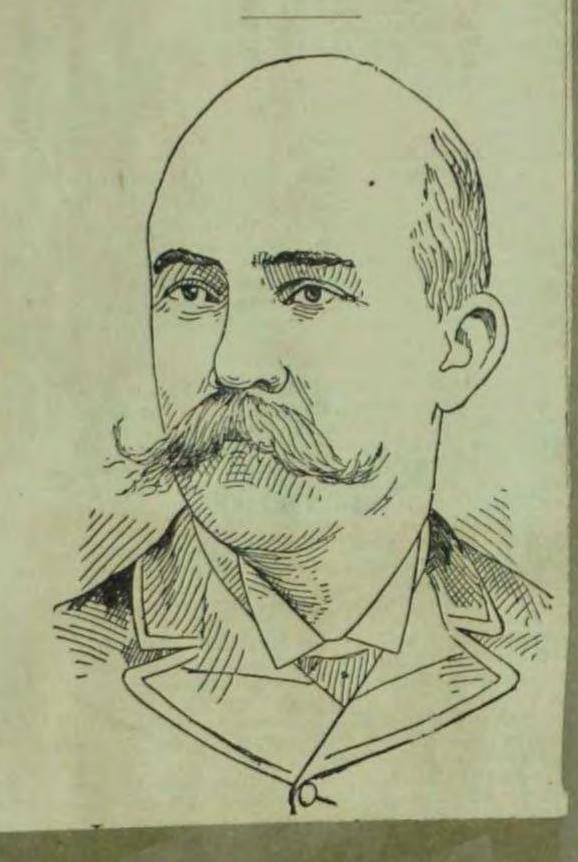
Live and die with your Bible, my boy. - WILL S. HAYS

STERLING B. TONEY.

Why Every Honest Workingman in Louisville Should Vote for Him for Judge.

Full Text of His Eloquent and Comprehensive Argument Against Convict Labor.

He Asked no Price and Expected no Reward-Let the Workingmen Show Their Appreciation Wednesday.



POTTER PALMER'S CALL BOY.

How He Was Re-Employed Half an Hour After Being Discharged.

[Chicago Mail.]

It is the hotel call boy's trade to keep his job. It takes about all his intellect to conjure up schemes enough to do this.

Potter Palmer used to give even more of his personal attention to his hotel than he does now, but, of course, he couldn't become personally and familiarly acquainted with all his employes. An old friend of his tells this yarn: "Mr. Palmer one day saw one of his call boys standing against the wall, and idly, thoughtlessly scratching it with a key. Very promptly Mr. lalmer aroused the young man out of his dreamy state by telling him to draw his pay and leave the house. The boy made no words about it. He left as soon as possible. In a few moments a good-looking lad, neatly dressed, applied to Mr. Palmer for a position. Mr. Palmer remembered that he had just dismissed a call boy, and asked the lad if he wanted that place. The boy said he did, and drew from his pocket a letter of recommendation from a hotel proprietor in another city where he had worked. In a few moments he was at work again."

"Again?" "Yes; it was the same boy. As soon as he was discharged he ran off, changed his clothes and hurried back to ask for the vacant position. Under a new name he went upon the pay rolls and remained to become a favorite of the regular guests."

for a down

OF A PERSONAL NATURE.

CHARLES D. JACOR, the perennial Mayor of Louisville, ex-Minister to the South American Republic of Colombia, and one of the livest citizens of the Falls City, says a writer in the New York World, has been studying New York's fire-alarm and bose system, and taking notes generally on municipal matters. Mr. Jacob is a tail, handsome man, with the eye of a high-stepper and a trim beard of black powdered with gray. He isn't 50 years old yet, but he has had already adventures enough to make a big book-when he gets ready to write them. He has been chief magistrate of Louisville ever since 1872, with brief intervals, and seems likely to hold on to the Mayoral chair for decades to come. Mr. Jacob is said to be an adept with his pen, and it is believed he has getten Mayor Hewitt to give him a wrinkle in letter-writing. He is an athletic-looking gentleman, too, and is admired by the golden youth of Kentucky for the fine Sullivanesque way in which he once floored his fellowtownsman, P. Booker Reed, who was once Mayor of Louisville himself.

CONGRESSMAN MARTIN, of Texas, who has persistently denied that he blew out the gas in his hotel room on reaching Washington, is again in trouble. Since he found an abode of his own at the capital he has had great difficulty in remembering the number of his house. A number of times he entered houses in which he was looked upon as an intruder. He finally tied a piece of red figured to his own door-knob. Some jocose Congressman who kneed he meaning of the red signal removed Martin's landmark and placed it on the door-knob of a house inhabited by a staid and elderly maiden. She is now anxious to know what Mr. Martin meant by entering her house without ringing the bell.

Only one woman in Washington has had



MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1887.

ENGAGEMENT OF MR.

WILSON BARRETT,

MISS EASTLAKE,

-AND THE-

LONDON PRINCESS' THEATRE COMPANY,

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Evenings,

THE ORIGINAL SPECTACULAR TRAGEDY

66 CLITE O.

Scenery, Properties, and Effects, will be used here. Scenery by Messrs. W. Telbin, Stafford Hall, and Walter Hann. Costumes by Mme. Auguste, and V. Barthe. Wigs by Clarkson. Archæology of the Tragedy by E. W. Godwin, Esq., F. S. A. Overture and Incidental Music by Mr. Edward Jones. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

CASI OF CHARACTER.
CLITOMR. WILSON BARRETT
HELLE (afterward assuming the name of Mycenæ) Miss Eastlake
GLAUCIAS (afterw'd assuming the name of Leondias) Mr. H. COOPER-CLIFFE
CRITIAS MR. CHARLES HUDSON
CRITIAS
THERAMENES Mp J H CLYNDS
XENOCLES MR. J. H. CLYNDS
DARES
ATYS
COPAY MR. W. A. ELLIOTT
A FI TITIS
Tours LILA GARTH
CHLOE
SELENA
NEONE MISS ALICE BELMORE
NEONE Mrss Byron
LIBYA
Soldiers, Citizens, Women, Children and Slaves.

What Woman Wants.

A writer in the January number of Woman says: "When a woman has 250 gowns, with underwear, wraps, bonnets, laces and parasols to correspond, what is she going to do with them? Obviously she requires some place for storage, and the result of competition in dressing is seen in the demand last summer for especial rooms, arranged for the keeping of such toilet valuables at the watering-place hotels. Such a gown-room is not a mere trunk storage apartment. It is fire-proof, or meant to be so, and it contains a wealth of closet room and dress rack room than would turn an ordinary housewife's brain. Four such rooms pre-empted by individuals have been in use at Saratoga, to say nothing of plebeian bed-rooms set aside for wardrobe mysteries by one woman, or two or three women in common. Mrs. Wm. Lawton, of New York, has had one gown-room. She is credited with eighty outdoor gowns, 100 evening gowns and some fifty morning and piazza toilets. A Chicago woman, Mrs. Moore, has another gown-room and keeps it about as full. The wife of a Kansas City broker, an heiress from the Pacific Coast, and a pretty demi-blonde Philadelphian carry an equal amount of baggage, and are hard at work at the task of making one appearance in each toilet of their list of from 150 to 200 apiece."

The W s Rulers.

The following a shows the ages of the monarchs and esidents of the principal countries of the vorld, and the year of their accession to ower, including in the list the late Empeyor William, of Germany. The names are arranged according to age:

The names are arranged according to age:		
I are lower to worth a place of the land	Lcces-	
William I., of Germany	Sion	
William III, of the Notherlands. 71	1861	
Christian IX., of Denmark 70	1863	
Victoria, of England.	1837	
Peter II., of Brazil	1631	
Francis Joseph, of Austria 50	1848	
Cscar II., or Sweden	1872	
Grover Cleveland, President U. 8.51	1474	
Marie F. Carnot, Pres. of France. 46	1887	
Alexander III., of Hussia.	issi	
Tumpert, of Italy.	1878.	
Mutsubito, of Japan	1807	
Alphasso Alli, of Spain (Files by	1010	
Regent)	1886	
	A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR	

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

MID the profusion of well meant, but tame and impotent, verses on sacred themes with which the religious press abounds, it is really refreshing to meet with such a gem as this of Sir Robert Grant's. This is worthy of being called poetry. Here devout sentiments are conveyed in strains fitted to gratify at once a refined and critical taste, and to reach and better the heart. The spiritual application is sufficiently apparent.

A. A. W.

THE BROOKLET.

Ι.

Sweet brooklet, ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away?
"With pilgrim course I flow,
Or in summer's scorching glow,
Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
Nor stop, nor stay;
For O, by high behest,
To a bright abode of rest
In my parent ocean's breast
I hasten away!"

II.

Many a dark morass,

Many a craggy mass,

Thy feeble force must pass;

Yet, yet delay!

"Though the marsh be dire and deep,

Though the crag be stern and steep,

On, on, my course must sweep,

I may not stay;

For O, be it east or west,

To a home of glorious rest

In the bright sea's boundless breast,

I hasten away!"

III.

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet, stay!
"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
And sweetly they charm the hours
Of my winding way;
But ceaseless still, in quest
Of that everlasting rest,
In my parent's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

IV.

Knowest thou that dread abyss?

Is it a scene of bliss?

Ah! rather cling to this,

Sweet brooklet, stay!

"O! who shall fitly tell

What wonders there may dwell?

That world of mystery well

Might strike dismay;

But I know 'tis my parent's breast—

There held, I must needs be blest;

And with joy to that promised rest

I hasten away!"



MR. MACAULEY'S BENEFIT.

An altogether delightful evening was spent at Macauley's Theater last evening, the occasion being the complimentary performance tendered to Manager John T. Macauley by the citizens of Louisville and the Boston Ideal Opera Company.

The house was filled by an audience in a thoroughly good humor with itself, its surroundings, and the occasion. It was an exceptionally large and a remarkably good-looking audience. The loves were decorated with flowers, and three of them bore the insignia of the societies that had bough them-the Illes, DeMolay Commandery, and the Order of the Mystic Shrine. The other box was filled by a bright party of ladies and gentlemen. The Boston Ideals were at their bis, and there was an appropriateness in the fact that the singers were of the old Ideals-Marie Stone, McDonald, Karl and Barnabee. This gave the occasion an air of reunion, as the public feels a genuine affection for these artists who have so long maintained the high character of the company which they, more than any others, have made famous and popular. So their presence added to the general good fellowthip of the occasion, and the audience expressed its appreciation in loud applause. It seemed entirely natural and spontaneous when Barnabee, being asked what he was looking for, replied that he was "trying to find a more popular man than Jack Macauley. The house applauted enthusiastically.

After the second act the audience called for Mr. Macauley. He came before the curtain and said that he could not find words to express his thanks to the public which had so generously supported him, not only on this occasion, but night after night and year after year. He especially thanked the friends who had made the occasion, and mentioned particularly Manager Foster and the members of the Boston Ideal Opera Company.

His speech was very brief and modest, but was heart-felt. Mr. Macauley was received with vociferous applause. As he was leaving the stage a handsome floral design was handed over the footlights, bearing the word "Success" at its top.

THE PERFORMANCE.

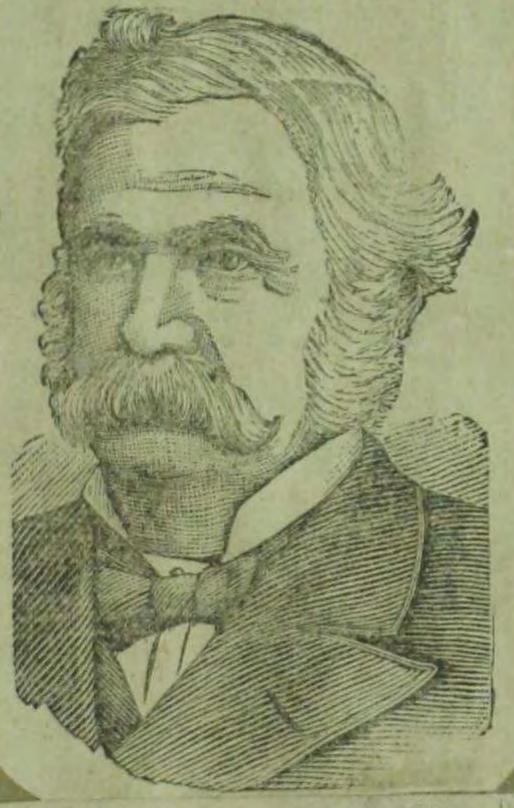
The members of the company were received in the same spirit that actuated the house in its applause of Mr. Macauley. There is no company that has so many friends in Louisville as this company has. The opera was Varney's "Musketeers" -one of the brightest and happiest works in the repertory-and last night's was the best rendering it has ever received here. The comedy is fresh and crisp and wholesome, while the music is pretty and quite characteristic. The story is that of two musketeers, who, disguised as monks, effect an entrance into a convent where one of the soldiers has a sweetneast and where the other finds one. The latter, Narcisse de Brisene, meis tight and creates a scaudal among the nume and their pupils by preaching a most remarkable sermon. An old Abbe, who is a friend to the young scape-graces, has to do some very advoit aboling to project his unwerthy propelled to use all her well-trained inventive powers in order to be putte party out of their scrape. The upshot of it all is that the Governor, whose pieces are the soldiers' sweethearts, pardons the naughty quartet, and they are all happily united.
The liorette is unusually bright, in the first a mixed chorus, which was admirably sung, is fine. and the opera abounds in pretty songs and concented paces.

Mr. W. H. MacDonald, as the dashing do Brissac, is the foremost figure of the opera, and takes every scene. He is strikingly handsome and sings and acts with remarkable spirit. His disguise as a monk, through which his irrepressible character of gallant and soldier is constantly breaking, gives him many opportunities, of all of which he makes the most, keeping the quiet fun of the part always before the audience. widen thoroughly enjoyed his acting, as well as his singing. His song, "A Woman and a Sword." in the first act, was beautifully sung, and in the second act his tipsy scene in the convent and song, "Love's Not a Science," were excellent. Mr. MacDonald's fine barytone voice, his grace and ease and his intelligent acting make him one of the best artists on the stage. The applause that greated him last night attested the audience's appreciation of his talents.

Mr. Tom Karl, the tenor and ideal lover, was also good in the part of Gonfran, the second musketeer, whose love for Marie gets him and his friends in such a scrape. He was best in the two or three romantic songs, like "The Dream of Love," which was encored. A more romanuc character is better adapted to Mr. Karl's style. but he was by no means deficient in the comedy of his a t. He was in good voice and all of his music was applauded with enthusiasm. Mr. H. C. Barnabes was charming as the old Abbe. He put more humor into the part than any one else who has sung it here, ile kept the audience laughing at his dry characteristic manner and his humorous expression. This is one of Mr. Barnabee's best parts. His first song and his comedy made a most enjoyable impersonation. In the first act the trio between the three singers above named was encored. They were called before the curtain and loudly applauded after two of the three acts.

Miss Marie Stone's character of Simone, the waitress, is, after MacDonald's de Brissac, the most enjoyable impersonation in the cast. The part is a small one, which makes its distinctness the more creditable to the artistic powers of the singer who assumes it. There are a charmingly bright song, with a "tick, tick" retrain in the first net, another song and chorus, "The Gray Musketcers; and a waltz in the last act, cli of which Miss Stone sings with great skill. Her voice retains its delightful sympathetic quality, its trueness and its richness, and her music is always agreeable to

John W. Davis, Democratic Gov ernor-Elect of Rhode Island.



A composer of eminence being told that his music was somewhat trashy, and that he had better "turn over a new leaf." at once wrote "When the leaves begin to turn."

Franz Abt once traveled upon a Western road where he was allowed "five minutes for refreshments" in which to eat a dollar and a half dinuer. Observing the furious gulps made by his fellow-travelers to get their money's worth in the limited time, he spontaneously composed "When the swallows homeward fly."

Guglielmo once called upon a betrothed couple, and was invited to dine with them, The young man, while carving the turkey, was so abstractedly gazing at his sweetheart that he sent the gobbler three times into the lap of the composer, and caused seven streams of gravy to run over his face. Gug-Helmo left without eating anything, and went home and composed "The Lover and the Bird,"

Claribeliwrote "Take Back the Heart" to a partner at whist wno revoked when dia-

monds was led. Sullivan, after looking all over the house for a piece of twine to the a bundle th, sat down in a furious passion and evol. The

A CINDER IN THE EYE.

The Mistaken and the True Way to Get It Out.

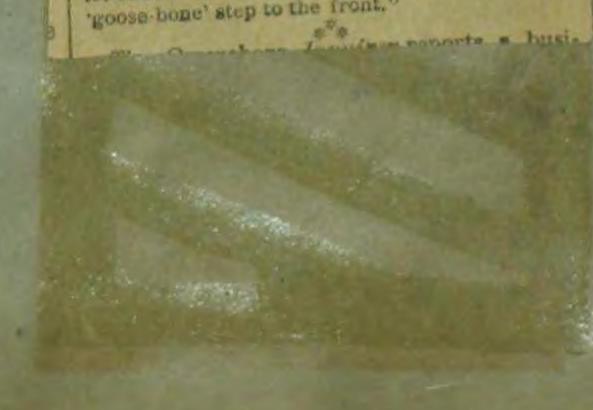
(Medical Summary.)

Nine persons out of every ten, with a cinder or any foreign substance in the eye, will instantly begin to rub the eye with one hand while hunting for the handkerchief with the other. They may, and sometimes do, remove the offending cinder, but more frequently they rub till the eye becomes inflamed, bind a handerchief around the head, and go to bed. Now this is all wrong. The better way is not to rub the eye with the cinder in it at all, but rub the other eye as vigorously as you like.

A few years since I was riding on an engine of the fast expresss from Binghamton to Corning. The engineer, an old schoolmate of mine, threw open the front window, and I caught a cinder that gave me a most excrutiating pain. I began to rub the eye with both hands. "Let your eye alone and rub the other eye." (this from the engineer). I thought he was chaffing me, and worked the harder. "I know you doctors think you know it all, but if you will let that eye alone and rub the other one, the cinder will be out in two minutes," persisted the engineer. I began to rub the other eye, and soon I felt the cender down near the inner canthus. and made ready to take it out. "Let it alone and keep at the well eye," shouted the doctor pro tem. I did so for a minute longer, and looking into a small glass he gave me, I found the offender on my cheek. Since then I have tried it many times, and have advised many others, and I have never known it to fail (unless it was as sharp as steel, or something that cut into the ball and required an operation to remove it). Why it is I do not know. But that it is so I do know, and that one may be saved much suffering if they will let the injured eye alone and rub the well eye. Try it.

If the ground-hog had ever had any standing, the weather this month would have convinced everybody that he was a preposterous fraud. But, nevertheless, he is an 'amoosin little cuss," and information about him is interesting. The Paducah News says:

"Mr. G. W. Latham, who lives in this city, corrects the popular impression that the 2d of February is 'Ground-hog Day.' He insists that it is February 14 instead, and substantiates his statement by the following story, for the truth of which be vouches. He says in 1833 a Mrs. Barbara Hultebrand, then living on a farm in Maryland, obtained possession of a young ground-hog, and, with much kindness and patience, domesticated it, for the express object of watching its movements and ascertaining its powers as a foreteller of the weather. His nogship became as tame and was as playful as a kitten. It burrowed beneath the sill of the house, and on November 27 of each succeeding year, after having carried in a lot of provisions, it went into its hole and closed the entrance. On the 14th of the following February it regularly came out. If the day was sunny and bright it invariably burrowed again and was seen no more for a period of six weeks. If the day of its egress was dark and gloomy it remained out and renewed its old associations with the family. Mrs. Hultebrand kept the animal for several years and it never varied from its custom as above described. This would seem to settle the ground-hog matter at once and forever. Now, let some man who is posted on the history of the 'goose bone' step to the front."



NEWSPAPER MEN

Laying Up Treasures, Celestial and Terrestrial.

Notable Writers of the Press Who Regu-Iarly Occupy a Pew in Church-Others Who Own a Horse and Drag, and Others Who Have Titles Clear to Real Estate.

[Correspondence of The Post.]

Washington, Oct. 10 .- Visitors at Dr. Hamlin's Presbyterian Church, just across Connecticut avenue from Justice Stanley Matthews' residence and the British Legation see, any Sunday now, an incidental leature of the service which is a little out of the ordinary, and which is worthy of note. It is a newspaper man passing the basket among the paws, assisting in taking up the usual "collection." There is such a prevailing impression that all newspaper men are "Bohemians" in the full sense of the word, that an incident of this kind is not only retreshing, but really worthy of note. "Harry" Macfarland is one of the brightest, clearest-headed and most highly respected of the hundred or more newspaper correspondents here. A hard student, a close reader in a literary as well as news way, he is never too busy to be in his pew at the Church of the Covenant and take his velvet-lined basket down the aisle when the pastor calls for the usual Sunday morning offering.

Not much of an incident, perhaps you say. But it serves as a text for a short sermon for the benefit of those who are inclined to look upon all newspaper men as "Bohemians." Look around this same church and you will see sitting in their pews and listening to the sermon Gen. Boynton, Lyman, of the New York Sun; Fred Powers, of the Chicago Times, and Pepper, of the Chicago Tribune; Carpenter, whose signature, "Carp," is familiar to many readers nowadays; Charley Boynton, of the Associated Press: Ogden, of the California Associated Press; Macfarland, of the Philadelphia Record, and probably others. So down to Epiphany Church and you find Ringwalt, of the New York Commercial Bulletin, and others. At the Metropolitan Methodist Church you find Charles Johnson, Chief Clerk of the Senate, but an ex-newspaper man, leading the choir. At the Unitarian Church Scott Smith used to pass the basket.

There are other ways in which your average newspaper man here proves that he is something more than a mera passer. Look over the list of real estate owners in Washington and you will be gratified to see how many of the newspaper men own their homes. Why gratified? Because the moment any man becomes a proprietor and taxpayer he becomes a better citizen. Not that they are not good citizens, the newspaper men who do not or do own property. They are. But the moment a man becomes the owner of his home he feels more heavily the weight of his responsibility and duty as a citizen. And it makes him more valuable as a citizen, more valuable as a literary worker and more valuable to his employer. Let us run over the list again. Gen. Boynton owns his pretty home on Riggs street. Bickford, of the Associated Press, and Preston, of the New York Herald, own and occupy houses on Fif-

teenth street. T. C. Crawford, of the New York World, has a handsome house at the corner or Sixteenth and P; Mr. P. W. DeGraw, of the United Press, has his own home on Capitol Hill; Fred Powers, of the Chicago Times, has a home and a big farm over in Virginia; Hamilton, of the Buffalo Express, and Guthridge, of the New York Herald, are owners of considerable real estate in Washington; Perry Heath has a farm er two in Indiana; Lyman, of the New York Sun, just sold a handsome \$11,000 house at a good profit; Mc-Kee, the head of the Associated Press, has a handsome house on

Rhode Island avenue. Charley Murray has a home on Fitteenth street, bought, he says, with the profits on his novel. Nordhoff, of the New York Herald, has a beautiful residence on K street, where he entertains handsomely. Richardson, of the Baltimore Sun, is a considerable owner of real estate here. John Mc-Carthy, one of the old-timers on the "Row," but now secretary to Senator Sanford, owns a house or two on Mac-Pherson square. Dr. Howe, of the Pittsburg Commercial and Baltimore Herald, lives in his own home on Corcoran street. Stealy, of the Courier-Journal, has his own home. Wynne, of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, is ditto, and Keirn, of the Philadelphia Times, is a considerable property owner in the District.

There are evidences of thrift among newspaper men here. Take a drive on the road any pleasant afternoon, and you liable to meet Wight, of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, with his family, in his haudsome turnout; Ogden, of the California Press, with a good horse and carriage; Wynne and Boynton and De Graw and numerous others, accompanied by their families and driving with their own

teams and carriages.

Your average newspaper man in Washington does not confine himself exclusively to newspaper writing. Murray writes novels; so did Elliott while here. Wight writes more or less magazine matter; so does Custis, and so does Carponter. Some of them write books, and a few have been known to dip into poetry. Here is something in that line, by the way, written by a newspaper man here, but until now never published:

"Crimson and gold are the forests old, Beautiful pictures by wature made, Touched with the brush of an artist hold. Blending bright colors with light and shade.

"Carpets of verdure bedecked with brow i. Hangings of gold and of green and of red, Trungs that are rayged and seamed an lold, Pointing the way to the blue o'erhead.

"Earthward the forests are casting their leaves, Silently baring their arms of gray, Laving their garments of summer cown, Gird ng then se Aes for the winter s Tray.

"Beauti ul I aves in their spring-time youth, Beautiful, too, in their summer green, Richer, by int, is their autumn's glow, When in full colors of age they are seen.

So let our lives, as they hasten by, Grow like the leaves of the forest tree -Stronger, more beautiful day after day, Ripen, in time, for eternity."

LORD WOLVERTON.

How He Graduated From a Plain Mister-Said to Have Left Mr. Glad. stone a Fortune.

[London Cable Dispatch to New York Sun.] A rumor, which will delight a great many Americans if it turns out to be true, declares that Lord Wolverton has left a large sum of money to Mr. Gladstone. Lord Wolverton is a wealthy peer, upon whose death I commented last week as a heavy loss to the Gladstone party. His wealth is estimated at £8,000,000, though it probably will be found to amount to not much more than half that sum. He was President of the firm of Glynn, Mills, Currie & Co., the largest private banking house in London, and his yearly income from that source alone amounted to over £60,000. He left several country seats with £20,000 a year to his widow, and after her his most liberal bequest is believed to have been made in favor of Mr. Gladstone, to whom he owed the peerage inherited from his father, Accounts differ as to the sum left to Mr. Gladstone, it being variously estimated at from £300,000 to £30,000. Even a much smaller sum than the lowest mentioned would be a great help to the Grand Old Man, whose income is barely sufficient for the position he has to maintain, for Gladstone presents the rare and inspiring spectacle of a man poor after a long life spent in power, and in the possession of secrets which, by their effect npon the Bourses of the world, would have enabled him to enrich himself over and over again.

The story of how Lord Wolverton became a lord shows what a small thing in itself a peerage really is, and may produce a beneficial effect upon the minds of a certain very large class of Americans who, on arriving here, display an awe for titles as humiliating to their more sensible countrymen as it is amusing to Englishmen. Just before the election of 1870, when titles and other rewards for political services were being doled out, Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville were in Downing street with the recently deceased Lord Wolverton, then simply Mr. Glynn, senior whip for the Liberals. Earl Granville asked Mr. Glynn to step outside to allow him a moment's private talk with Mr. Gladstone. When he came back he was asked whether he would like his father to be made peer, which would of course make him peer in time. He said he wouldn't mind, and was sure his father would like it. So the thing was done, and the banking family became a noble family. Lord Wolverton was one of the most generous finance contributors to the Liberal election fights, and is supposed to have left a considerable sum to be devoted to political purposes. His place as chief financial supporter of the party will probably be taken by Lord Burton, another peer of Mr. Gladstone's creation

SOME SMART YOUNGSTERS.

Things That Children Say and Grown Folks Repeat with Smiles. [St. Louis Republican.]

Little Polly, 5 years old, who cannot read a word, is basily making believe read aloud common topics from the newspaper in the shape of small items. Suddenly looking up and seeing everyone watching she throws the paper down with disgust, and, jumping up, exclaims:

"What stuff they do put in the papers, anyway."

Jo (5 years old)-Auntie, what is that thing crawling?

Auntie-A ladybug. Jo-Kill it.

Auntie-Why, no. God made it. Jo (meditating a while) - Well, God can make another.

Pat and the Bustle. [Norwich Bulletin.]

Some Norwich boys found a woman's bustle last week, and being inspired by some lower power put it in a coal-carrier's basket in place of the canvas shoulder pad he had been accustomed to use. When the coalcarrier went out the next morning with his first load of coal his eye fell upon the strange thing for which he had no name.

"Phat is this, Moike?" he said to the driver, and although both of them were family men they were sorely puzzled. Mike

replied:

Sure, I dunno. I never seed the likes of it before."

Not finding his shoulder-protector, the

coal-carrier saw in it a novel substitute for it, and he said:

"Begorra, Moike, I have it! This is a patent shoulder-piece the boss has got me!" and he put the old bustle on his shoulder, and finding that it was a fair fit, tied the string around his neck. He worked with the new shoulder-protector all day, to the amusement of all who recognized the bustle in such high use. Pat noticed that the new protector made him a source of curiosity, but he did not learn the truth until he showed it to the boss in the evening, when, thanking him for the gift, he said:

"The inventor of this meant well, but he never carried coal. These wire cords are that narrer that they cut like a knife; but, begorra, that thort is a good one, and I can make one ov it that'll will worruk."

His employer informed him that he had been subjected to a practical joke; that his shoulder protector was a bustle that had seen its day and been laid away.

Mike, the driver, smiled and said: "It's never seen a greater day than this. Twenty tons of coal have been on to it. I'll bet a better man niver wore one that Pat Donegan."

-Boston Post: The wife's path in life is generally a buy way.

-Baltimore American: The Wisconsin hog which are two quarts of nitro-glycerine is the American animal which Bismarck should be invited to kick.

-Bloomington Mail: It is now stated that Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, wears a swallow tail coat. We can now understand why he was able to travel among the cannibals for years without being roasted and eaten. No man looks juicy in a swallow-tail coat. It makes him appear old and tough.

-Burlington Free Press: A New Hampshire editor was attacked by a tramp the other day, and in crying out for help was delighted to see a man running to the spot. The tramp, however, continued to maltreat the editor, while the stranger hovered near, but failed to close in. "Why don't you help me?" exclaimed the discomfited editor. "Because I can't tell which of you is the tramp and which ain't," was the candid reply.

-Exchange: The millionaire was dying. He was surrounded by his friends.

"What can I do for you, my dear friend?" he exclaimed, as he grasped the hand of his old legal adviser. "Everything I have I owe to you, and I will do anything you may

ask. What shall I do?" "Make a will," replied the lawyer lacon-

ically. -Boston Transcript: Smith-Jones is a fine fellow, isn't he? Always trying to make

somebody happy. Robinson-Fine fellow, indeed! He never acts except out of pure selfishness. Don't you know that Jones actually loves to make other people happy.

-Newman Independent: "Pa, did you see the rainbow this morning?" asked a

sweet sixteen of her father.

"No, my daughter, but you will see a wet beau to-night, if that soft dude of yours undertakes to serenado us again like he did last night. 17

And the old man placed a bucketful of water inside the window.

-Puck: A Very Orthodox Animal: Bish-

op-Doesn't shy, eh, Mr. Perkins? Horsednaler-Shy? Never! Stop, my

Lord. I must be honest with you. I did know him shy once, but that was at a Salvation Army passin' by! (Bishop buys horse at onco.)

-Detroit Journal: When an Ann Arbor girl makes up her mind to get married she's going to do it, no matter what opposes. Recently one of these ladies grew tired of the monotony of single life, and she went unattended to the most dismal part of dismal Dakota, there met and loved a man, and married him before he discovered his danger.

-Texas Siftings: Two Texas ladies were talking about the children.

"How is your boy coming on at school?" "He is quite an artist. He is drawing live animals."

"So is my boy, Bill. He drew a cat up in a tree. He drew it all by himself, too." "Did he use a crayon?"

"No; he used a rope."

-Exchange: M. le Maire (to blushing bride) - Do you consent to wed this man?

Blushing Bride (firmly)-No. M. le Maire (pushing his spectacles up on his pose and looking stern)-And pray, Mademoiselle, why did you take so long in making up your mind about it?

Blushing Bride-You're the first person who's thought it worth while to ask my

opinion.

-Omaha Republican:

"Do you." said Bessie t'other day, "In earnest love me. as you say, Or are toose tender words applied Alike to fifty girls beside?"

"Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forbear, For by those eyes, those lips, I swear'-. She stopped me as the oath I took,

"And cried, "You've sworn-now kiss the book." -London Review: The latest and best drawing-room recitation I have heard is as follows:

> Boy, gun; Joy, fun.

II. Gun, bust, Boy dust.

I say best, because it is short and the finale is satisfactory.

-Boston Transcript: Swift wrote: "There never appear more than five or six men of genius in an age." "Now you understand," said Brown, "why I am so sad. Solitude will be the death of me, I fear." "Even solitude," observed Fogg, "has its compensations.

-Puck: Things better left unsaid, or said otherwise. - Edwin (who is fond of lecturing his future bride]. - Well. good-bye, Angy. I don't know how it is-but I always seem to leave you in tears!

Angeline (tenderly, through her sobs). I-I-I'd sooner you should leave me in tears, love, than never leave me at all!

-Philadelphia Call: Fair teacher (mission night school)-"Now, Johnny, how do you spell dumb?"

Street urchin-"D-u-m." Fair teacher-"What else?" Street urchin-"Dunno."

Fair teacher-"O, yes, you do. You forget the silent b." Street urchin-"Come, now! No 'Pina-

fore, 'please!'

-Harper's Bazar: Mr. Squashun (a jovial old gentleman) -So, Ellie-yo' see I's allers goin' to call yo' Ellie-so dis am little 'Rastus wat I las' saw a baby in yo' yarms? Why, how he hez growed!

Mrs. Sorghun (Ellis)-Yar; his pa sez he tinks he'd make a good muse in a mus'um; but I tell him I doan wan' a chile ob mine standin' 'longside ob wild g'raffs from Bohneo, an' Africans, an' sich like.

-Pittsburgh Chronicle: The Toronto Presbytery, by a vote of 27 to 12, have decided that a man may marry his deceased wife's sister. In the near future the Toronto man will sit cracking his fingers by the kitchenstove, and will say: "Your sister Ann Josephine didn't use to brown her flap-jacks, Maria." Also, "Your sister Ann Josephine didn't use half the coal you do, Maria." Also, "Your sister Ann Josephine was a great woman to darn socks, Maria." Until Maria will straighten her back and exclaim: "If you don't shut up about my sister Ann Josephine, I'll let you have this skillet 'side your head!'

-Providence Star: "Please, mom, does Mrs. McGinty live here?"

"Faith, an' that's me." "Wol, thin, do yes know a lady be the name of Michael Casey's wife?" "Her as coom from Dooblin?"

"True for yes."

"Begorra! an' I niver heard of her before er since." "Och! an' that same is mesilf. But divil a

hair do I care onyhow, only fur talk's sake."

-Puck: "You have the worst-managed office!" remarked Mrs. Gimlet to her husband, as she picked up a newspaper and fanned herself vigorously. "How so, my dear?" inquired Mr. Gim-

"It is either hot as an oven or cold as a refrigerator. No wonder you have rheumatism. Why don't you have things changed? Discharge your janitor."

"Why discharge him? It isn't his fault. It's his misfortune. He can't help it."

"No! Why can't he?" "He was a porter on a sleeping-car for over twenty years."

Philadelphia News: A darky dance: Git yo' pardners, furst kwattillion! Stomp yo' feet, and raise 'em high; Tune is: "Oh, dat water-million! Gwine to git to home bime-bye,"

S'lute yo' pardners-scrape perlitely-Don't be bampin' 'gin de res'-Balance all! now step out rightly; Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.

Fo'w'ad foah!-whoop up niggers! Back agin-don't be so slow-Swing cornahs!-min' de figgers; When I hollers, den yo' go.

Top ladies cross ober!

and the askett a fraction of the control of the con

Lady-And so you left your situation through having words with your mistress. Swell cook-Well, 'm, not words-not advactly what you might call words, 'm. I on'y spoke to 'er as one lady might to another.

A young student preaching his first sermon the other day thought he would be original in his language; accordingly, instead of the phrase "from the cradle to the grave," he spoke of our journey from the 'bassinette to the sepulchre."

"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?" "Yes, Jem." "Well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us and shows up our better qualities." "Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was a solemn old Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

Little brother, whose sister is playing cards with a gentleman-Mr. Smiler, does Minnie play cards well? Mr. Smiler-Yes, very well, indeed. Little brother-Then you had better look out; mamma said if she played her cards well she would catch you.

A simple fellow once said of a famous beauty: "I could have courted and married her easily enough if I'd wanted to." "And pray why didn't you?" asked his friend. "Oh, when I proposed to her, you see, she took me on one side and politely asked to be excused, and so I excused her."

"Sir," said a gentleman in the crowd, "do you know that you are pushing me?" "Sir," said the gentleman addressed to the party immediately behind him, "do you know that you are pushing the gentleman in front of me?" Then he turned to the first speaker and said: "I've passed it down the line."

A husband who had incurred the anger of his wife, a terrible virago, seeks refuge under the bed. "Come out of that, you brigand, you rascal, you assassin!" screamed his gentle companion. "No, ma'am," he replied, calmly, "I won't come out. I am going to show you that I shall do as I please in my own house!"

In one of the courts lately there was a long and learned discussion between opposing counsel as to whether a witness should be allowed to answer the question, "What Did Mary say?" The judge gave a long and elaborate opinion in the affirmative, and, the question being repeated, the answer was, "She didn't say a word."

SIGNS. LUCKY SOME

SUPERSTITIONS THAT WORRY MEN.

Serious Matter of Taking Up a Piu-Betief in Lucky and Unincky Numbers of Lot-LORY.

OR INCREDULITY and superstition your thorough gamblers exceed all other men. They believe in lucky and unlucky days, in lucky and unlucky numbers, in lucky and unlucky clothes, and every chance or passing event is supposed in some way to influence their tortune at cards. Jeff Hankins had a lucky mouse, Par Sheedy had a lucky suit of clothes, others have lucsy hais, or shoes, or charms of some kind Some believe they can not win it certain people are in the room where they are playing. Ordinarily it ought to be inferred that those who are most tamiliar with the actual results of a long series of chance games would form the most correct views respecting them and would be reest from superstition as to chance, or luck; but the reverse is the case, and when superstition is finally driven head long from the world it will find its last ditch and die the hardest in the mind of the gambler.

But however black cats and hoodoos may influence the fortune of gamblers, the superstitions of people generally are singularly curious and seem so deeply rooted as to be ineradicable. Even the most intelligent and educated persons have one or more pet superstition which they mention only to laugh at, but still fendly cherish. It is, in tact, a feature or our social life not altogether unworthy of study. From the cradle to the grave we are beset on all sides by signs and

por ents and omens.

Children with much down upon their arms or hands are bound to be rich. while a child that does not cry at baptism is too good to live. If several children, are baprized together, and the girls are taken to the font before the boys, the b ys will have no beards when they are meu. It a child's finger nails are cut be ore it is a year old, it will live to be a thief. I your cheek burns, somebody is talking scandal of you. If you hear a singing in your right ear somebody is praising you, while if it is in your left ear somebody in abusing you. You can punish this evil speaking by biting your little finger sharply. In so doing you bite his evi tongue.

To pick up a pin with its head towards you, or find an old horse-hoe or a fourleaf clover will surely bring you good luck. Now, to pick it up is all important Wost authorities say you must take t by the head or your luck will be bad, whilst others maintain you must take it by the point. "Who shall decide when dectors disagree?' The celebrated Thad Stev eus al ways maintained, with the great abil ity that characterized that statesman. that you must take it up point first. As he was a persistent woorr of the fickle goddess he had undoubtedly given the subject careful study. Fo put on any garment, particularly a sock or stocking, wrong side out, an infallible prognostic that some piece of good fortune is about to happen to the careless or slovenly person so arraying himself. The appearance of a white speck on a finger-nail is a sure indication that you are about to receive a git, and if the palm of your right hand itches it is a pleasant notification of the same kind. Brutus and Cassius had a tremendous quarrel because Brutus very remarked charged Cassius with having an "itching palm.' It the latter had only stopped a moment to consider that it was only a roundahout way of saying he was about to receive a Christmas gift, he might not have gotten into such a towering rage, and one of Mr Barrett's best paris would nave been spoiled.

It is not pleasant to stumble upstairs, but if you do it is some consolation to know that you will not only have good luck yourself, but that a wedding wil take place in the house inside of a year. A maiden who has bad luck at cards will te sure to have a good husband, and will play the game of life successfully. "Happy the bride the sun shines on," is a saying so old that people really believe it, the record of the divorce court to the contrary notwithstanding. For it can not be true that the divorces were all

married in rainy weather.

Among the most potent instrumentaliries by which fate is propiriated, shoe leather holds a time-honored and promineut place. The custom of throwing au old shoe after a departed friend or a newly-married couple is so old that it is only mentioned here to remind in ending throwers toat the shoe should belong to the left foot; there is no virine in the other. Whether the shoe should be thrown so as to hit the departing friend is again a question concerning which the old women differ. Some maintain that the recipient should be hit, and the harde he is hit the greater will be his tortune while others quite as plausioly maintain that if the person is hit the journey will he a disastrous one, probably ending in death. However, whichever way it is, any bad or even fatal results may be avoided by the traveler pocketing a piece of coal, and as black diamonds are plentiful there owh to be no difficulty in bringing about a satis actory result. Indeed, there are an abundance o ways by which Chance's reakish daughter may be compelled to do us service. Whitsunday has just passed for this year, but if you were inoughtful or wealthy enough to put on something new that day good fortunwill attend you the remainder of the year. If you want to be assured of success in all your undertakings take the first spider you come across in your fingers and throw over your left shoulder If you are atraid of the spider, a black snai, should you happen to meet one in your early morning walk in the park, will do quite as well. Take him by the horns, just as you would a bull, and throw him by the left flank behind you If that doesn't bring you good luck never put taith again in signs and omens.

Trouble will never come near folks whose eyebrows meet; and, while a lady's mustache is a perplexing and an annoying thing, there is some consolation to the possessor in knowing that it is nature's guarantee that she is sure to be rich some day. It is a sure sign that some kind-nearted soul is laying up money for you it your keys, or pocketknile or any of your steel belongings ger rusty. If you wish to keep your luck you must be sure to not let your feather bed be turned Sunday, and you must re rain from killing the innocent little cricket on the hearth, for crickets bring

luck to a house.

If you spill salt on the table-cloth you will have a quarrel on your hands snortly, and if you drop a kni e, fork or spoon, it is a sign somebody is coming. A maiden who desires to know which of her lovers cares the most or her should name each one of them as she throws an apple seed into the fire. It the seed cracks the love is hearty. If, in shelling peas, a girl finds a pod with nine peas in it she should lay it on the threshold of the kitchen door The first young man who crosses it will tall in love with her. Likewise in breaking the wishbone of a towl, if she gets the larger part and lays it over the top of the doorway she will not only get her wish, whatever it may be, but the in first man that passes under it will be- no come her own true love.

There has always teen a widespread bu tendency to believe in lucky numbers, ind Even numbers are said to be unlucky be- | ha cause they can be divided by two, thereby | sul denoting death and dissolution. The number seven is considered a lucky number, because a human being sheds his teeth at seven, becomes a youth at twice seven, a man at three times seven, and vic reaches his grand climacteric at nine ne times seven. (areful farmers' wives will | wa never set a hen on an even number of an eggs, because a hen is too superstitious to the batch out an even number. Three is also tre a lucky number, and to sit at a three- only sided table is a sure harbinger of fortune. no.

Many odd incidents are related about lucky numbers in the lottery. A grocer in London bought four consecutive numbers Fearing this would be unlucky he exchanged one of them, and the rejected number turned out to be a large prize. Charles Lamb tells a story of a gentleman who had purchased No. 1069. Pass. ing a lottery office he saw a placard announcing that the mumber had drawn tw £20,000. He took a long walk to cool his ne aguation be ore entering the office. Ou Is going back he found that he had mista- Ch

ken 10,069 for 1,069.

BINING AND DISLIBITION

[Littell's Living Age.] You who know the reason, tell me How it is that instinct still Prompts the beart to like or like At its own capricious will? Tell me by what hidden magic Our Impressions first are led Into liking or disliking. Oft before a word be said?

Why should smiles sometimes regel Bright eyes turn our feeling court What is that which comes to tell us All that glitters is not gold? O, no feature, plain or striking, But a power we can not shun, Prompt our liking or disliking Ere acquaintance hath begun.

Is it instinct or some spirit Which protects us and contra Every impulse we inherit By some syn puthy of souls? Is it instinct, is it nature, Or some freak or fault of chance Which our liking or disliking Limits to a single glance?

Like presentiment and danger Though the sky no shadow flin Or that inner sense, still stronger, Of unseen, unuttered things. Is it—O; can no one tell me, No one show sufficient cause, Why one liking or disliking Have their own instinctive laws?

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS.

[Robert Louis Stevenson.] At evening when the lamp is lit, Around the fire my parents sit; They sit at home and talk and sing, And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl All in the dark along the wall, And follow round the forest track Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy, All in my hunter's camp I lie, And play at books that I have read Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods, These are my starry solitudes; And there the river by whose brink The roaring lions come to drink.

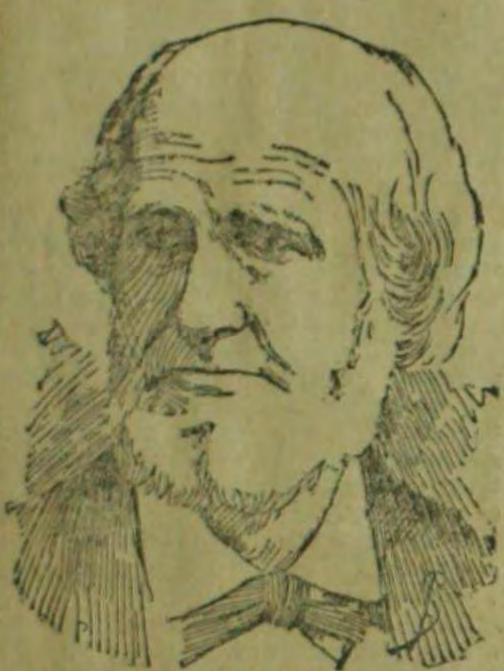
I see the others far away, As if in lire-lit camp they lay, And I, like to an Indian scout, Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me, Home I return across the sea, And go to bed with backward looks At my dear land or story-books.

THE OLD FOGY

Renews His Acquaintance With the Courier-Journal's Half Million Readers.

An Old Jackson Democrat With a Young Heart Beating Merrily In His Bosom.



HON, HARVEY M. WATTERSON.

EBBITT HOUSE, WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—. The Old Fogy again presents his respects to the readers of the Courier-Journal, and assures them that he is happy to renew their acquaintance. He is still a young man in feeling and conversation. Perhaps it could be well enough to add that he lacks just twenty-four years of being a hundred.

This will be an interesting session of Congress. The proceedings of every session preceding a Presidential election are of marked interest to the public. Buncombe speeches will be made in abundance. Life is too short and time is too precious for me to read them. My political opinions were fixed more than fifty years ago, and I rejoice to believe that they were fixed in the right direction. My great teacher was Andrew Jackson, and I have never deserted the faith.

I have been here three days and the President has not called upon me. He has not even invited me to a conference. This neglect does not disturb my equanimity. He doubtless thinks that he can get along without my assistance. I do not question the accuracy of his judgment. He is the boss of his Administration, and is running it to the satisfaction of the American people. The Republicans will find next year that the road to his defeat is a hard one to travel. I do not believe that they will be able to make the trip.

I shall pass this winter in Washington, and should I improve my stock of information I promise not to hide my lamp under a bushel.

AN OLD FOGY.

SMALL BOY IN HIGH CLOVER.

[Boston Globe.]

We're livin' on the topp at shelf.

We've everything from goose to grouse.

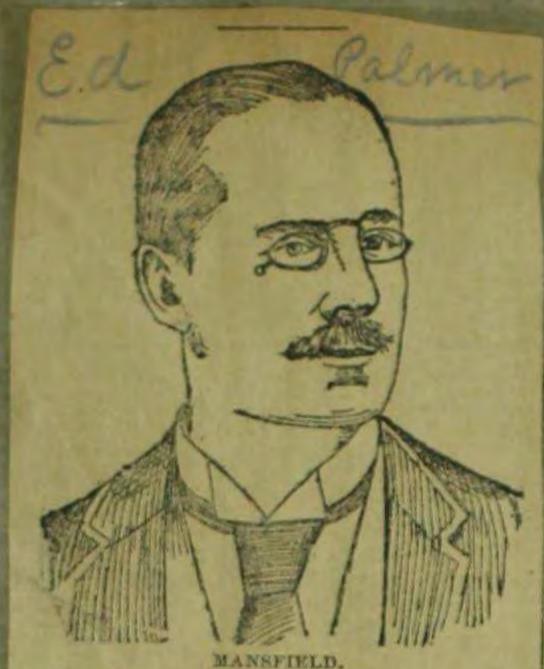
I hain't been licked for most a week.

'Cause we've got comp'ny 't our house.

When we're alone my ma is strict,
An' make me keep as still's a mouse;
But now I make a heap o' noise,
'Cause we've got comp'ny 't our house.

An' I'm havin' such a bully time

I wish 's our comp'ny come to stay.



One of the mast interesting dramatic events of the season will be the appearance this week at Macauley's Theater of Mr. Richard Mansfield, who opens there to-morrow evening. Monday, Tuesday. Thursday and Saturday evenings and at the Saturday matinee "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will be presented, Wednesday evening "Monsieur," and Friday "A Parisian Romance."

Mr. Sullivan's dramatization and Mr. Mansfield's interpretation of the dual character of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are not governed by slavish adherence to Mr. Stevenson's creation. Mr. Mansfield makes Dr. Jekyll an odd sort of dreamer-a visionary. The Jekyll of the actor is more effective and consistent than the jocular and rather commonplace London physician of the novelist. The man Hyde into which Jekyll is transformed is most effectively portrayed in all his evil and appalling horror. Mr. Mansfield succeeds in accomplishing a visible change of identity-that is, he merges into one personage the entirely different characteristics of two creatures. The first transformation is in the scene between Hyde and Dr. Lanyon, where the hideous monster, grown more and more repulsive, passes his claw-like hands over his frightfully white face, and quiet, sad-faced Jekyll appears. Then comes the effective close of the drams-poor, despairing, heart-broken, doomed Jekyll (now Carew's confessed murderer), waiting, in unspeakable agony, for the change to come. He feels the awful thrill upon him, turns with horror to the tell-tale mirror, and, finding himself Hyde again, more devilish than ever, drinks the releasing poison, and rolls, with a beast-like yell, upon the stage, a writhing corpse.

"Monsieur." one of the other attractions, was written by Mr. Mansfield last summer, and its success was instantaneous and decided. It is bright, sparkling, quaintly humorous, and at times pathetic. The scenes are laid in New York and at Narragansett Pier and the story is of the tribulations of a young foreigner in America. Mr. Mansfield does the hero, Andre Rossini Mario de Jadol, a young French singer and composer, and has created a fine stage character.

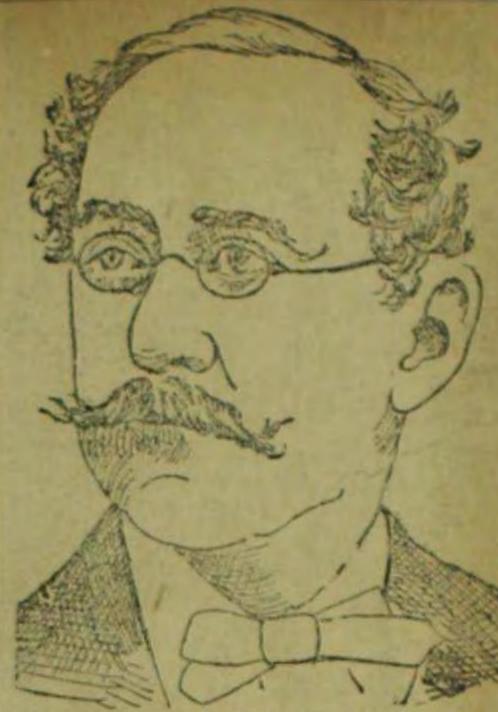
"A Parisian Romance." which gave Mr. Mansfield a high reputation a few years ago, has been added to his repertory for the season, and he is very successful as the old French rone, Baron Chevrial.

The company, which is quite large, contains some of the best-known people on the stage.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

Hearts and Hands Joined in Matri. mony.

A fashionable wedding took place at St. Paul's church, yesterday forenoon. The contracting parties were, Miss Julia M. Cottrill, daughter of Mr. W. H. Cottrill, and MrSidney Hauxhurst junior member in the grocery house of Roundy, et Peckham & Co Rev, Dr. Ashley, performed the ceremony of the Episcopal Church, and united the loving and hande some couple. There were over 300 is friends present, and the church was n adorned for the occasion with an abundance of flowers. A reception was held at the residence of Mr. J. P. C.Cottrill, uncle of the bride, on Farwell avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Hauxhurst received the congratulations of their friends. At four they departed on their wedding tour.



CHAS, DICKENS, JR.

Chas. Dickens, Jr., will be at the Masonic Temple Theater Monday evening. The advance sale has been such as to guarantee that his audience will be a large and intelligent one. He will read selections from David Copperfield as follows:

CHAPTER I.—The old boat on Yarmouth Sands—Mr. Peggoty's household—The introduction of Steerforth—The story of Ham's courtship—Steerforth and little Emily—Coming events cast their shadows before.

CHAPTER 2.—Another visit to Mr. Peggoty—The flight of little Emily—"Who's the man?"—Mr. Peggoty's resolve—"I'm a going to seek my niece; I'm a going to seek her far and wide."

CHAPTER 3.—Over head and ears in love with Doro-David's proposal, and how Jip received it —Household troubles—Mary Ann and the page— The child-wife.

CHAPTER 4.—Mr. Peggoty's wanderings and fruitless search for his niece—His little Emily sent him money, and his fear that he might die before he could give it back to Steerforth—He resumes his solitary journey through the snow.

CHAPTER 5.—Little Emily found at last—David goes to Yarmouth to bring the news to Ham—The great storm—The solitary man on the mast—Devotion of Ham and his death in the attempt to save Steerforth—The body of Emily's betrayer found lying on the sand. "with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him he at school."

Also in part second in the programme he will refer to "Bob Sawyer's Party," when the following selections will be given:

Bob Sawyer and his friend Ben Allen—A little difficulty with Mrs. Raddle, Bob's landla ly— 'Who do you call a woman?"—Arrival of Mr. Pickwick and his friends—Mr. Jack Hopkins—Hospital experiences—The story of the boy who swallowed the necklace—The supper—The anecdote which was told by the prim man in the cloth boots—'You can't have no warm water'—Outbreak of host lities between Mr Jack Hopkins and a funny man with a nice sense of honor—Reconciliation and Mr. Jack Hopkins' song—How Mrs. Raddle interfered and broke up the party, and How Mr. Sawyer was left alone to meditate on the pleasures of the evening, etc.

Henry G. Burleigh Entrapped. [Albany Express.]

A story is told in the corridors of the Delavan which is "on" Henry C. Burleigh, of Whitehall. He was seated on a sofa not long ago talking with Railroad Commissioner Baker, when a well-dressed young man stepped up to the telegraph desk and began

writing a dispatch.

"See here, Burleigh," remarked Mr. Baker,
suddenly, "I want to make a little bet with

The surrounding politicians picked up their ears.

"What about!" asked the Whitehall wizard

"About a sure thing, of course," was the reply. "Do you see that young man at the telegraph desk, and the little sealskin gloves beside him? I want to bet you that he walks off when he has finished his business and forgets to take those gloves.

"Nonsense," was the sage rejoinder. "He s

After a few minutes' chaffing, the bet was made, and the surrounding group drew nearer to watch the result. Mr. Barleigh looked skeptical, and Mr. Baker contented. Finally the stranger buttoned up his coat and turned to go, but he left the

gloves.
"Hold on!" shouted Mr. Burleigh after
the retreating stranger. "You have for-

"Sit down, Burleigh," said Mr. Baker, calmly, "sit down. Those are my gloves."

Then the watching multitude smiled a moist, odorous smile, and the bet was paid.

ELLA WHEELER WILCO XON CHAMRS.

Should Women Artificialize?—"Made-Up" Women as Wives—How to Preserve the Complexion — What Causes Wrinkles.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

decay? We are told that women swallow sulphur, rub brimstone and glycerine on their faces, smear their busts with alum and parafilne, hold up their wrinkled chins with velvet, and pour perfume in their ears. Imagine taking hold of such a putrid mass of combustibles and grease!"

When I read the above item, which has been going the rounds of the press recently, I was moved to rebuke the writer for his impertinence and ignorance, as well as to tell my fair sisters a few things worth knowing about the preservation of physical charms.

Many of us are taught by sweet, unworldly mothers that there is no help for a bad complexion but a contented mind, no preventive for wrinkles but early death; that only the foolish and frivolous of our sex call in the aid of art to assist nature or to arrest time, and that the use of any wash or preparation for the skin save cold water brings disfigurement and premature decay in its train.

It is certainly true that the application of promiscuous cosmetics will utterly ruin the most durable complexion. No man wants a "made-up" woman for a wife, and the beauty that will not wash is repellent.

But every man living likes to see his wife retain as long as possible the charms which won him:

In Thomas Hardy's charming book, "The Hand of Ethelberta," he describe: a decayed belle, who endeavored to supplement nature by art, and only augmented her appearance of age. "For," said the author, "what is so suggestive of ruin as repair?"

There is, however, a vast amount of difference between preservation and repair, and I positively know that with due attention to the important subject and proper care, a woman can preserve a smooth complexion into mature life, or vastly improve a rough

Some one has said that it is a great art to know how to grow old gracefully. The airs and furbelows of Mrs. Malaprop are certainly not becoming to mature life, and the bloom of the apple blossom is not expected on the fruit. But the great majority of women today look older than their years warrant, because they have not known, or have neglected the very simple methods of preserving themselves.

City women who keep pace with rapid life and turn the night into day, still retain their youth longer than their country sisters, who live natural, healthful lives. The former study how to perperuate their charms; the latter accept their decay as inevitable. Time is an ogre ever ready to destroy the beauty which does not offer resistance.

Many young people lay the first foundation for a wrinkled forehead by the careless habit of lifting the eyebrows when looking at any object above the level of the head. I recall many a chiding when a child from my mother on this score, which I appreciated later in life.

Perfect composure of the features under all phases of emotion not only indicates good breeding, but also insures a protracted youthfulness of outline.

The habit of contracting the brows over a hard lesson soon wears one or more perpendicular lines between the eyes, which assists to age the face later on. Every unnatural grimace expressive of anger or annoyance, amusement or mirth, is a foe to youth and beauty. Every unnecessary contortion of the face in laughter is an advance agent for wrinkles.

I do not refer to those cunning little peeka-boo lines which flit about the eyes of some
mirthful people. They do not disfigure or
age any face; but I mean the twistings and
writhings of the features which many nervous persons indulge in to accent their
mirth.

I once read a book in which the author claimed to have discovered the reason why so many beautiful faces were always to be found among the Sisters of Charity and the nuns. He said it was in a great measure due to the daily habit of composing the features in long hours of meditation and prayer. Unmarred by contending emotions, they were gradually molded into harmonious outlines.

The most expressive face is not the one which writhes or agonizes with every sorrowful feeling, or twists and squirms with every amusing sensation; it is rather the one which retains a calm exterior while the strongest emotions of the soul play upon it with their lights and shadows.

The face should be the smooth curtain on which the heart exhibits its varied pictures without disturbing it, not the stage which requires the shifting of scenery for every act.

The majority of women wash their faces too frequently. There is no fabric which would not become dingy, discolored and roughened if soaked in water half a dozen times during the day and then exposed to the cold of winter or the heat of summer. Just so is it with the human skin. Dust or soil is quite as readily removed from the face by a fragrant cold cream or, better still, an application of delicious almond meal.

Some years ago I gained knowledge of the wonderful and simple toilet accessory. Since then I have sang its praise to many ladies and I do not hesitate to say that I have seen marvels resulting from its use.

Any lady can procure and crush the common almonds into a pulp meal for her own purposes, or any druggist can prepara them. The face should be moistened with water and a thimbleful of the meal rubbed thoroughly into the pores. It leaves the skin as soft as velvet, with a fine, impreceptible, and fragrant oil, which is the best wrinkle preventive in the world.

It leaves the face kissable and sweet, too, and not in the least greasy. Any man who had ever detected a suspicion of toilet soap about the perfume of his wife's cheek, I am sure would find the almond odor far more pleasing.

I know a lady past fifty who says the condition of her absolutely unlined and delicateskin is entirely due to the semi-daily application of almond meal for twenty-years.

I think the rubbing it necessitates is beneficial also. I have seen a malicious little furrow chased wholly away from the corner of an eye by the untiring zeal of stroking hands.

I knew a young girl to utterly ruin a complexion by the wholesale use of various powders. It is like painting the lily or adorning the rose for a young girl who possesses a good skin to use powders.

But the woman whom nature denied or time has robbed of this charm I think is greatly improved by a delicate dust of harmless powder, carefully brushed away with a soft fiannel or chamois, so no particle of it is perceptible to the observant eye. On a hot day many a lady is obliged to use a powder cloth to remove the "shine," which is such a foe to a fine complexion.

I once heard a gentleman say that he liked to see a trace of powder on a pretty cheek, it was such a delightful temptation to brush it off; but all men are not so appreci-

I wish the women who recklessly decorate their faces in a dim room could see themselves as others see them when they walk forth into the broad light of day or into the electric light.

Many an actress could preserve her complexion unmarred by all its "make up," if she would remove the cosmetics with cold creams or some preparation of almonds. To wash them off with water will roughen and destroy the best of complexions in a few

There was a French preparation called the Lait Antephelique which was wonderful in removing and preventing freckles. It was harmless and agreeable to use. I do not know where it was manufactured, and I nover saw it advertised. But to my personal knowledge it bestowed lasting benefit on at least one lady. I have never been able to procure it in New York. It was an expensive imported preparation.

Plenty of fresh air, a great deal of bodily servise, and the free use of cream and but-

ter in the diet are necessary to procure a good complexion.

One of my acquaintances substitutes a tea made of red-clover tops or dandelion roots for her morning coffee, frequently, and always with excellent results to her complexion.

In closing my talk with ladies on this subject I would classify and sum up my advice something like this:

Train your features to composure and avoid all grimacing habits.

Exercise much in the open air.
Use oils, creams and fruit freely in your

Use oils, creams and fruit freely diet.

Drink simple, blood purifying herb teas

Do not wash your faces oftener than once a day, but apply some harmless cream or meal at least twice in twenty-four hours.

If niggardly nature or jealous time on a hot summer day necessitates the addition of a powder puff to your toilet articles, use it with discretion and moderation.

And in addition to all this you must keep your minds busy, your thoughts cheerful, and your souls free from bitterness if you would preserve a fresh, attractive exterior beyond the fleeting spring-time of youth.

IN THE BLECH WOODS.

Far from the dusty city ways

My heart and I have gone,

To toker where the brech-woods blaze

In the clear light of morn;

The wild flower trembles on its stalls,

The moss vails o'er each leady walls

The sun scarce looks upon.

Yet all seems sad, for yesterday

Dear Nature's sweetheart went away.

I see him here in every place,
Where once his spirit bowed,
God's glory shaning through his face
Like sunshine through a cloud;
Yet now the great town weeps
And in a mansion dust and dim,
Grief cryeth out aloud for him,
While brush and easel covered o'er
Proclaim the master toils no more.

Sweet Nature's secrets were his own,
Her songs by day and night
Fell on his ears like whispers blown
From some far land of light;
There was the altar where he raised
The censor of his heart, and praised
The glory hid from sight;
What wonder then my eyes grow dim
Amid these scenes, recanning him?

He caught the yellow sunset gleam
O'er nelds snow-boun I and cold;
He stayed the spring-tide's fleeting dream
That lit the leaves with gold.
And when his cunning hand caressed
The canvas pare, that shorn confessed,
The beech-woods dim and old,
So green they seemed, so still, so fair,
The heart grew sick to wander there.

Old Age looked on with wistful eyes,
Forgetting sorded things,
While childhood fresh from paradise
in hed for the wild bird's mings.
Youth cried to lancy, "Dear neart, see,
The happy haunts of Arcady
Of which the poet sings;"
And love said sordly: "Come away
To the se great woods and learn to pray,"

Alas! the book of life indeed
Has fallen from his hands.
There is no chapter more to read,
Thank God, he understands
The complex plot, the bass, the woe,
Where flutes of paradise now blow
In those unclouded land,
Where genius finds its home, and where
The soul of music haunts the air.

Poor yesterday like Homer now
How great his state appears,
The faceless laurels on his brow
Moist with a people's tears,
And when his canvas light; the gloom
Of pictured hall, or stately room,
Through the impassive years
Shall we not point and say with pride
So wrought our artist, ere he died?

Methinks his resting place should be
Beneath these solemn trees,
That stretch their ocughs out silently
To woo the passing breeze,
Where all day long the wind-bird sings
Until each glade and thicket rings
With elf-land lullables.
And where dear nature, on her breast,
Might hush him tenderly to rest.
ELVIRA SYDNOR MILLER.

WHAT THEY WERE.

The Ranks From Which the Stage Has Been Recruited.

Actors and managers are not always familiar with the theaters from childhood, though some of them began their career as infant phenomena and as stage bahies.

Harry Dixey was a dry-goods clerk in Boston.

John McCullough was a founderyman in Pittsburgh.

Lawrence Barrett was once a waiter in a restaurant. He also served in the army.

Augustin Daly was a newspaper reporter.

Tony Pastor, Ben Maginley, and George R. Edeson were circus clowns.

J. B. Studiey acquired his big voice by yelling at the mules from the deck of a canal-boat.

"Billy" Florence used to peddle papers and eat peanuts in the gallery like others of his kind.

Maurice Barrymore was at one time a lawyer, in London.

Julian Magnus, John Gilbert, the singer, and Signor Brocolini (John Clark) were reporters. Frank Bangs took to the stage because he could not make money at the law.

Eben Plympton was a machinist.

Harry Lee was a butcher in his father's shop.

John A. Stevens has been a painter, glazier,

photographer and private in the army.

John Howson was a fiddler in an Australian or
chestra.

Daniel Frohman was an errand boy.
Joseph Wheelock was a sailor.
Ada Rehan was a school teacher:
Emma Abbott was a choir singer.
Emma Thursby was a choir singer.
George C. Miln was a Brooklyn clergyman.
John L. Burleigh was an army officer and lawer.
James O'Neil and J. W. Hague were educated

for the priesthood.

Anna Dickinson was an essayist and lecturer.

Adam Forepaugh was a butcher.

Frank Frayne alternates his seasons of harrowing Western drama with the peaceable superintendence of a retail grocery in Philadelphia during the summer. Col. Mapleson was a barytone in an opera

chorus or a tenor; nobody who heard him could tell exactly which. Signor Taglieri (George Tyler) was a dry goods

Robert C. Hilliard was in a broker's office. Kyrle Bellow was a sailor.

Stuart Robson was a printer.

Maud Granger was an employe in a sewing-machine factory.

A. M. Palmer was librarian of the Mercantile Library.

Maurice Strakosch was a tenor in Agram, where his manager considered him worth only \$6 a

Theodore Thomas was a fiddler at \$9 a week.

Harry Lacy laced shoes for his customers.

Christine Nilsson sang for pennies at country fairs.

Lotta used to dance and sing for the "boys" in the Sierra mining camps.

Frank Girard, who displays a pair of brawny arms when he wears a toga, was a blacksmith and engineer on the U. S. S. Illinois.

George L. Fox, the clown, was in the army.
Henry E. Abbey was a jeweler.
John Stetson was a butcher.
Manager R. E. J. Miles was a circus rider.
Manager Duff kept an eating house.
Richard Mansfield was a reporter.

Harry Richmond and Ackland Von Boyle (brothers, whose name is Boyle) were stenog-raphers.

1. T. Barnum was a country store keeper.

Edwin Forrest was a cabinet maker.

John A. Mackay was a cash boy in a store; then call boy in a theater.

Denman Thompson was a farmer and a soldier. C. W. Couldock was a clerk in London. Lester Wallack was an army officer.

Ezra Kendall was a reporter.
Sarah Bernhardt was a dressmaker.
Adelaide Neilson was a child's nurse.
The great Rachel was a street singer and tambourine player.

Charles B. Bishop, the fat comedian, was a doctor.

Hubert Wilke, the tenor, was a divinity student.

Hubert Wilke, the tenor, was a divinity student. William E. Sheridan was a Captain in the United States army.

Manager McCall was a Colonel in the army.
Bartley Campbell's first employment was in a brick-yard.
George E. Atkins was a weaver.

Frank McNish was a plumber.
Edward Harrigan was a ship caulker.
Frederick Warde was articled to a law firm in

It is said that more barbers turn actors than people of any other trade. Few actors leave the stage if they gain success on it, although a few of them go into management, and journalism lures them once in a while, The pulpit claims them occasionally, and Rev. Messrs. Wood, Sutherland and Hartzell were formerly actors.



THE BOY MUSICAL WONDER.

The boy pianist, who caused such a sensation in London, is equally successful in this country. I wenty-five thousand dollars is the price paid for the American tour which the wonderful child has hegun. Judging from the sensation his appearances create in New York there will be a profitable return on this investment. Humane people who don't like to see old heads on young shoulders will be relieved to read that Josef Hofmann is not an overtasked boy. His practice is limited to one hour and a half a day, and he is as full of childish pranks as a chit of his small size ought to be. He is a young capitalist, however, his father paying him one cent for each piece he plays in public, or two cents if the selection be an unusually difficult one. So the lad has abundant means for the purchase of toys.

He was born at Cracow, Poland. June 20, 1877. His father is a professor of music, and his mother an opera singer. When only four years old Josef manifested decided musical ability and began to urge his father to buy him ap no. Betore he was five his importunity had gained for him what he desired so strongly. He learned the elementary lessons on the instrument with wonderful facility, and after a few months had not only mastered those but also the price ples of composition to quite a considerable degree. One day, moreover, in this early stage of his musical progress he surprised his father, on the occasion of the good man's birthday, with a mazurka of his own composition. When he was six years old Josef appeared in a concert provided in aid of a local charity, when he showed such ability that his father was afterwards continually importuned to let him appear in public. This was refused, however, with the exception of a very few occasions. About this time Rubinstein heard bim play. The great master being afterwards spoken to regarding a phenomenal child musician, said he did not attach much importance to the accounts of young prodigies in planeforte playing, with the exception of Josef Hofmann. It happened that the child designated proved to be the subject of the account which had stirred the great planist's opposition. This, of course, passed away with the mention of his name. Young Hofmann made his debut in Berlin when he was about seven years old. Under the patronage of the Queen of Denmark he next appeared in that country, and in Norway and Sweden. Since then he has played in all parts of Europe, and his father, whose care of him is exemplary, has found it difficult to avoid overtaxing his wonderful child. Josef has played before the German Emperor. In Paris, his performances were cordially received by the most celebrated musicians of that carital, both resident and visiting. From there he went to London. The fame of his doings in England, as reported in the newspapers, prepared the American public to appreciate his extraordinary musical

A Boy Who Became Famous.

[David Ker in Harper's Young Folks.]

"Brave, Luigi! Two good inches beyond

'' Paolo will beat him, though. Paole

"No, Miquele-I'm for Miquele!"
So shouted a band of Italian boys ware vere at play in a large garden on the outkirts of the town of Arezzo, one bright

Any school-boy of our time would certainly have thought them very queer looking tellows, and would have most likely turned up his nose at their fine dress of silk and velvet, their lace collars, and the long curled hair that fell down upon their shoulders, giving them quite a girlish look. But in suite of this dandified appearance, their limbs were as strong and supple as those of a deer-hound, while, young though they all were, several of them had already seen real battles, and even taken some part in them.

When they had done leaping they took to running races, wrestling, or throwing stones and snowballs at a mark, as if they would never tire. But at last even they were forced to pause for breath, and then one of them called out:

"See how much snow there is in yonder nook! Let us build a tower with it."

"Nay," cried another; "let us rather make a snow man, and array him in our cloaks and caps."

"That were but folly," struck in a third.
"when we have here a man ready-made, and all that we need to do is to dress him."

The last speaker—a tall, active boy of fourteen, had taken a leading part in all the games, and had proved himself a match for the strongest of his playmates. But an observant spectator would have seen at the first glance that he had more in him than the mere ordinary strength and courage of a school-boy, for his large forehead and deep, thoughtful eyes gave him a look of power and earnestness far beyond his years.

"But where is this man, then?" asked

"Behold him!" laughed the tall boy, pointing to a broken statue in the farthest corner
of the garden (representing one of those goatfooted satyrs, or wild men of the woods, so
common in old legends), which, starting
gauntly up out of a huge drift, with white
patches of snow clinging to every hollow of
his dark gray surface, made a very grim figure indeed.

"But his head's broken off," objected Paolo.

"There be some men in this good town who might lose theirs without missing them much," replied the other, with a sly smile; "but the head shall not be long a-waiting."

Then seizing a lump of snow in both hands, he placed it on the crumbling neck of the headless statue, while the rest crowded round him to see what he would do.

"Look! look!—there's the nose."

"And his mouth too, and his beard underneath."

"And his horns and big ears. Bravo! ex cellent!"

"Excellent, indeed!" cried Marco, the eldest of the young nobles; "but he's not quite monstrous enough. I always fancy a satyr with a hanging lip and ugly grin."

"So be it," said the young workman; and instantly the monster's face assumed a grin so grotesquely hideous that the air rang with shouts of laughter. The boy sculptor drew back to look at his work, and in doing so tred upon the foot of some one behind him.

"Gently, fair sir," said a deep voice in his ear; "thy hands are so skillful in modeling that there is small need to use thy feet likewise."

"Pardon, noble sir," faltered the boy, who, with all his daring, was somewhat startled to find himself suddenly face to face with Lorenzo di Medici, the greatest man in all Northern Italy, whose handsome features and splendid dress fully bore out his popular nickname of "Lorenzo the Magnificent."

"Nay, I blame thee not," answered Lorenzo, good-naturedly; "but come, let us see this work of thine."

He stepped forward and surveyed the snow image with a look of deep and wondering admiration.

"Truly, good youth." said he at length, "thou hast a marvelous gift. If thou hast done so much while still but a lad, thou wilt fill all Italy with thy fame when thy beard is grown."

Lorenzo lived to see his prophecy more than fulfilled in after years, when that boy had achieved undying renown alike as a painter, an architect, a sculptor, and a poet, and had filled the whole world with the fame of Michael Angelo.

HOPE FOR EVERY ONE.

Bits of History Which Show That the Early Life of Many Public Men Was Not Spent on Flowery Beds of Ease.

Zeb Vance was a botel clerk.

Senator Flumb was a type-setter.

Hitt, of Illineis, was a stenographer.

Boutelle, of Maine, was a sea captain.

Plumb, of Illineis, was a grocery clerk.

Senator Allison was an abstract clerk.

Guenther, of Wisconsin, was a druggist.

Romeis, of Ohio, was a baggage master.

Gen. Patrick Collins was an upholsterer.

Deacon White, of New York, was a miller.

Secretary Bayard was a clerk in New York.

Bourke Cockran used to be a school teacher.

John D. Long was a country school teacher.

er.
Pidcock, of New Jersey, was a civil en-

Edlicitor General Jenks used to be a sur-

Pennington, of Delaware, was a school teacher.

Speaker Carlisle was a country school teacher.

Smith, the Milwaukee member, is a mill-wright.

Judge Kelley, father of the House, was a jeweler.
Tom Reed, of Maine, was a paymaster in

the navy.

Dougherty, of Florida, was a sailor before

the mast.

Anderson, of Kansas, was a Presbyterian

Judge Chipman, of Michigan, was a mine

Senator Kenna was once a coal minor at \$1,20 a day.

Senator Pasco was a school teacher at \$40 a month.

Leland Stanford was a country lawyer in Wisconsin.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, kept a country grocery store.

Ben Butterworth used to be a plantation boss in Virginia.

James B. White, of Indiana, was a called printer and tailor. Senator Dawes was a school teacher and

Taulbee, the tall Kentucky member, was a divinity student.

Delegate Caine, of Utah, was many years a theater manager.

Robertson, the new Louisiana member, is a college professor.

Justice Blatchford was Gov. W. H. Se-

ward's private secretary. Capt. Dunham, the Chicago member, was

an insurance agent.

Civil Service Commissioner Oberly was a
Chicago Times reporter.

Senator Cullom was famous as a cornhusker in early days in Illinois.

Congressman Outhwaite was principal of a city school five years.

John Lund, a Minnesota Congressman, used to run a threshing machine.

Judge Tarsney, a Michigan Congressman, was a steamboat englheer.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, mined with a pick and shovel in California. W. H. F. Lee, son of Robert E. Lee, and

now a Congressman, is a farmer.

Senator Sawyer "bought his time?" when

eighteen years old and ran a saw-mill.

Darlington, a Pennsylvania member, was
a reporter on Philadelphia dailies.

Clifton R. Breckinridge, of the Ways and Means Committee, was a bookkeeper.

Felton, the Ca hernia multi-millionaire, was a chore boy on a farm in Erie county, New York.

John McShane, the millionaire Omaha Congressman, was a cow boy without a cent in 1871.

Bancroft, the historian, once thought of entering the ministry, and preached several sermons.

Samuel J. Randall, whom nobody supposes had a war record, was a private in a company of cavalry. Senator Jones, of Nevada, was a gold prospector in California in '49, and Sheriff of Tuolumne county later.

Silas Hare, a Texas member, was a jayhawker Chief Justice of New Mexico under the Confederate Government.

Justice Bradley taught a district school every winter from his sixteenth to his twenty-first year, and was for some time a surveyor.

Congressman Farquhar was a type-setter, and the first President of the first typographical union in the United States.

Senator Riddleberger has been editor of three papers, the Shenandoah Democrat, the Teuton Legion, and the Virginia Democrat.

Senator Dolph was an Orderly Sergeant in a company raised to protect settlers crossing the plains in 1862 from attacks of Indians.

President Cleveland once compiled the American Herd Book and received \$60 for the service. For a time he managed a hotel.

Senator Blodgett, of New Jersey, was a locomotive engineer. His predecessor, Gen. Sewell, was once a sailor before the mast.

Frank Lawler, another Chicago member, was a brickmaker, a news agent, learned the ship carpenter's trade, and is now a saloon-keeper.

Senator Sabin, with his trousers tucked in his boots, used to stand on the streets of Springfield, Mass., all day, to sell cordwood that he had chopped and hauled twelve miles.

Justice Field was intended for the missionary service. His sister Emilia took him to Smyrna, when thirteen years old, to have him learn the Oriental languages, and he spent eleven years there in study.

George West, now a millionaire Congressman from New York, was a journeyman paper maker in the times when paper was made by the old-fashioned hand process. He recently bought the mill in England where he learned his trade.

The Volumes Which Some Well-Known People Love Most to Read.

Mrs. Cleveland Buys Only Standard Works and Tolerates No Trash.

The Book Trade of Washington Alleged to Be of a Peculiar Nature.

SOME LIVELY GUESS-WORK.

[Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.] WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.-As I entered one of the leading book stores not long ago I passed Mrs. Cleveland coming out. She had been making a large purchase for her library, and she has bought editions of a number of poets lately. She buys good bindings, but not the most costly ones, and though she never attempts to cheapen the price of any book her selection is so good that she invariably gets the worth of her money. Mrs. Cleveland buys standard works, novels of the better class, and her favorite poets are not the trashy ones by any means. The day she returned from the Constitutional celebration at Philadelphia she ordered a long list of books, and she has read a great deal this summer. She evidently buys for herself and not for the President, and the President has not been in a book store since he came to Washington. Col. Lamont sends out for a book now and then, but the White House library, in which the President has his office, is pretty well supplied with statistical documents, and Cleveland is too much occupied in reading up on governmental matters to have time for outside literature. He is, I understand, rather a newspaper than a book-reader, and it now takes all his spare time to look over the leading newspapers

THE WASHINGTON BOOK TRADE is peculiar to itself, and the dealers tell me that there has been a large increase in the demand for French, Italian and Spanish books during the past few years. The members of the various legations do their reading in French, and there is not a noted dwelling in Washington which has not one or more readers of French novels. The Washington society woman is supposed to speak French, and many of the belles here think that the laying down of a French novel upon the entrance of a caller is a sign of culture. I know a number of statesmen who devote their leisure to French fiction, and Robert Lincoln gets a fresh load of French books every time he comes to Washington. He likes the better class of French stories, and does not affect the tales of Zola or other authors who deal in questionable morality. Representative Hitt buys a great many French and German books, and Secertary Endicott is a reader of French novels. Secretary Bayard's daughter reads the French, but he reads little outande of history and political economy. He is well up on the biography of the statesmen of the past, and he has read all of the great speeches made by the members of his party

since the days of Jefferson. Mrs. Vilas buys the better class of novels. She is fond of Tolstoi, and has been reading some of his translated works this summer. Mrs. Fairchild is highly cultured, and since she has been in Washington she has done considerable book-buying. Many of her purchases have been works of political economy and finance, and she probably buys these for her husband. One of the best book-buyers in Washington, so the leading dealers tell me, is Simon Wolf, who was, it will be remembered, Consul General in Egypt under Arthur. Mr. Wolf makes more than \$15,000 a year, it is said, in his insurance and law business, and he certainly spends at least \$5,000 upon his library. He buys nothing but the finest editions, and the book-stores have orders to send him every beautiful new thing that comes out. If he wants it he keeps it, and if not he returns it at once. He paid \$40 last week for two books which were in a different line from those which he had been purchasing. One of these was a fine edition of "Don Quixote," which cost \$30, and the other was an Edition de Luxe of Thackeray's letters, which have been lately published in Scribner's Mugazine, and which cost \$10. Wolf is a fine scholar, and he reads several languages. He is well up on the classics, and he has one of the best libraries in Washington.

SOME GOOD LIBRARIES.

Another very good library is that of Representative Hitt, of Iilinois, and another man who is fond of fine editions is Colonel John Hay, Lincoln's biographer. Hitt buys a great many French and German books and he never buys anything which is not in good binding. He thinks nothing of paying \$50 for a finely illustrated volume, and as he is a millionaire he can afford to indulge himself in the fine book hobby.

John May's library is perhaps the most beautifully finished one in Washington. It is on the ground floor of his mansion just opposite the White House, and it has a ceiling paneled in old oak with great round discs which shine as though sprinkled with gold dust under the soft light of the chandeliers. The books are in low cases around the walls, and Hay's desk, which is beautifully carved, and of a wood corresponding with that of the room, is a square affair as big as a dining table. A finely illustrated edition of the "Omar Kaayam" lay upon it when I called to see him not long ago, and the shelves

were filled with costly bindings. Col. Hay wants the best editions he can get, and this desire for fine books is on the increase. One book dealer of Washington invested \$10,000 in fine English books last year as an experiment, and he has not \$200 worth of these left to-day. He orders French novels by the hundreds, and he tells me that he has just ordered 500 copies of a French novel, which has a dash of wickedness in it, and which has just been published. Secretary Whitney has a good library, and it is not true that he devotes his whole time to novel reading. He likes a good story, but he also reads standard works, and among those which he has lately purchased are Motley's History of the United Netherands and his Dutch Republic, Whitney is a curious buyer, and he does not like to have the merits of the book pointed out to him. His dealer has learned to know his peculiarities in this respect and the clerks have orders to let him browse around for himself. He will come into the store, look at the books upon the counter and pick them up one after another and glance rapidly through them. The chances are that every book he looks at contains something to interest him, and if it does he invariably tucks it under his arm and goes on to look at others. In a short time he gets his arm full and he then piles the books up at one side and looks for more. When he has a half-dozen or so he will ask the clerk a question, and the clerks have orders not to say anything to him until this time. The result is that he seldom fails to buy a big order whenever he enters a book store.

TWO OF THE OLDEST BOOK-SELLERS of Washington are located near the Capitol. One of them is Joe Spillington, who sold books to Tom Benton when he was getting up his "Thirty Years' View," and the other is Robert Beall, who as a lad used to deliver books and periodicals to Daniel Webster. Beall says that Webster was a great buyer, but a poor payer, and that it was very hard to collect of him. He remembers Gen. Scott very well, and he says that Tom Benton once came into the store and asked for a Latin grammar. The most popular grammar at that day was Bullion's, and one of these was handed to Benton. He laughed as he looked at it and said: "Why, they call me 'Old Bullion,' and I supoose I must have written this." Benton was called "Old Bullich" from his hard-money theories. Mr. Beall says that there is great interest among the statesmen of the country just now on tariff questions, and he showed me the other day a letter as long as the moral law of Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, asking for a list of tariff books. He says English authorities on

as being one of the most profuse bookbuyers in Washington.

financial questions are in great demand, and

he spoke of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts,

LITERARY SENATORS.

Senator Hoar is, however, not only a buyer, but a reader. He is one of the most cultured men in the United States, and he has one of the finest libraries in Washington. He knows all about books, and I was told at the Congressional Library one day that he is as well posted on different editions as is Sporford himself. One of his hobbies is American history, and he is well up on biography. He takes the leading newspapers, and when I called upon him one night last winter I found him laughing over the cartoons in Puck. Bob Ingersoll is a great newspaper reader, and he reads the French as well as the English papers, while Senator Sherman only glances over the newspapers and does not believe in reading a book until it is a year or so old. If its popularity does not last longer than this he says it is not worth reading. and life is to short to read everything that is published. Seuntor Sherman has a very fine library, and it is not one or pure finance and politics by any means. He has the finer editions of the standard authors, and reads the French, though he does not speak it. He has a large collection of scrap-books which contain newspaper clippings about himself and his career, and the book he values most is, I think, the report of Congress which exonerated him from the least suspicion of evil in his Trensury secretaryship. Senator Edmunds is a constant book-buyer, and his hbrary has a copper bay-window ornamented with nails, the heads of which are as big as trade dollars. Edmunds reads the French and German as well as the English, and strange enough it is said that he is fond of French novels. His old friend, Senator Thurman, is snother French novel reader. and some of those he devours are of a very trashy nature.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR

was perhaps the greatest novel reader who ever sat in the White House, and it is said that he liked soft love stories as well as a girl in her teens. He used to spend hours while he was Vice President in the alcoves in the Congressional library, and he gloated more over a new story better than a new terrapin stew. Justice Gray is another reader of French novels, and he devours them at the rate of from six to ten a week. He has drawn more than a thousand from the Congressional library during the past five years, and by the way the reading of these Supreme Judges is full of interest. They are all literary men, and they all have fine libraries. Judge Stephen J. Field is a man of broad culture. He has been a book collector all his life and he is very lond of travels and the classics. Justice Bradley has perhaps the largest private library in Washington, with the exception of that of. Bancroft, and his library relates largely to the law, politics, and history. A second-hand book dealer tells me he is always looking out for rare law books, but that his collection is so great that he finds few things that are not now in it. Bradley is a man of hobbies. He will take up a queer question in history and find out all about it. He has invented a number of curious calendars for telling the days of the week and month two hundred years back, and he is also fond of theology.

THE JUDGES AND THE BIBLE.

A number of the Justices carry on Biblical studies, and Stanley Matthews has just been reading a book on the question of whether there is salvation after death for those people who do not have the question presented to them in this life. Judge Harlan has been reading during the past summer Dr. Wm. Taylor's "Scriptural Characters," such as "Moses the Law-giver," "David, the King," and others. He has given away two sets of these books, and he says he learned more about Moses from Doctor Taylor's book than he ever knew before, and he added: "I learned more law from that book than I have from any other." Justice Strong, who is now retired, is very well posted upon the Scriptures. He has a fine theological library, and he delights in reading up doctrinal questions. It will be a surprise to many to know that the late John A. Logan was a theological student. He bought rare books upon theological subjects which few ministers could afford to have in their libraries, and his library contained the works of Confucius, the Koran and the Hindoo Bible. He had a copy of the Book of Jeshur, and he had agents looking for this in Europe before he found it. It was picked up finally on the Strand in London, and it was one of the three copies of this book in the country. Logan was well up in history, and was a reader of the classics in translation. He was a better-read man than is generally supposed, and there is no doubt in my mind but that he wrote the novel that was attributed to him during the latter years of his life. He spent a great deal of money in books, and he bought many costly ones.

Judge Belford, of Colorado, is also a well-posted theological student. He has read everything upon the nature of God from Moses to Theosophy, and he has a memory so tenacious that he remembers everything he reads. He is very apt in scriptural quotations, and some of his best speeches on the floor of Congress were filled with these. Judge E. B. Taylor, of Ohio, the man who has Garfield's place in the House, has a reading taste which runs the same way, and Joe Brown, of Georgia, knows all about the intricacies of the Baptist religion. He is one of the pillars of his church, and he attends the convention of its preachers.

WHAT BECK AND OTHERS LIKE.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, is fond of novels and he has a wide knowledge of history as well. Congressman Anderson, of Kansas, dotes on sea stories and Senator Voorhees is very fond of biography. The largest private library in Washington is Bancroft's and it is by all odds the most valuable. It contains over twelve thousand volumes and Bancroft has another library at Newport. It takes four large rooms to hold his Washington library and the walls of these rooms are lined with cases. They have no covering of either glass or curtain and on many of the shelves the books are two rows deep. Among them are many rare and curious volumes. He has a copy of Don Juan which Byron gave him with an autographic presentation in it and he has autograph letters full of matter of historical interest from the leading statesmen of the country. He has fine engravings and be has copies in manuscript volumes of the secret records of France and England relating to this country. These cost a mint of money and Bancroft was aided in getting them by the Governments of the two countries. His books contain volumes of all lanruages and his history has been translated into several different tongues. He sleeps in his library and has a little table beside his bed with two wax caudies upon it. There is paper and pen and ink upon this and if a thought strikes him at night he rises and jots it down. He continues to buy books and his library is already so valuable that an attempt will probably be made to obtain it for the Government at his death.

has many valuable books which have been thus bought in bulk. Congress paid \$30,000 for Madison's papers and Jefferson's library, amounting to sixteen wagon-loads of books, was bought for \$23,000. This was about just half what it cost Jefferson to collect it, and it was only his poverty that made him sell it. Dr. Joseph M. Toner, one of the old book buyers of Washington, gave a fine collection of Americana to the library recently, and he is still one of the most persistent curio collectors in Washington.

Curl not your bearded lips in scorn of woman's gentle teaching. Oh, ye dark, strong men, ye demigods of labor. Ye, with sinews and muscles mighty to dig and delve, to toil at the fiery forge or curb the wrathful lion of the seas with the proud right arm of science; and ye who drive the shining plowshare of philosophy through fields or future harvests-all your foreheads, be they grim with sweat and dust or royal with immortal bays, are holy with the kiss of womanhood. With the spiritual eyes that shall one day see God, look inly. The kiss your mother left upon your cheek and baby brow when first you saw light and drew in the first breath, being that divine essence, imperishable as eternity-the tender blessing whispered on earth, but audible in beaven, given with uplifted heart and hand crown you still; aye, as the stars of the summer make glorious the forehead of the great night. Battle nobly with the enslaved world, wield a stout sword with a fearless arm for truth's and freedom's sake; but keep your mother's blessing and kiss (the lips that gave them are under the snow, perhaps) as sacredly as the archangel keeps the great seal of the universe .- [E. A.

It can not be that earth is man's only abiding place. It can not be that our life is a buoble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else, why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering unsatisfied! Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which "hold their festival around the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glery? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us all like the islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings, which pass before us like shadows, will stay forever in our presence.

OLD SCRAP-BOOK.

Grass and Roses.

[James Freeman Clarke.]

I looked where the roses were blowing; They stood among grasses and reeds; I said, "Where such beauties are growing Why suffer these paltry weeds?"

Weeping, the poor thing faltered,
"We have neither beauty nor bloom;
We are grass in the roses' garden,
But our Master gives us this room.

"The slaves of a generous Master,
Borne from a world above,
We came to this place in His wisdom—
We stay to this hour from His love.

"We have fed His humblest creatures, We have served Him truly and long; He gave no grace to our features— We have neither color nor song;

"Yet He who has made the roses
Placed us on the self-same sod;
He knows our reason for being—
We are grass in the garden of God."

THE GOOSE BONE

lives the Signal-Service People Some Useful Meteorological Hints,

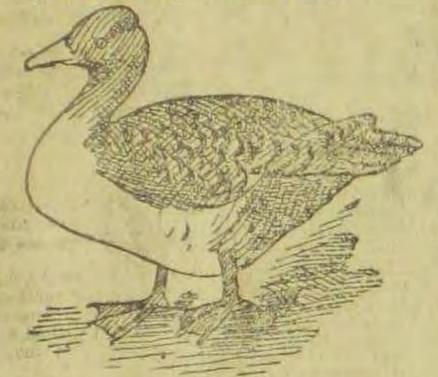
Predicting a Mild, Damp, Disagreeable and Unhealthy Winter,

Which Will Prove Especially Disgusting to the Bealer In Coal.

Points About the Reading of the Anserine Osseous Formation.

IT BEATS THE ALMANAC.

[From yesterday's Evening Times.]



THIS IS THE GOOSE.

While in society it is said that to talk about the weather is not good ton, there is no subject that is more frequently in the words of people. It has ever been a fascinsting mystery, and looking back through the centuries we find people, at all times, trying to solve it. The habits of many of the animals and insects have been closely watched with the hope of prognosticating the weather, but people became discouraged when they found that the beaver and the muskrat dug their holes as deep for an open winter as they did for a hard season, and that the squirrels and ants followed some other instinct than a weather-wise one in gathering their winter supplies. The shucks and the hog melts carefully examined, but the mystery remained as dark as ever until that little band of heroes in the wilds of Kentucky unraveled the secrets of the Goose Bone. It alone has stood the test, and those who have closely watched it say that it never fails to give the general character of the weather for the three winter months. It should be stated here that the predictions of the bone are for the latitude in which the goose is hatched, and it does not follow that every detail of the prophecy will occur right here in Louisville because the reading of the bone is written and printed hers. Of course, the general character of the weather promised will prevail here as at every other point in the latitude, but the rain and the snews and the storms toretold may not be as palpable here as at other points, yet the truth of the bone's foretelling is not weakened. It should also be remembered that the bone does not foretell of variations of only a few degrees in the temperature, but that the changes noticed are decided ones, and the word cold, wherever it occurs in the reading of the Goose Bone, means such weather as will freeze running water. All terms in their application to the e are positive.



AND THIS, THE G USE-BONE. For several years THE TIMES published the readings of the and the subject thus first introduced to the general public has awakened a great deal of interest. People watching these predictions, and finding them verified, have naturally become solicitous of finding out more of the bone and the mystery of its reading, and THE TIMES' Goose Bone reporter has received letters of inquiry from nearly every point of the compass. It would have required much time and labor to have sent a reply to each person making inquiries, and all those who are touched with a curiosity upon the subject must try and find satisfaction in this writing. Like all other theories on meteorology, it is difficult to write so as to make the idea plain to the uninitiated, while to unravel all the details and lay them plain before the reader would re-

quire a volume. The writer here means to

be as explicit as the limited opportunities of a newspaper article will permit.

Many correspondents want to know how it was that the Goose Bone became introduced as a weather prophet. The causes that lead up to the Goose Bone are the same as have led to every scientific development-i. e., "Man's desire to see and know the things that are hidden from him." He was more naturally interested in the weather, because nothing else so deeply affects his bodily and mental life as this, and no one can say that his health is absolutely sound when he thinks of the complicated nature of the vital processes. Every one knows the old proverb, "Man is his own calendar;" the continually annoying sensations in a diseased joint, a wound or the surface of an amputated limb, even when the individual is otherwise perfeetly healthy, indicating the changes in the weather. The nerves stretching cut in all directions through the body, as so many feelers for the mind, often give more accurate and earlier intelligence of the changes in the weather than the eye, which perceives the phenomena only after they have visibly commenced. The effect of the weather so noticeable in man is even more strongly developed in the lower animals whose lives are passed out of doors, and, of all animals, or birds, the goose is most prompt in giving signs of a change in the weather, and even at the dead of night by its peculiar quacking heralds a meteorological evolution. It was these characteristics that first attracted attention to the goose as an assistant in solving the phenomena of the weather. That which we call weather is the wind, which, changing according to its various directions, brings as clouds and sunshine, warmth and cold, rain and snow. All these different phenomena are merely alterations, rest and motion, of the subtile matter which surrounds us, and which we name the atmosphere. The old proverb, that it is a wise man which knows which way the wind blows, assumes that as many winds blow over the earth as there are points on the compass. But in fact there are only two winds, or currents of air, the polar current flowing from the pole to the equator, and the equatorial current flowing from the equator to the pole, and the contacts, alterations and combinations of these two currents are responsible for all the atmospherical changes known to the world." The goose is the only living thing that travels far enough North or South to feel the effect of contact with these two separate winds before they meet and mingle in the temperate zone, and is thus more easily affected and has within itself a true prophet of the weather. In German legends we read of a cavern

*See Von Humboldt, Dove and Schilidan.

in which Dame Holle sits and brews the weather. That region of calms and storms beneath the equator is an actual Dame Holle's Hole, in which the weather of the whole world is manufactured. The goese flies out of this hole, in either direction, spreading its wings far away over the world to the poles, and it is thus found in every part of both hemispheres. The goose has always been a prophetic bird; its quacking saved Rome, and if man ever reaches the pole he must follow in the flight of the goose. These things, in brief, form the thought that first turned attention to the goose as a weather prophet, but it was left for the pioneers in the forests of Kentucky to first reveal the secrets of the bone. It is said of Simon Kenton, that before starting on a journey in the fall, he would carefully study the Goose Bone and make his arrangements in accordance with its prophetic readings, and Otter Lifter, the friendly Chief of the Cherokees, would come to the settlement to know what the bone said of the winter.

In selecting a goose two cautions must be observed. Never take a green goose, or a yellow one. A goose is termed green until it has passed four months, and yellow after it has passed through its first winter. The goose must have come out of the egg in the spring preceding the winter concerning which the bone prophesics. The best goese is one hatched out between the 15th of March and the 13th of April and killed after the ides of October, and great care should be taken to see that it has not been bruised. The best way to kill the goose is to swing it up by the feet, so as to be free from any hard substance, and cut its throat; do not hack the head oif. It should be left to hang and to drip for one hour. It should be picked dry and then rubbed briskly with a rough towel that has first been dipped in boiling water and wrung out. The goose may be cooked in the usual way, by a quick fire and not overdone. As soon as the bone is removed it should be placed in a pot of cold water and left on the stove until the water has boiled hard ten or fifteen minutes. The bone is then to be removed, scraped and rubbed dry,

when it is ready for reading.

The best reading of the bone is obtained before it has become thoroughly cold arter being removed from the pot and scraped. If the bone is left to stand the marks become dim and uncertain, and the reading is very unsatisfactory. Having your bone prepared the best way to study it is to go into a dark room and hold it before a bright light. The bone is translucent, and held before a strong light the marks upon it may be plainly discerned. The marks on the keel of the bone are the ones that are of significance. The other discolorations on the bone are merely correborative. The most distinguishing marks are in the shape of carets, breves, dots and semi-circles, and it is their position on the bone and the direction in which they are turned that gives the general indication of the weather. If a majority of the caretshaped marks point upward it will be clear and cold; but if they point down it will be gloomy, falling weather, with more or less rain and snow. The small breve marks and the semi-circles, as well as the dots and the scratch-like marks on the bone, indicate the temperature, and the heavier and darker they are the colder will be the weather. If they light, or but few of them on the bone, the winter will be open and pleasant. If the marks near the beginning of the bone point out, it indicates that there will be stormy, disagreeable weather during November; pointing out at the other end of the bone they indicate bad weather for March. The ridge running along near the middle of the keel of the bone is indicative of the length and severity of the winter; if the ridge extends, uninterrupted, the length of the bone and is dark and heavy, the winter will be a severe one; but if the ridge grows weak and indistinct at places for that part of the winter, the weather will be warm and thawing. All these features must be closely studied-first separately, and then together. Any one, by closely studying the bone, can correctly predict the general character of the weather during the three winter months; but it takes time, study and experience to divide the bone into days, so as to locate the date of the different changes. In Kentucky many of the best readers of the bone do not worry about reducing the prophecy to days, but are content with learning the general character of the winter, and this information is of great value to farmers when they find it such that they can depend upon it. That they can depend upon the Goose Bone many have frequently testified, and in hundreds of farm-houses through the State the Goose Bone is annually consulted and carefully preserved as a record of the vear.

The bone from which these predictions are adduced was taken from a goose that was hatched during the first week in April and killed on the 19th of October, and consequently comes within the rule of the very best bone that could be produced. The bone is very distinctly marked, indicating a warm, wet and unhealthy winter. Such will be the general character of the weather in this latitude for the three winter months; of course there will be some colder weather, but very few or any days will occur in which running water will freeze, and there will be a great deal of rain and snow. It will be such a winter as the old proverb says makes a green grave-yard. The marks near the head of the bone all point out, thus indicating that November will be unusually cold and stormy, and some very ugly and stormy weather may be looked for during the latter part of the month.

December will come in with sudden changes, and during the first seven days there will occur several blizzards, and probably some of these first days of the first week will be as cold as any of the season. On to the 14th the weather will be more fair, with fresh, nipping air, and whenever the wind changes to the south rain will quickly follow. Followlowing this up to the 22d, the weather will be warm for the season, but as the days commence to lengthen there will be a gradual fall of the thermometer, with a promise of colder and clearer weather for the holidays. This will be followed by rain or snow, and one or the other will accompany the old year as it goes out.

Falling weather will continue almost through the month of January. There will be frequent storms, with more or less rain or snow. Probably the coldest weather will occur about the middle of the month, followed by warmer weather and a heavy fall of rain or snow. From about the 21st on to the end of the month fair and colder weather will prevail.

February will come in clear and cold, followed by changeable weather with more or less rain or snow, which will prevail until just the middle of the month, then will follow a spring-like weather, and the trees will begin to bud, but the spots near the end of the keel indicate a sudden change and stormy weather at the close of the month, bringing March in like a lion.

Although the winter will be a very changeable one and the cold-wave flag will be a frequent sight, yet there will not be any very severe weather. The continued falling weather during January and the heavy snows that are promised will be apt to bring the river up out of its banks, and it is more than likely that a dangerous flood will follow in February. Along about the first week in December the weather will be severe for the season, but the coldest days will come to us about the middle of January, while February will be more like spring. Umbrellas, gum coats and overshoes will be more used than heavy wrappers. November will probably be the ugliest weather of the whole season.

An Episcopalian? Yes, I am a Presbyterian too; and I am a Methodist, and a Baptist and a Swedenborgian. I am everything that has any good in it .- Sermon, Contentment in All Things.

Whether Ireland ever will be quiet depends upon how many Irishmen emigrate. They are like whisky-not to be taken straight, but in mixture. Sermon, The Year Among the Nations.

We have in our midst that exceedingly high mountain to which Satan took Christ and showed Him the smiling world beneath. It is the daily newspaper .- After Dinner Speech, Baptist Union.

An earthquake cannot take place in India that is not felt here morally speaking. Ireland is as if within our national bordersand the greater part of it is .- Baptist Union, After Dinner Speech.

"Rejoice in the Lord always." I will defy anybody to do it, if he were such a God as was taught me when I was a boy .- Sermon, Christianity in Practice.

It was like driving a team of runaway horses and making love to a lady at the same time. - Description of a speech in Liverpool, 1863.

If you send a villain to Albany or Washington to represent you he does represent you!-Sermon, Abhorrence of Evil.

The man that has lived for himself has the privilege of being his own mourner .- Sermon, Generosity and Liberality.

VERY FUNNY SAYINGS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S HUMOR.

The Sallies in His Sermons-Queer Conceits and Phrases That Made Thousands of People Laugh.

From the New York Herald.

There is much that might be said about Beecher as a humorist, but nothing that could be said in proof of his claims would interest people so much at this time as what he said himself. The book before us, therefore, which bears the foregoing title, and which consists of selections from his published works made by Elanor Kirk, is timely and will be welcome.

Mr. Beecher was fond of saying funny things and thousands of people were fond of hearing them. It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that there are many who will be glad to possess such sallies in their collected form. The compilation in hand seems a careful one. The maker has taken pains to make it fairly representative, and, in its limits, worthy. To make it such must have required diligent reading and judicious appreciation. We learn that the volume was practically completed before Mr. Beecher was called away; and probably not a few of the readers who loved and admired him will enjoy the compilation the better from the knowledge that it was put together before his death rather than after it. We subjoin a liberal selection of the most characteristic utterances, now made public together:-

Old Dr. Chapman (one of the predecessors of my father's pulpit in Litchfield, Conn.), in the latter part of his ministry thought he had sinned away the day of grace and that he was going to hell, and he never showed himself so much a Christain as in the disposition which he manifested at the time. If it was God's will that he should go there he was willing to go. He did not know what he should do in hell, till one day he solved the question satisfactorily in his own mind, and said, "I will open a prayer meeting there!" He thought it would afford him some balm and consolation. I do not think that man ever got there .- Sermon, Sin Against the Holy Ghost.

One of the Mathers-Cotton Mather, I think it was-had an almost ridiculous way of spiritualizing overything he saw. When he was walking along the street, if he saw a tall man, he would say, "May he be tall in grace!" If he saw a short man, he would say, "May he be short in sin!" There was something queer in the habit as he carried it out, but in the idea of giving to every common event a spiritual suggestion there was nothing queer. It was pre-eminently wise. -Lecture Room Talks, "Realization of Christ's Presence."

Look at Herbert Spencer's God-it is nothing. It is exactly what the annual joke of our Professor Snell, in Amherst College, was, when he said:-"Gentlemen, you will perceive this invisible ball!" I do not revile Herbert Spencer; many of the stones that shine out by and by in the completed temple of God will have come from his hands, but I think his writings should be taken as the disciples took the wheat, which they ate, rubbing it in their hands .- Lectures on Preach-

It has been supposed that we sprang from monkeys, and there has been an inquisition to see if there has not been a caudal appendage rubbed off. Nations have been explored to find a man who had a tail as a monkey has, or some traces of one. You are looking in the wrong place. Look inside and you will find resemblances to the monkey, the lion, the bear and the hog-all of them. Human nature is full of the animal.—Ser-Urey Woodson, which it becomes the evening between W. N. Sweeney and A difficulty occurred late yesterday

From the Owenshoro Messenger.

Some justify the obscurities of their style, saying that it is a good practice for men to be obliged to dig for the ideas which they get. But I submit to that working on Sunday is not proper for ordinary people in church, and obliging your parishoners to dig and delve for ideas in your sermons is making them do the very work work you are paid a salary to do for them .- Lectures on Preaching.

Tommy Taft met the minister at the door and put out his great, rough hand to shake. "Thankee, Doctor, thankee; very well done. Couldn't do it better myself. It'll do good-know it! Feel better myself. I need just such preachin'-mouldy old sinner-need a scourin' about once a week. Drefful wicked to hev such doctrine, and not be no better-ain't it, Doctor?"-Norwood.

A man cannot understand any mental process except so far as he has experimental participation in it. For instance, I never think in music. Beethoven never thought out of it. If 1 attempt to whistle a new tune, it is always made up of scraps of old ones-it is a hash (and so I observe it is with most tune writers) .- Sermon, Man's Two Natures.

There are those that are instructed in the necessity of cross bearing who, that they may not be without a cross, make up little crosses, and are careful that they are made not only small but of light timber. Their crosses are the hermit's shell, like the old pilgrim's scallop which was worn on the shoulder .- Sermon, Bearing, but not Overborne.

Many of you object to our war because it is war. Now, I must say that for an Englishman to be opposed on principle to war is a greater mark of sincerity and frankness than anything I know of. You have two wars on hand now, and I hardly know the time when you have not had one .- Speech in London.

A woman's nature will never be changed. Men might spin and churn, and knit and sew and cook, and rock the cradle, for a hundred generations and not be women. And woman will not become man by external occupation. God's colors do not wash out. Sex is dyed in the wool .- Sermon, Thanksgiving.

The old Greeks said that a man had two ears and one mouth, that he might hear twice and speak once, and there is a good deal of good sense in it. You will find that if you will simply hold your peace you will pass over nine out of ten of the provocations of life. - Sermon, Peaceable Living.

When I was a boy nothing suited me so well as to have my father whip me when my clothes were on. Then I could bear it with the most equanimity. It was when he took me at advantage, in the morning, before I was dressed, that I did not like whipping .-Sermon, "The Conflicts of Life."

I rejoice in the provision that is made for more leisure, more vacation, more laughter and less crying. These rub out the wrinkles. They widen the brain. They make the heart pulsate with better blood. Relaxation is a good thing. - Sermon, Brain Life in America.

It always seemed to me that, however mischievous to us was moth's appetite, it must be a very lean and melancholy thing to him to eat dry cloth, with nothing to drink, growing fat upon rubbish and washing it down with darkness .- Eyes and Ears.

Do you suppose I study musty old books when I want to preach? No, I study you. When I want to know more about the doctrine of depravity I study you, and I have abundant illustrations on every side. -- Sermon, "Sphere of the Christain minister.

The Bible is like a telescope, if a man looks through his telescope, then he sees worlds beyond; but if he looks at his telescope, then he does not see anything but that .- Sermon, The Way of Coming to Christ.

The opinion of Solomon is not shared by men very generally. Conceit is very much in repute. People who are conceited, by no means think that they are fools-they think that Solomen was one .- Sermon, Conceit.

Shoot and eat my birds? It is but a step this side of cannibalism. The next step beyoud and one would hanker after Jenny



A Woman's Superstition.

She (just in from an afternoon's shopping and running to her husband)—I've had such a lovely time. I've just come from Biauk's, and I saw two such lovely jackets, one at \$113 and another at \$225.

"Well, and which one did you finally buy"

"You know, dear, how superstitious I am about the No. 13, so I simply had to buy the

Heaven Didn't Suit Her

[Troy Standard.] A little girl was talking to her mother one day about Heaven. She said:

"Ma, is there a nursery there?"

"No," replied the parent.

"No picture books?"

"No."

"No Noah's ark?"
"No."

The little child dropped her eyes. She was evidently reflecting. She thought Heaven was no desirable place. She closed her meditations with a long drawn sigh, and

said:
"Well, then, I believe I'll take dolly and
go to hell."

[Boston Transcript.]

The father of a family, becoming annoyed at the fault-finding of his children over their food, exclaimed in a rage one day at dinner: "You children are intolerable; you turn up your noses at everything. When I was a boy I was often glad enough to get dry bread to eat."

"Poor papa," said Rose, the pet of the family; "I am so glad you are having such nice times now living with mamma and us."

GOD'S APPOINTMENTS.

Two men went forth, one summer hour.

And but a were young and brave and true;
Two loyar hearts, two ora no of power,
Eager to dare and do.

Each followed right, each turned from wrong, And strove his errors to outlive; Each sought with hope and courage strong The best life has to give.

For ore love's fountain yielded up lts sweetest—royally be quaffed: The other drank from brimining cup A bilter, bitter draught.

One touched but stones, they changed to gold,
Wealth came and stayed at his command;
The other's silver turned to mod
And dust within his hand.

The world crowne I one with leaves of bay,
He ate with kings, their honors shared;
The other trod a barren way,
And few men knew or cared.

And this is life: two sow, one reaps;
Two runs abreast, one gains the goal;
One laughs moud, the other weeps
In anguish of his sout.

One seems of fate the helpless toy.
Unbroken one's triumphant chain;
God nath appointed one to joy,
Appointed one to pain.

The Wisdom that doth rule the world is wisdom far bejond our ken:
But when all seems to rule hurled,
God's hand is mighty then.

In God's appointments I believe,
Trusting his love, believe in this:
That though from day to day men grieve,
And life's sweet fruitage miss,

In some glad future they shall know
Why one through striving may not win;
The book of Life will surely show
Why all these things have been.

EMMA C. DOWD.

"Tom" Nast Talks On Politics.

Thomas Nast, the caricaturist, is stopping at the Palace Hotel. He came from New York by the Canadian Pacific, and speaks enthusiastically of the development of the

Northern States. Mr. Nast has taken his trip simply for pleasure and for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired by reason of overwork last year. He will stay in this city for several days, and will then procoed to Silverthorn, Col., on a visit to his sou, after which both will return to San Francisco. "I have not worked on Harper's since January, the preparation for the Christmas work of that paper having made me indisposed. I think I will take an active work in the next political campaign. When I am engaged on the paper I am never crossed in my political opinions. I could not work when constrained to do so, or on the inspiration of another man. They let me have my own may."

"What do you think of the political horo-

scope of next year?"

Well, I do not think it will be Blaine.

He lought his fight, and that is the end of him. There will be some new man of the younger generation on the next Republican tieket. I do not know who he will be. Some people say that the Republican party contains all that is respectable and decent in politics, but it is not so. How can a party which only represents one-half of the voting population make such a claim? The other side plust contain many good men. People also take about mugwumps, out there are more of them than are acknowledged, and there will be more of them."

A Blizzard Episode.

The old man, muffled to the ears, was shoveling off the snow; the pitiless blizzard howled dismally through his whiskers, and he was mad all the way through.

"My dear," came a voice from an upper window.

back. "Let me alone! I'm busy!" and he went on shoveling, and down slammed

Half an hour later the same voice from the same window came in earnest, pleading tones:

"Well, what in thunder do you want,"
he shouted. " is the house on fire?"
"No. John." walled the voice. " the
house is all right, but you are shoveling
off the wrong walk."
Then the blizzard turned and fied.

muter as I. Gardiner.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Arrangements for the Iron King's Wedding at New York To-day.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

NEW YORK, April 21 .- [Special.]-All preparations were completed to-day for the marriage of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Scotch iron king and bachelor millionaire, to Miss Whitfield, at the latter's residence, 35 West Forty-eighth street, to-morrow evening. Rev. Charles H. Eaton, of the Church of the Divine Paternity, will perform the ceremony. In accordance with Mr. Carnegie's express desires, due to the recent death of his mother, the affair will be as simple and as quiet as possible. Not over fifteen persons will be present. The ceremony will take place about 8 o'clock. There will be no fioral display or reception. After the wedding the bridal couple will probably be driven direct to the steamer Fulda, as it is to sail at 6 o'clock on Saturday morning, and Mr. Caarnegie has engaged rooms on board. There is considerable speculation regarding the groom's welding gift to his bride, but the closest secreey is maintained on this subject.

A. Drie

MARRIED AT NOON.

Mr. W. R. Bate and Miss Lucy Washington Wedded at Christ Church.

Mr. W. R. Bate, Superintendent of the Letter-carriers' Department of the city post-office, and Miss Lucy Washington, were married at noon yesterday at Christ church, Rev. Charles E. Craik officiating. There were no attendants. Immediately after the ceremony the newly-married couple left for a trip to Columbus, O., and Eastern points, and will be absent two or three weeks.

Mr. Bate is well known here, and has a large circle of friends. He has made himself very popular in his official position, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. The bride is a charming young lady, and is the daughter of the late Dr. Washington, of New Orleans. For the past year or two she has resided in this city with her aunt, Mrs. Linton, at Floyd street and Broadway, and has many friends and admirers.

Trees With a History.

A butterwood tree, supposed to be 150 years old, has just been felled at Burlington, N. J., that was twenty feet in circumference.

A silver maple sixteen feet in circumference, in Middletown, Ill., was grown from a twig which a traveler stuck into the ground while passing through in 1840.

The fruit and foliage of the buckeye in Arkansas is death to cattle. Indians fish with it tied in a bag, which they drag through the water, and in an hour the fish rise to the surface and die.

A gooseberry bush is growing amazingly fifteen feet from the ground in the forks of a large elm tree at Newton, N. J.; it is now two feet in length, and supposed to be the product of a seed deposited there by birds.

The remains of what was probably the largest cedar tree on the continent may be seen six miles from Oakville, Chehalis county, W. T. The hollow stub stands fifty feet high and seventy-three in circumference 21/2 feet from the ground.

The two oldest trees in the world are supposed to be the one in Calaveras county, Cal., that is believed to be 2,565 years old, and the cypress of Somma, in Lombardy, Italy, that is 1,911 years old or planted forty-two years before Christ.

The Senior Class.

The world is lovely, if one views it right:
Just look upon it on the side that's bright.
"Tis but a panorama, as life flies;
As ugsome scenes are passing close the eyes.
But there is much so beautiful and grand!
For instance, take the view from where we stand;
Stand close, and see the fair procession pass:
The High School girls—those of the Senior Class.

We've seen your Senior Class—the noble pirls!
With roseate faces, some with flowing curls,
With books and books encircled by their arms;
Their weight of knowledge adding to their charms.

Their charms increasing, and their learning, too,
Which is apparent as they pass review.
What wonder I stand bared as they pass,
These fairy beings of the Senior Class.

Upon reflective food they've long been fed, They're all well up in language of the dead, Learned, too, in higher mathematics-Bright in all things-none of your phlegmatics; Can measure well the distance to the stars, Know, too, the weight of Jupiter and Mars, And know the meaning of "Amo," "Amas," These charming members of the Senior Class. There's imaged in my mind, upon my heart, A tender being, of myself a part, Charming, though is she, and fair of form, Of brilliant mind, and in her friendships warm, Beloved by all who greet her winning glance. Possessing favors Heaven rarely grants; And I can see her now, the witching lass-The charming girl, once of the Senior Class.

How much of future happiness presage.

These wives and mothers of a coming age!
They were enough to make one wish to live
Beyond his time—the blessings they will give.
But that fond hope were vain; yet we may pray
They may be glorious in a future day.
Then stand apart and let the dear girls pass—
The High School girls—they of the Senior Class.

Pleasant Occasions.

In the Height of Fashion. [Burlington Free Press.]

"What did Mrs. Newlywed have on at the party?" asked Mrs. Popinjay, who did not

"Above the waist or below?" inquired e Popinjay, unbuttoning his dude collar and throwing it on the floor.

throwing it on the floor.

"Above, of course. The skirt isn't so important."

"Well," said Popinjay, reflectively, scratching his head, "I think she had on a pair of bangles and an eyeglass."

RS

COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT

-BY THE-

Gighteenth Infantry Band,

-TO-

mrs W. V. Wolfe

MAY 20, 1887, 8.00 P. M.

PROGRAMME:

- 1. Grand Selection from Planquette's Opera "Les Cloches de Corneville."
- 2. Mexican Serenade-" Mandolinata "...... Langey.
- 3. Grand Selection from Verdi's Opera "Trovatore."

"MY TIMES ARE INTHY HANDS."

I do not know how lies my road

00

- Along the hidden way:
 I do not know how deep the ford
 Through which my steps shall stray;
- But I know this: its windings are Unveiled before His eye, And every stream, with measured care, Their depths He kindly tries.
- I do not know what steeps amid
- Its windings lie concealed; I do not know weat should lie hid,
- But I know this: He put them there,
- My earnestness to test, And each one overcome shall bear
- Me nearer to His rest.

 Ah! yes; I know He gives to each
- His own peculiar care:
- 'Tis just the one that best shall teach,
- And just what he can bear.

 "Like as a feather" my strength he feels,
 His love no measure knows;
- And love and wisdom He reveals In all His trying blows.
- Oh! heart, be still—falth fully yield, Rejoice when trials test; The metal of the burnished shield
- "Tis wise to manifest.
 When Satan wields his spear on high,
- Knowing 'twas never tested by
 The touch of burn'sd s.cel'
- Oh! heart be still. Our Father's love No human heart can know. As high as Heaven is above,
- He tells us it doth soar;
 As far's the east is from the west,
 Our offenses he removes;
- Our offenses he removes; Then doubt nor fear his hery test, His love to thee behooves.
- Ah! not one step wish I to see
 Before its ordered place;
 It surely is enough for me
 That He each one doth trace.
 When sorrow shadows darkly bring
- And trian's sting infest,

 I hide me 'neath His shadowy wing

 And cry, "Thou knowest best."

N. M. S.

Commencing Thursday, March 24,

THREE NIGHTS AND SATURDAY MATINEE

MODJESEA

Supported by Her Own Company, and

MAURICE BARRYMORE.

A Romantic Drama, in Three Acts and Eight Tableaux, from a Novel by BALZAC.

>THE * CHOUANSK

bramatized for Mme. Modjeska by Pierre Berton. English Version by Paul M. Potter.

ROYALISTS.

MARQUIS DE MONTAURAN, called the White

MAURICE BARRYMORE JAMES COOPER BARON DU GUENIC. COUNT DE BEAUVEAU Royalist Leaders PRINCESS DE ROHAN. . . WILLIAM HAWORTH PILLE-MICHE . . . FRANK LYMAN Chouans JEANNIC, Cibot's Son LAURA JOHNSON LA BARBETIE, his wife MARY SHAW FRANCINE, Marie's Maid, a CLARA ELLISON

REPUBLICANS.

ACT I.—Scene 1. The Road to Fourgeres, Cibot's Farm. (Painted by Voegtlin and Thompson.) Scene 2. An Inn at Fourgeres. Scene 3. Terrace at the Castle of Vivonne. (Painted by Thompson.)

ACT II.—Scene 1. Ball Room in the Castle de Montauran. Scene 2. Interior of Cibot's Cottage. (Painted by Maeder.)

ACT III.—Scene 1. Cathedral at Fourgeres, used as a Guard Room.
Scene 2. A Room in the Castle of Fourgere, changing to the Exterior of the Castle and Moonlight. (Painted by Thompson.)

Therains Administration Continued of Whind Proc

The three vacancies in the staff department of the army were filled yesterday by the appointment of Lieut. George Hoyt, Eighteenth Infantry, to be Assistant Quartermaster, with the rank of Captain; Lieut. Henry B. Osgood, Third Artillery, and Gen. L. W. Alexander, of Iowa, to be Commissaries in the Subsistence Department, with the rank of Captain.

In the appointment of Lieutenant George S. Hoyt, Eighteenth infantry, to be assistant quartermaster in the army with the rank of captain President Harrison has made a wise selection. It is just such a one as will receive the unanimous approval of the service. Captain Hoyt enlisted in the army at the breaking out of the war and has made for himself an exceedingly good record during his period of service. He has held the rank of first lieutenant for fifteen years. Captain Hoyt is on duty at the prison here and was heartily congratulated yesterday. Second Lieutenant Griffith is promoted a first lieutenant by this appointment.

The Boy Recognied.

[Troy Times.]

A boy suffering from an aggravated case of hiccoughs entered a Funton-street market this morning. "What's the matter?" said the marketman, "I—hic—got—hic—the—hic—biccoughs." "You have, eh? Where's that \$2 bill that was on the desk when you went out this morning?" angrily inquired the butcher, for the boy had teen in the market earlier. "I didn't see no \$2 bill," answered the boy, who began to turn pale. "Let me see what is in your pockets?" The boy emptied his poekets, but there was no bill there. "I guess I must have been mistaken about that bill." said the marketman wien a smile. "How's your hiccoughs?" "They're gone," replied the boy. The cure had worked to a charm.

DR. WILSON'S SPOOL OF THREAD.

It's Just as Good a Burglar Alarm as

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

There's a big safe in the closet of Dr. L. H. Willard's office, and Dr. C. A. Wilson, who has been associated with Dr. Willard on the staff of the Homospathic Hospital, has been looking after his practice and incidentally after his safe. One day last week Dr. Wilson had occasion to put \$100, or some sum of about that size, in the safe, and a few hours later chanced to discover that \$10 of it had disappeared. Dr. Wilson is a modest man and he was rather inclined to believe that he had counted the money wrongly, until on Friday once again the pile in the safe fell away, this time to the tone of \$20. Dr. Wilson thought the experimental stage had gone far enough, and decided to proceed at once to a practical operation, with a view to preserving the sanctity of the safe. The closet where this solid institution is harbored is divided from the outer world by a door. Dr. Wilson got a spool of thread, tied the thread to the door-knob of the closet, and carried the spool with him to a back room up stairs. The closet door was closed upon the safe.

Dr. Wilson put the spool upon a chair and sat down on the bed to await developments. He also took off his shoes and made sure that his six-shooter was in good working order. It was still broad daylight; the afternoon sun gilded that little spool of thread as it lay minute after minute motionless upon the chair. Dr. Wilson had not heard a sound in the rest of the empty house, and it was without warning of any kind that the spool of thread jumped off the chair. Somebody

had opened the closet door and the safe was being tampered with.

period of suspense.

not needed.

Dr. Wilson took another look at his revolver and then slipped quietly down the stairs. Dr. Willard's office has two doors, one opening on to the street, the other leading into the house. The first is always open, the latter on this occasion was stealthily opened by Dr. Wilson. He looked into the room and saw at once that a man was calmly and in a leisurely manner dallying with the sacred secrets of the safe. The door of the safe was open and the thief would have had it all his own way if Dr. Wilson had not been in the rear with a grinning revolver in his hand. There was a painful suddenness about the question with which Dr. Wilson broke the awkward

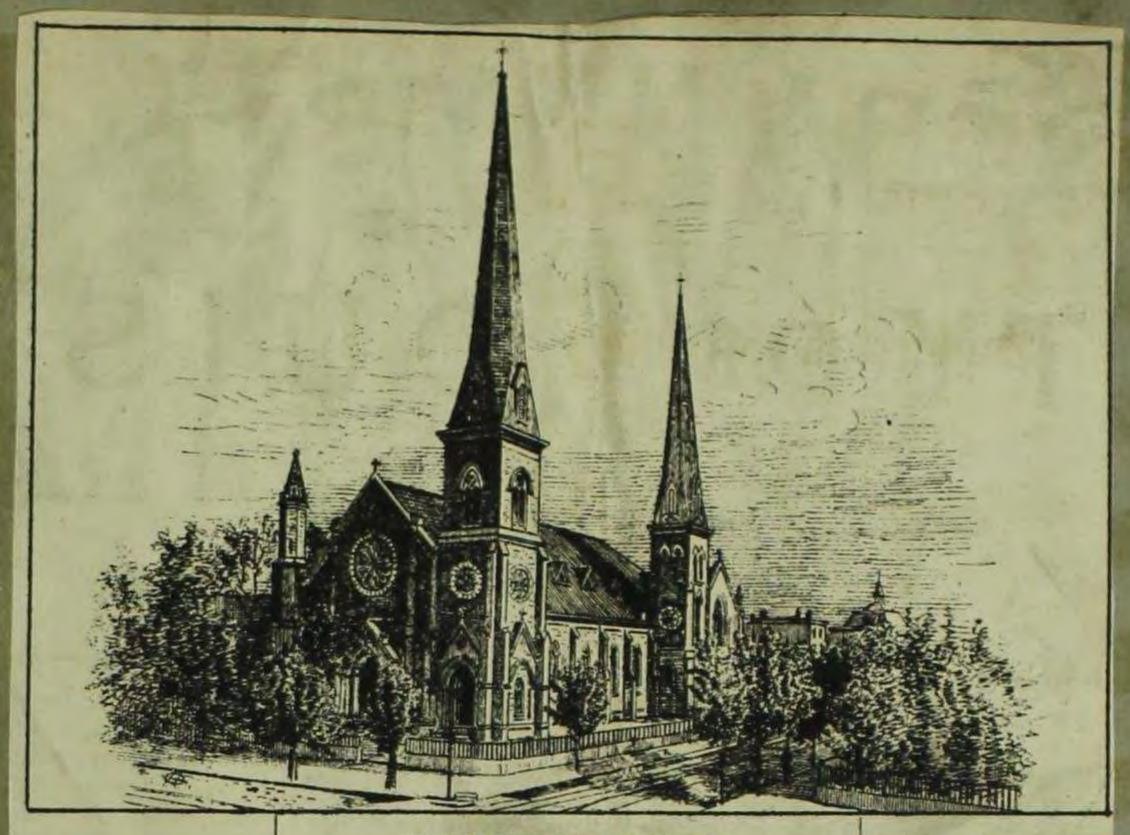
"Where did you learn the combination?" Dr. Wilson coldly asked. The investigator of safes looked around, made a feeble attempt to speak, and with a very white face concentrated his gaze on the revolver. He didn't show a fragment of a desire to argue the question with his fists or otherwise, so Dr. Wilson went over to the telephone and asked Central to call for a police officer. While the officer was on the way Dr. Wilson improved the occasion by examining his prisoner. He was not an ordinary thief, but a respectable man of thirty or so, who, it appears, occupies what people call a position in society in Allegheny county. He had been a patient of Dr. Willard's, and how he came to discover the combination of the safe can be guessed. He begged Dr. Wilson to let him go, and offered to pay back all the money he had taken if spared the publicity of arrest. He talked well; anyway, Dr. Wilson has a big heart, and the result was that by the time the policeman reached Dr. Wilson's office his services were

Punishing a Boy.
(N. Y. Sun.)

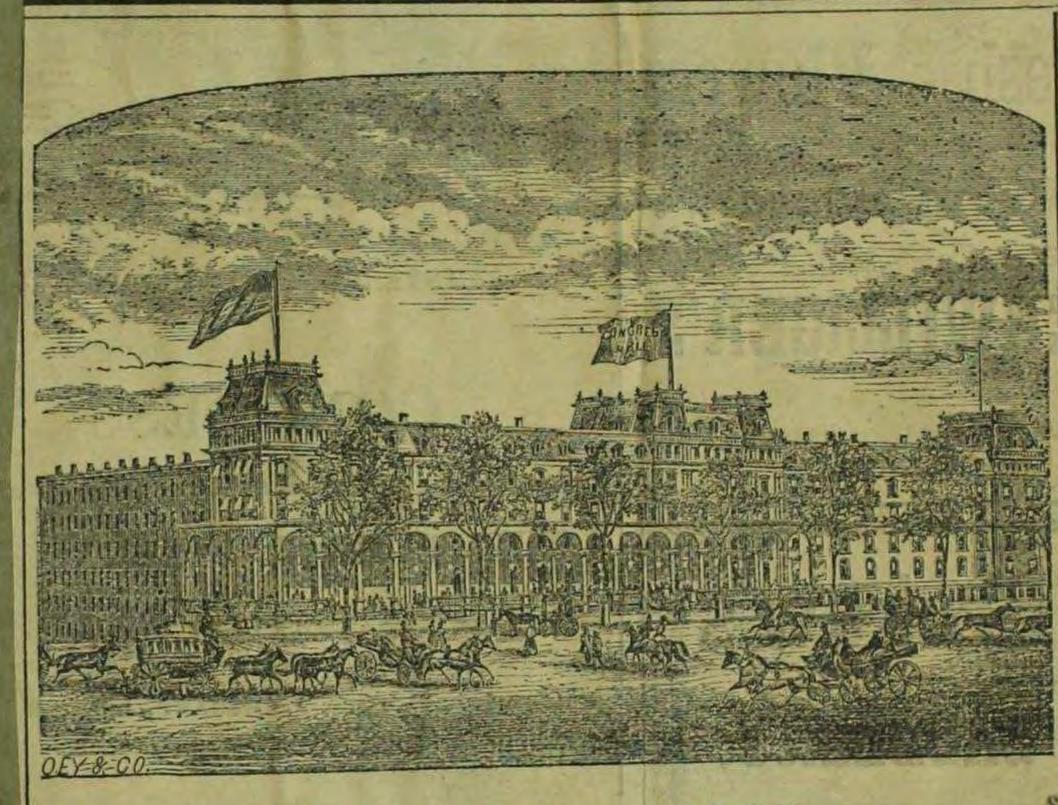
"Bobby," said the mother sternly, "you go into the back yard and stay there. I'll teach you to open the front gate without permission!"

Bobby went into the back yard, and was so quiet and good that at the end of an hour his mother relented and told him that he could play on the sidewalk a little while if he wouldn't go into the street.

"Ma," he said, "can't I play in the back



SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



CONGRESS HALL.

A good story is told of a Kentucky Colenel in Washington—Col. Dick we'll call him—and Col. Jim ——, who is a prominent Treasury official. Col. Dick went to Col. Jim's office for the purpose of raising a small loan, when the following ensued:

Col. Dick-Well, Col. Jim, how're feeling teday? Everything lovely, I suppose?

Col. Jim-No, it isn't. I indorsed a draft the other day for a friend from Texas, and now it's been protested and I've got to hustle around to raise the money.

Col. Dick—Ah, Colonel, you're a mind-reader. The fact is I came here to ask you for a loan of \$50, and you have found it out before I said a word about it.

Col. Jim-O, no, I didn't suspect anything of the sort. I told you the matter, because I have just learned of the draft being protested.

Col. Dick-Now, Colonel, that's too thin. If you ain't a mind-reader I am, and I know d-d well that that draft story's all a lie.

The two Colonels went out and took something, and Col. Dick succeeded in his negotiation.

Useless Neighbors.

[On aha World.]

Mrs. Gossip-"Is that house alongside of

Mrs. Gabb-"No; a family moved in last

"Nice folks?"

"Nice? They're the trashiest kind of people; live from hand to mouth; buy things by the cent's worth, I guess."

"La me!"

"True as I am sitting here. I've sent in a dozen times to borrow things and they was out of 'em every time."

Congressional demagogue (at a mass-meeting)—Yes, gentlemen, labor is the cornerstone of our prosperity. Voice (from the audience)—Thrue fer you. The cornerstone of a buildin' is highly honored, isn't it, sor? "Honored! It is the stone selected for the reception of the most valued records and most precious testimonials of its era of civilization." "Thrue agin, sor. An' it's dorn near the bottom it is, too, sor."

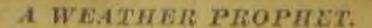


VICTORIA, WIFE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

Empanore Aumioto con

DR. HOLMES' CORRESPONDENCE .-Of all our famous writers Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has long been known as one of the most prompt and amiable of correspondents. Burdened, perhaps, with a larger number of letters than any modern author, the kind-hearted poet has never failed to keep abreast of his correspondence, answering each letter with his own hand, and always penned with his accustomed neatness and care. No matter how trivial the question or how ofttimes impertinent the request, a kind and respectful answer was invariably given. Aspiring authors, autograph collectors, advice-seekers, and the multitude of people that always follow at the heels of the famous writer, making his life almost miserable, have always found in Dr. Holmes more than a ready and genial correspondent; but the poet who has sung himself into so many hearts is no longer young, and although his amiability and good wishes towards all who write him will doubtless continue, the answers will not be couched so often in the graceful Italian handwriting of the poet. Instead, many will receive a tastefully printed note reading as follows:

"Dr. Holmes regrets that impaired eyesight and the large demands made upon his time by distant and unknown friends oblige him to contract his hitherto extended correspondence, and to avail himself of the services of an assistant in writing."



He Has Kept the Run of Years Since 1858-A Severe Winter Follows a Dry Summer.

[J. D. Whiton in Chicago Journal.]

Since Paul H. Dennis has ceased to give us his notes on the early flight of the geese southward, the abundance of spider webs spread on the fields in the autumn, and the magnitude of the muskrats' nests in the early winter as the signs of an open or severe winter, many interested have been at a loss to know what the present winter would be. To an observer of these signs for many years, they have all pointed to a severe winter, this, the fifth in succession. It almost invariably proves true, also, that a severe winter follows a dry summer, such as the past one of 1887. To prove the above the following record is submitted:

1853, dry summer; following winter very cold; ice 24 inches.

1854, very hot summer; winter coldest known.

1855, average summer; winter intensely

1856, average summer; winter very cold. 1859, dry summer; winter intensely cold. 1860; average summer; mild fall; winter cold; six weeks sleighing, to March 1.

1861, hot summer; winter cold; sleighing from December 15 to April 1.

1863, mild and dry summer; winter coid; thermometer 54 below zero, and cold to February 15.

1866, hot and dry summer; very cold January and February.

1807, ary summer and fall mild; winter set in December 26 and cold till March 1.

1868, summer hot: severe winter from November 20 to January 10.

1869, summer very dry; winter from December 1, steady and cold.

1871, very dry fall; winter set in December 8, cold to spring.

1874, dry and mild fall and pleasant; winter November 20, and cold to April 20. 1876, summer hot and dry; winter set in November 26, cold to March 1, ninety days! sleighing.

1878, April to July very dry; winter very

cold, ice twenty-eight inches. 1880, dry summer; severe winter, Decem-

bar 29 extreme cold, and 5 below zero in Texas. 1881, average summer; winter very cold

November 29, ice ten inches, and snow from Maine to Virginia. 1882, dry summer; winter cold, December

8, 18 below, severe winter. 1883, dry and hot summer; severe winter,

February I, 15 below. 1883, average summer; cold winter, December 17, 2 below, January 19, 25 to 30 below.

1885, average summer; severe winter, December 20 below. 1886, dry summer; cold winter, December

ice 10 inches, January 20 below. 1887, dry summer: winter cold from December 20, ice thirteen inches and colder

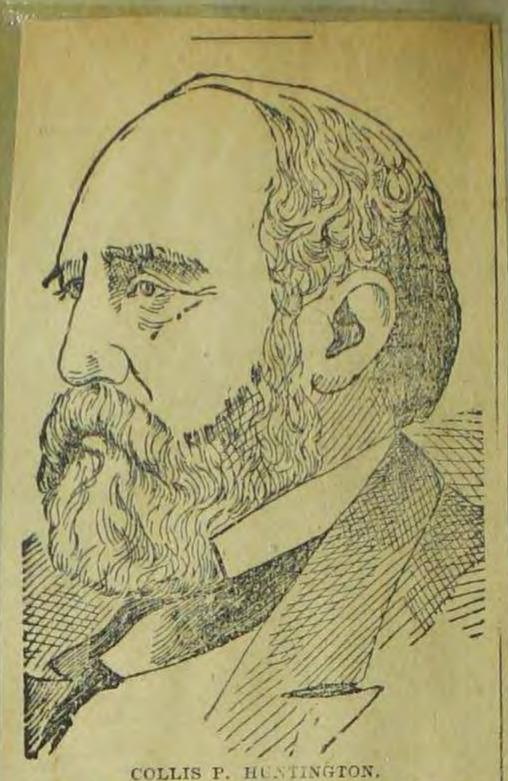
weather predicted. The goose-hone of last fall from a goose hatched out in the spring, gave dark spots around the keel of the bone, indicating regular and not severe weather this winter, the coldest being the first half of January and the latter part of the month, heavy thaws, and on the whole what would be called an open winter. We will take the theory of a

dry summer and large muskrat houses and wait the result.

Another Story About Dan Rice.

(Exchange.)

Dan Rice, the veteran showman, was nicely fooled one day, as he was engaged announcing the wonders of his circus outside the tent. A man standing with a little boy in the crowd near by cried out: "I'll bet you a dollar you can not let me see a llon." "Done!" said the showman, eagerly; "put down your money." The man placed his dollar in the hand of a bystander, and Dan did the same. "Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll soon convince you. There you are," said he, triumphantly, "look in that corner at the beautiful Numidian Hon.". "I don't see any." responded the man. "What's the matter with -you?" asked the showman. "I'm blind," was the granting reply, and in a few minutes the man pocketed the \$2 and went away.



Mr. Collis P. Huntington, the millionaire railroad magnate, and late President of the Chesapeake and Ohio system, passed through the city yesterday morning, accompanied by his private secretary. He stopped for several hours at the Galt House, where he was joined by his wife and daughter, who were to accompany him to Portland, Oregon, and there spend some time in pleasant recrea-

GEN. GREELY ON THE BLIZZARD.

Nothing Equalling It Since the Signal Service Was Established.

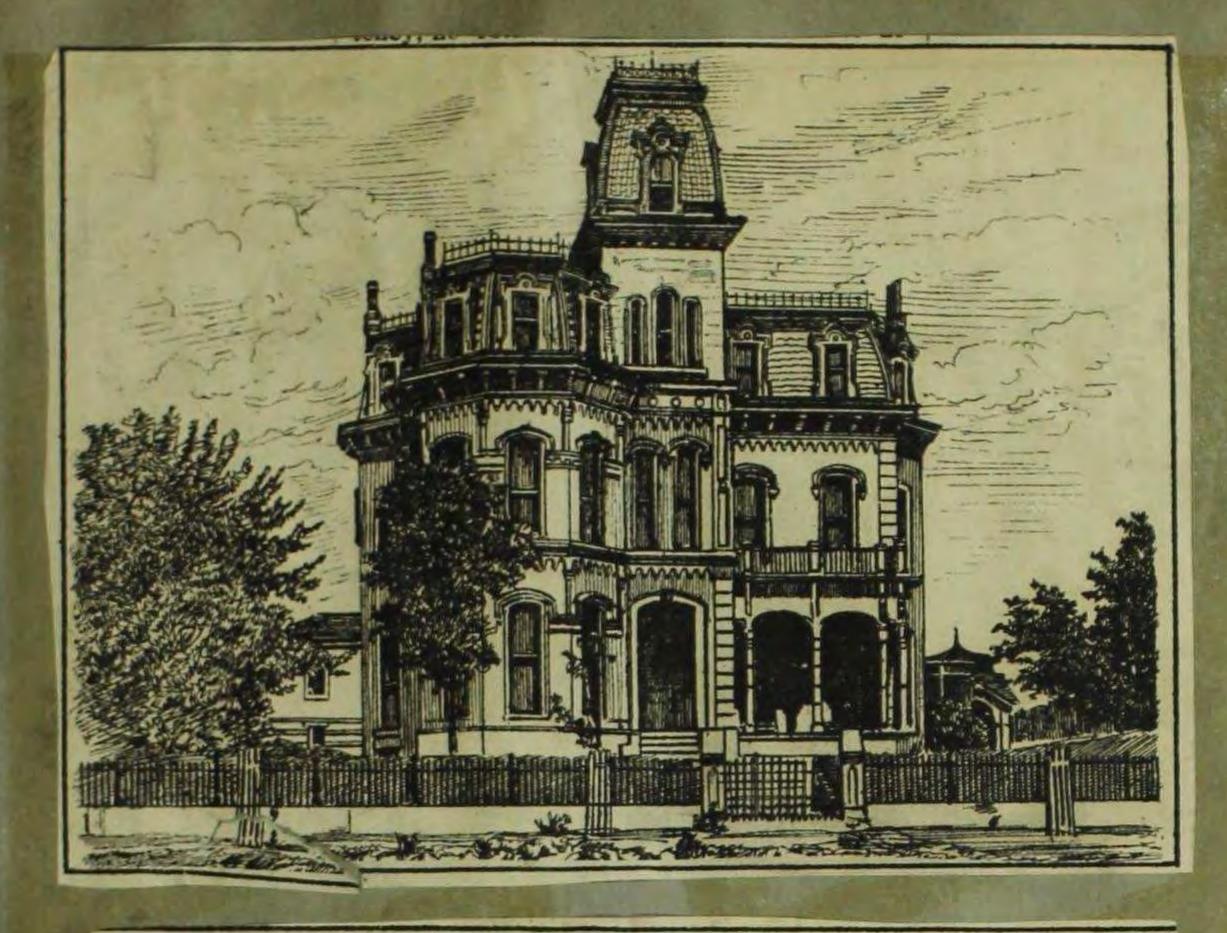
[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

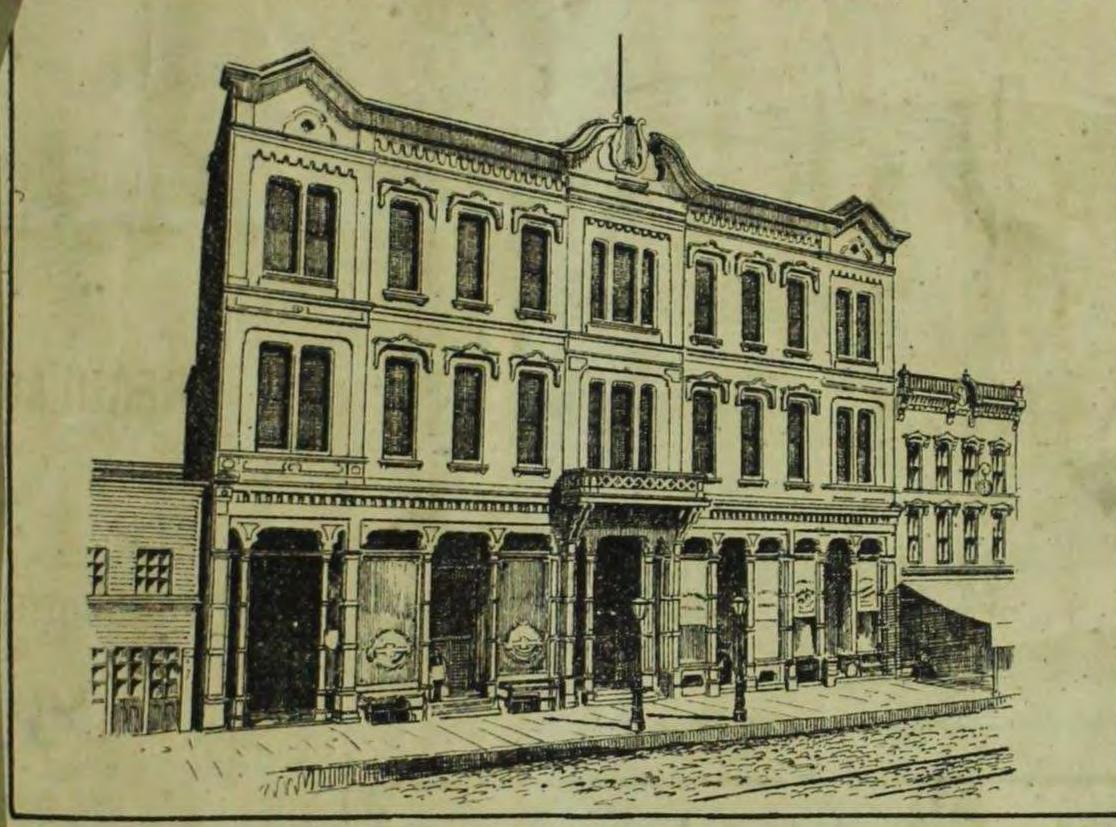
Washington, March 16 - "During the fifteen years that the Signal Bureau has been in operation," said Gen. Greely to a World correspondent yesterday, 'there has been no storm which has so interfered with the business of the country. We have had storms which have been more furious and which have caused greater destruction to property, but none which so completely cut off all telegraphic communication and isolated certain portions of the country as completely as though surrounded by a rolling ocean. In many respects this was a remarkable storm. The barometer, as the reports show, was not unusually low for a winter's storm. nor was the temperature, but the wind attained a great velocity. The most noteworthy feature of the storm was the heavy snow. Almost as soon a it tell it froze in solid ice, the weight of which ou the telegraph wires caused them to go down.

"The storm originated on the Pacific coast, where it was central on the 7th inst. It slowly passed over the plateau of the Rocky Mountain location, being central in Nevada, Utah, Colorado and Northern Texas, where it arrived on the 9th, There was an extended barometric depression with but slight annoyance. During the 9th and 10th it formed into a depression extending from the Gulf northward to Luke Superior and was attended by general rains in the central valleys with light snow in the Northwest. When in this position two centres of the disturbance were observed, one in the Southern States and one in the upper take region. The northern possessed the greater energy, and was attended by heavy gales. On Saturday and Sunday these two centres of disturbance moved eastward, the northern passing to the north of the St. Lawrence and disappearing during Sunday, while the southern advanced to the South Atlantic coast, increasing during Sunday and Monday, This was followed by a cold wave and by snow and rain, the rain turning to snow as far south as Virginia. The temperature fell rapidly after the wind shifted to the west, causing freezing weather generally through the Southern Atlantic States and frost in Northern Florida.

"The gales were unusually severe from Cape Hatteras northward, the maximum velocity of the wind exceeding fifty miles an hour at most of the coast stations. We had no reports from any of the Northern States on Sunday, and they continued missing on Monday and Tuesday from the Atlantic coast, the Gulf coast and the Northern States generally. The storm probably reached its greatest velocity while the centre was passing along and near to the Southern New England and New Jersey coasts. The lowest parometer in New York was 29.44 on Tuesday morning, while the storm centre was near that section. The lowest tem-

perature was 14 degrees above zero in Washington and 6 above in New York."





LIEDERKRANZ HALL.



SOME VERY OLD PEOPLE.

Mrs. Catherine Conder, of Rochester N. Y. became 100 years old May 9. She was born in Herkimer county in 1789, and apparently has several years before her.

Uncle Dick Bennett, of Bentonville, Mo., who used to be known as "Dick Bennett, the Quarter Horse Racer," joined the Christian church and was immersed Sunday last. Uncle Dick is 109 years old and very vigorous.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hillard, of Iowa, Mrs. Margaret Arnold, of Ohio, and Mrs. Susan Bailey, of Dakota, are sisters. The first is 112 years old, the second 109, and the third ninety-six, making a total of 317 years for these three remarkable women.

Mrs. Chester Woodford, aged ninety-four, died in Avon, Conn., on March 29; her sister, Mrs. George B. Woodford, aged ninety-two, of the same place, died on April 3; and her sister-in-law, Mrs Truman Woodford, aged ninety-four, died in Hartford on April 1.

Victoriano. an Indian of San Jacinto, Cal., once chief of the Seranoes, is thought to be at least 125 years old. His narration of scenes at the San Gabriel mission, where he worked when a boy, confirms this belief. His mind is active and his memory good.

Mrs. Abigail Jones Goldsmith, who recently celebrated her 100th birthday in Painesville, O., has ten children, twenty-six grandchildren, fifteen great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild, and the aggregate of the ages of the mother and living decendants is over 1,000 years.

Mrs. Betsey Averhill, of New Preston Conn., celebrated her 100th birthday on May 5. She was born in Southbury, joined the congregational church in 1808, was married in 1815, and has had five children, sixteen grandchildren, and twenty-seven great-grandchildren,. She is an exceedingly well preserved old lady.

Col. Sam B. Chambers, who died in Greens-burg, Ind., last week, was once the proprietor of the old Chambers' circus, and had more than a local reputation as a clown. He was known as "Old Silver-Top," and after the war, in which he served at the head of a Pennsylvania regiment, became known as a temperance lecturer throughout Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio.

Ex-Judge L. P. Williston, of Tioga, has been striken down by apoplexy and is paralyzed on the left side. He is seventy-three years old, and his recovery is doubtful. He was one of the brightest lawyers at the Tioga county bar. He was a prominent member of the lower house of the Legislature from 1856 to 1860, and afterward a United States Judge in the Territory of Dakota for about three years, and was transferred to Montana, where he held the same position for four years.

The man has died within a few days who wrote the deeds of the property which changed ownership at the first sale of lots on the ground where Kansas City now stands, but when there was not a single house. It was the same energetic pioneer who built the first frame house in Dallas, Tex. Here he made his home, and was so prominent in the development of the city as to warrant the News in speaking of him as "a colossal figure in the history of Dallas." At the time of his death he was President of the Dallas Public Library association. His name was John C. McCoy, and he was a native of Clark county, Ind.

Death of Mrs. Marshall.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Ida Guthrie Marshall will bring grief to a very large circle of loving friends, although the sad event has been long anticipated. She breathed her last at 9 o'clock last evening at the home of her father, B. F. Guthrie, Third avenue. Mrs. Guthrie had been in ill health for many months, and had the tender and watchful care of a devoted husband and loving parents to soothe and make peaceful the last days of a pure and gentle spirit. The time of her funeral will be announced hereafter.

THE EMERALD.

A Gem That Has Only In Modern Times become Well Known-Some Pamous Stones.

(Le Diamant.)

Preivous to the plunder of America by Cortez and his followers, emeralds were not numerous in Europe, but early in the lifteenth century they began to appear in spa a and were soon alterwards distributed among the powerful and wearing thronghout Enrupe. England seems to have had at one time a large share of them, and perhaps many of them were taken by her finebouters from the righty-radon spoinsh gameons. In the days of Queen Engapeth emerands were exhibited in profesion, it we can give creaence to the chronicies and nventories of that period.

The parure of emeralds which the Queen of Navarre bequeathed in 1572 to her daughter Catharine, must have been of wonderful

beauty and perfection.

What is the stone lately given to Mustapha, the ex-premier of Tunis, by the Bey. and described as the famous emerald once belonging to the Spanish crown? Was it one recovered from the shipwreek of Cortez. or was it one of those given away by the Spanish rulers in the early days of the conquest of Peru, when they imagined the emerald mines were as broad and exhaustless as the sliver heds of Porosl?

The finest emerald in Europe is said to belong to the Emperor of Russla. It weighs but 30 carats, but it is of the most beautiful color. There are many fine emeralds among the imperial jewels of the Czar, some of

which are of great size and rare beauty. The ancient crown of Viadimir gutters with four great stones of unusual brilliancy. grand state scepter is surmounted by anothor emerald of great size. The scepter of Polang, which is now treasured in the kreight. has a long green stone, fractured in the midque. It is not described and may be of the Steerlan tourmaimes, some of which closely approach the emeraid in hue. The imperlar orb of Russia, which is said to be of Lyzantine workmanship of the teath century, has mily emeralds. This would seem to prove that emeraids were known in Europe. or Asia Minor, long before the discovery of America, but, on the other hand, the ancient crown which was taken when kasan was subjugated in 1959, is destinute of cimerains. And hence we are inclined to think that the imperial orb is of medern workmanship, es-Decially as some of the ancient state chairs uo not exhibit emeraids among their decoration of genes and precious stones.

The immense Peruvian emeraid, given by Rudoron II. to the Elector of Saxony, is still breserved in the Green Vaults of Dresden.

Queen Elizabeth, of England, sent to Henry IV., the champion of the Reformed latte, & beautiful emergid which she herself had Worn. She gave it as a token of esteem; and reminded the gay monacon that the gem possessed the virtue of not breaking so long as his faith remained entire and firm.

It has been stated that the Emperor Charlemagne regarded the gift of the Em-Pross frene as the dearest of all his tansmans. This treasure consisted of a piece of the true closs, inclosed in a large emersid, which was attached to a strong chain of golden links. When his sepulchre was rined of the treasure deposited with the deceased monarch, this relie was removed with the jest of the jewels, and in 1811 was presented to Napoteon by the burners of the city of Alx-la-Chapelle. Ponaparte one day mayfully threw it over the neck of Queen Horiense, declaring that he had worn it on his breast in the bloody battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, as Charlemagno bad Worn it on the field of battle in the millille ages. Hortense wore it until the day of

The emeralds of the French crown, at the time of the famous inventory in 1781, an not appear to have been of very great purity. Several of them exhibited fine colors, but had many faults. Five of the best were valued at that time at 50,000 francs, or

nearly \$10,000. In the famous Hungarian crown the large sapphire is surrounded with four green stones of oblong form, whose species are unknown. It is also a mystery how they came there, as they are not mentioned in the inventory made of the jewels when Queen Elizabeth of Hungary pledged it to the Emperer IV. The Sultan of Turkey is known to possess some exquisite emeraids, and Rambusson, a Frerch writer on gemis, declares that they are the finest in the world. One of them is said to weigh 125 ounces, and is probably another lump of antique glass. Another of 300 carats, and of less don that character, is a gem of great purity and perfection of color. It adorus the bandle of a ponlard.

In the Museum of Florence there is a small vase carved in emerald, and also another ernament of similar form, fashioned from a fine beryl. The mineralogical collection of Munich boasts of some immense emeralds, which are supposed to have been obtained from Spain, and a part of her Peruvian booty. There are also spiended specimens of uncut emeralds in the cabinet of minerals at Vienna. The Saxon and the Papal crowns contain very beautiful emoralds.

Probably the most beautiful of the natural emeralds in the world is that presented to the renowned shrine of Loretto in Italy, by Don Pedro Daragon, when Spanish embassador in Rome. He was formerly vicercy in Peru, and obtained the treasures at that The specimen is a mass of white limestone, crowned with great crystals of emeralds, more than an inch in diameter and

of exquisite color and lustre.

The name of Emerald Isle is generally supposed to have been derived from the evergreen appearance of its shores, but an antiquary asserts that it arose from the ring which ws set with the words "Optimo Smaragdo," and whim Pope Adrian sent to King Henry II., as the instrument of his investiture with the dominion of Ireland.

There is a very fine and large crystal of emerald in the museum of Leyden, but its history is unknown.

Dhuleen Singh, of India, possesses a flattened crystal of three inches in length by two in width, and half an inch in depth, which is regarded as of great value in India. It is said to be of very fine color and with but few imposfections.

The Duke of Devenshire's crystal, in its natural state, is reckoned as one of the finest, if not the finest, single specimen in the world. It is from Muzo, in New Granada, and more than two inches in length. Its form is that of a hexagonal crystal, and its weight is 3 ozs. 10 cwis. The color of the stone is very beautiful, but several flaws impair the value

During the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, many fine emeralds were exhibited to the Royal party by the Hindu nobility. At the grand reception given by them at Madras, the Prince Vianagram were a bracelet composed of three splendid emralds of very great size. At Kandey, in Ceylon, the Buddhist priests brought forth from their sanctuary, for the inspection of the Prince, an immense emerald four inches long by two inches in depth.

A ring cut out of single emerald 1 1-4 inches in diameter, with the name of the Emperor Jehangir engraved upon it, was presented to the East India Company. One of the most costly and difficult works in engraving upon the emerald, in modern times. was that executed by Carlo Costanzi, during the last century. Upon a table of emerald, two inches in diameter, the head of Pope Benedict and those of St. Paul and St. Peter were engraved. Two years and a half were required by the lapidary for the execution of this task. This engraved gem may now be seen in the treasury of St. Petronlo

Some very fine emeralds are said to be preserved in the royal collection of Madrid, one quite as large as the Devonshire emerald, and without any flaws. The Spanish freebooters, returning home from their American fights laden with gems, did not forget the shrines of Spain in their peace offerings. Marshal Lannes, in sacking the church of Our Lady of the Fillar, which was one of the richest in Spain, obtained Immense booty. Madame Junot declares In her memoirs that it was not far below five million francs in value.

Harsh stories are also told of the acts of vandalism of Marshal Junot, while he was military governor of Spain. It is related that when he visited the Cathedral of Toledo the church dignitaries freely exhibited to him the magnificent jewels and treasures which belonged to the church, and which had been accumulating for many ages. The crown of the Virgin, which was beautifully constructed of gold and adorned with exquisite gems, was placed in his hands for examination. The summit of this admira-He piece of art was surmounted by a lance emerald of almost transcendent beauty. The French free-booter examined the beantiful jewel for a few moments, and then coolly twisted off the emerald from its setting and placed it in his pooket, exclaiming with a Parisian grimace. " Eci doit eire a mol." (" That is my share.")

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.-Few of our present men of letters are so interesting to the public as Robert Louis Stevenson, and any thing written either by him or of him seems to have a strange fascination for the reading public. This is unquestionably due for the larger part that in Stevenson the people have an original and thoroughly characteristic writer who is only like unto himself, and no one else. "Give that man an old broomstick and he'll write one of the most beautiful essays in our language about it," says a famous literary man a few days since, and certainly nothing more true has been said of any modern writer. Fortunately, for the fancy of his readers, Robert Louis Stevenson bears the test of personal contact with as much success as with his writing; he interprets his work and gives new ground for impressions already formed. No better description of the famous romancer has been given than that of a friend who visited the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at his Saranac mountain home, and who, in the next issue of the Book Buyer of the Scribners, will print an interesting article concerning him.

His friend describes the novelist as slender in person, nervous in movement, with a face singularly sensitive to emotion and thought. His manner is gracious and free, without either self-consciousness or the affectation of indifference to the interest which brings people to him. Standing before the open fire in the quaint, low room of the old house in which he is passing the winter he delights his visitor by the freshness and charm of his manner and talk.

He speaks not with his lips only, often the usual Anglo-Saxon manner, but with his whole person. His large, luminous eyes suggest the depths of experience and thought out of which his psychological romances and studies have issued, and his constant changes of attitude, as he loses himself in the conversation, disclose the dominance of the mind over the

physique. His thought is made more eloquent by this unconscious sympathy of the whole person. Mr. Stevenson's talk is very like his writing; it is fresh, racy, redolent of the soil out of which he has grown. His phrases have not been worn smooth by use, they are full of sharp outlines; to recall his own characteristic description of a talker of his acquaintance, "he must have worn the words next to his skin and slept with them." He sees every thing from his own point of view, and puts his case, not dogmatically, but pictorially, graphically, with pith and force of a perfectly direct and sincere nature. As he talks, one of those quaint and racy essays in "Memories and Portraits" seems to be precipitating itself; observation, comment, criticism, keen perception of character and fact long held in the solution of thought, swiftly crystallize into memorable phrase. Mr. Stevenson does not indulge in monologue; he can supply his own cues, but he is quite ready to take them from others, and he touches subject after subject lightly, effectively, with a brilliant distinctness, both of perception and impression. So active is his mind, so alert his imagination, that he needs but a hint, and your tentative inquiry draws forth a series of observations full of pith and graphic force.

There is nothing commonplace in Mr. Stevenson; he uses none of the well worn conventions, fences himself with none of the customary reserves. He gives himself as readily n his speech as in his books; he corns to do less, and he could not do nore. Such a man is well worth nearing discourse at ease before his

fire. Without the snow lies deep on the hills and the river runs dark among its spruces and firs, to lose itself in the hollow of the mountains; a few books are scattered about, the companion of a man who evidently reads into books as well as through them. Above all the man himself holds you by his simple earnestness and the fresh and penetrating charm of his quality-a something purely individual and temperamental. You rejoice in his apparent vigor, in the nervous force of his attitude and voice, in the clear health of his wonderful eye, in the promise of years of life and work that are in him.

THE GIFT TO FRANCE.

President Cleveland Indorses the Movement of American Women.

Washington, April 21 .- In riply to a letter from the prominent ladies who are interested in the promotion of the plan to present a statue of Washington to the French Republic, and asking his indorsement and attendance at a benefit performance toward that object, the President has written the following letter:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., April 18, 1888.- Nathan Appleton: My Dear Madam: I have received your letter of the 13th inst., setting forth the

purpose of yourself and the distinguished ladies associated with you, to raise funds for the presentation of a statue of George Washington to the French Republic, I need hardly say to you that this project has my hearty commendation. It is but a fitting return for the friendliness heretofore manifested toward us by the French people, and it seems to me this effort of the ladies of America should be seconded by every patriotic citizen.

"The generous offer of Mr. Steele Mackay to give representations of his play 'Paul Kauver,' for the benefit of this cause, will give an opportunity for those who desire to aid your undertaking to embine pleasure

with patriotic duty. "Mrs. Cleveland will, with much pleasure, attend with me the representation to be given in this city on the 28th inst., and we both desire to express the utmost interest in the success of the plan which you and your associates have in charge. Sincerely yours, GROVER CLEVELAND."

How He Got a Job.

IJ. Armoy Knox.]

When Amos Cummings arrived in New York, after the war, he had a most excellent opportunity to be a tramp. All he possessed beside a job lot of ragged clothes on his back was 20 cents worth of postage stamps badly glued together. He wore a pair of battered cavalry boots and about three-quarters of a pair of trousers. The place where the missing parts of the latter should have been was concealed by a sun-burned army overcoat. In this garb he climbed up to Horace Greeley's editorial den and asked Mr. Greeley for a job. He did not ask to be appointed to either the position of managing editor or foreman. He was willing to do anything.

"No place for you," squeaked Mr. Greeley, without turning from his desk to look at the applicant. "Don't you see I'm busy? G'way! Seat! Damit!"

"But I tell you I must have a job."

Mr. Greeley turned around his revolving chair, and, glancing at Cummings, said: "Must? For what reason, young man, do you say must?"

"For this reason," replied Amos, turning his back on Mr. Greeley, lifting the drapery of his old blue overcoat and exhibiting the vacant places where the wild wind had whistled through his trousers. He got the job.

Dr. Willits' Text, From Which He Preaches An Earnest Sermon.

"Man Is Saved By Faith; It Is Through Christ Alone."

Discourse of Dr. David Morton To the Congregation of Trinity M. E. Church.

Services At the Various Houses of Worship Attended By Large Audiences Yesterday.

THE PULPIT. SUNDAY

FIDE. A. A. Willits delivered a simple and earnest discourse to a large audience last evening at the Warren Memorial church. He chose as his text the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke, the twenty-ninth to forty-third verses inclusive. He said:

"There are no words of life in the Bible that show the way of life plainer, or that have saved larger multitudes than the words of the malefactor on the cross, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' The story of the way of salvation in every instance in the Bible is pretty, and, no matter what be the condition of the heart of the reader, it will always attract his attention by its pathos and beauty; but the salvation of the thief on the cross is one of the most touching and beautiful in the Bible. Then let us also take notice of the power and grace of Christ. Just think of the power he must have possessed, and then of his immaculate glory. He was the most wonderful man that ever lived. If you doubt the assertion, think of a man in mortal agony on the cross, his hands and his feet pierced with nails, and the suffering and anguish of his soul in that dark hour of pain. What must have been his matchless mercy to answer the prayer of the malefactor on the cross in those loving words of his, when he was in the throes of death? Who was this man? Was he not a man of great suffering? Had he not undergone the law? Was he not spit upon and despised? Had not even his own faithful followers rejected him? and did not his own people revile him? Can a man with such power and grace be any other than the Son of God and the Savior of mankind.

"The first manifestation of the faith of the thief on the cross was his rebuke to his companion on the cross, who rejected the Savior, in which he said: Dost thou not fear Ged, seeing thou art in the same condemnation.

"The second manifestation of his faith was his immediate change. He did not ask time to consider Christ's saving grace, but he gave his heart to his Master at once, and with this meek plea resigned himself to the Savior's will: Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom.

'His third manifestation was his open and devout faith in Christ. He had heard probbly of Jesus only through the guards around the prison, or by the jeers and taunts of the multitude as they surged around him crying: 'Behold the King of the Jews, or by the taunt of the guards, 'He saved others, yet he can not save himself; if thou be the Son of God come down off the cross.' If the thief on the cross had faith to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, when all save one or two of his chosen followers had deserted him, and in the darkest bour of his life, what must become of those who reject his pardon in this time of Libius and learning! Such were some of the mo-

gives that made fast the maleractor's faith in the Lord, and made him with a glorious countenance rebuke his other companion and point to Christ and say: 'Behold the Messiah of the world and the Savior of men'. It made him tell also that their death was a due compensation, and that crucifixion was meted out to them according to justice and law.

"The dying malefactor with his soul on the verge of eternity, when the huzzas on the breezes shouted Christ to the populace as an impostor, when the common people had fled from under his leadership, when even the beloved disciples had denied him, with childlike faith, exclaims, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.' If this reviled and cursed thief could discover though the veil of obscurity, the love and saving powers of Christ, what should be expected of us in this enlightened age.

"Noah's faith was great. Nicodemus showed no little amount of faith, but I tell you that the faith of this man was greater than any character in the Bible.

"Let us look into the prayer of the malefactor and see what lessons can be learned from his simple faith. The thief's faith may be summed up in three statements: First, Christ could save if he would; second, that if Christ did not no one could; third, a deep consciousness of his own sin, and of Christ's saving power.

"Now, the penitent sinner must believe that all his sins, inward as well as outward, are justified by the saving grace of God. Justification is instantaneous, while sanctification is God's spirit working in us. Water is turned into wine by the rain settling on the vine, and with sunshine it becomes sparkling wine. Christ turned water instantly into wine; there is the difference between justification and sanctification. In the malefactor's case there was a sudden change of heart; there was faith, undying love, and at the same time firm belief. The gentle entreaty of the thief and Christ's sweet answer, and yet with divine power, exhibits strong faith and authority.

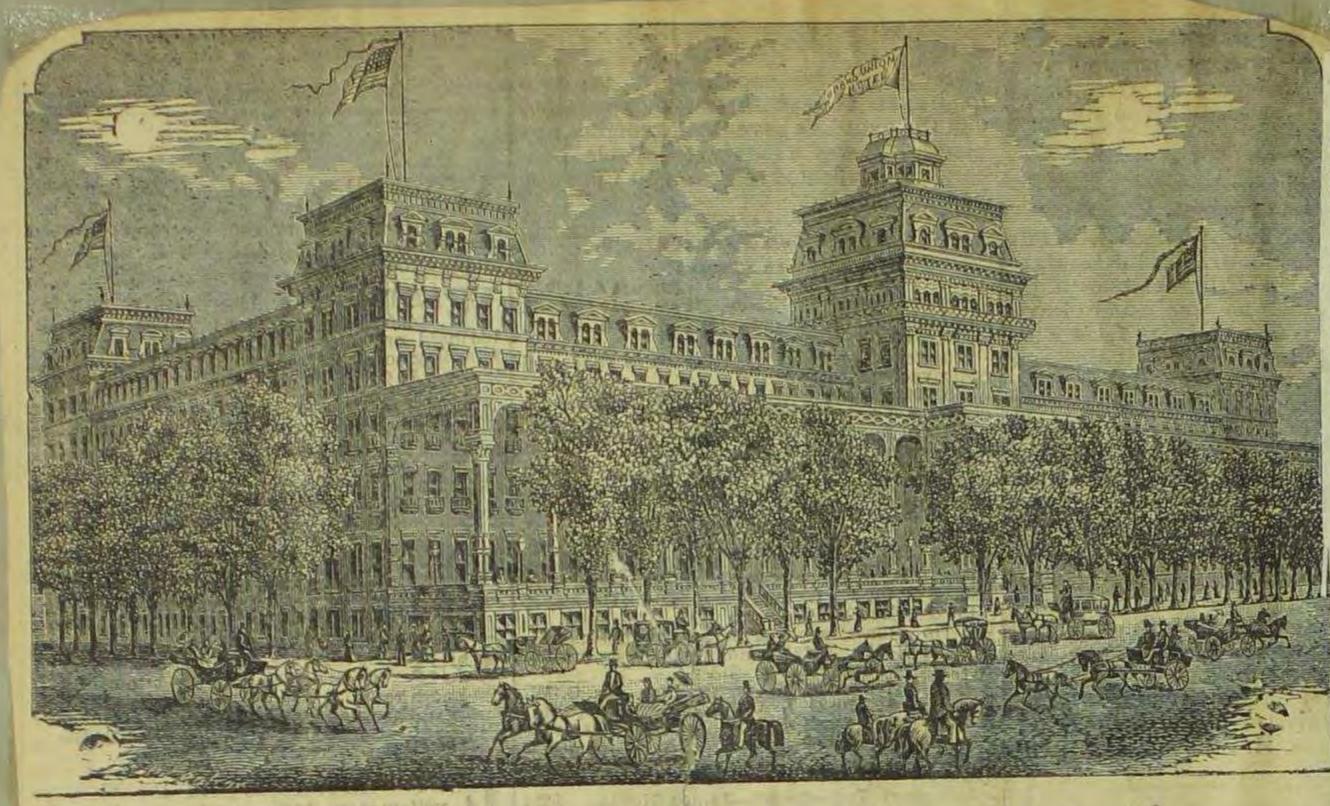
"Simple faith is the great requisite. Faith, not works, procure our salvation, as it is through Christ alone we are saved. Water will not alone suffice, nor being a member of the church. Look at the thief; he never was baptized, and as for his works, they were the same as Paul's before his conversion. What is paradise? and where is paradise? There is only one answer, and that is, 'Where Christ is. It is a world of light; no tears, no sorrow, a world of joy, where God is power, where God is light. Look at Christ, stepping from a throne to a manger. Take His life, and view it calmly, and you will see one of the most grand exhibitions of obedience in all the Bible. He forsook His Father to take upon himself our sins, and rejected the kingly crown to die for us. But He will pardon all who ask in His name and have the necessary faith, and will bear all our burdens. As He bore the malefactor into glory amid the shouts of the angels, so will He bear your sins, though they be many. The blessed assurance that those who die in the Lord are blessed and will reign in glery, is true to-day and forever."

> Appropriate for the Vestibule. [New York Sun.]

Deacon (to country minister)-I thought it best to order a sign to be hung in the vestibule of the church, Mr. Goodman.

Country minister-A very good idea, Deacon, a very good idea. I've often thought si myself that "Welcome, stranger," or something of that sort would be appropriate. p

What sign did you select? Deacon-Well-er-I ordered, "Keep your de eye on your overcoat."



THE GRAND UNION HOTEL,

DENMAN THOMPSON,

In his New Play

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

New York Times, January 11, 1887.

171 Consecutive Performances (or 21 weeks), to crowded houses at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York City, January 10 until June 4, 1887.

Written by DENMAN THOMPSON and GEORGE W. RYER.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

ACT I. Homestead Farm of the Whitcombs at Swanzey, N. H.

JOSHUA WHITCOMB

Cy Prime

Walter Gale
Happy Jack

Eb Ganzey

Chauncey Olcoit
Frank Hopkins

Frank Thompson
Aunt Matilda Whitcomb

Rickety Ann

Miss Annie Hopkins

Miss Annie Hopkins

Wal, Akerly
Harry Lewis

Maggie O'Flaherty

Miss Minnie Luckstone

Miss Minnie Luckstone

ACT II. Parlors in the Hopkins Mansion, New York City.

JOSHUA WHITCOMB

Henry Hopkins

Judge Patterson

Frank Hopkins

Francois Fogarty

Mrs. Henry Hopkins

Miss Vinnie Thompson

Miss Annie Horkins

Miss Annie Thompson

Miss Annie Thompson

ACT III. Grace Church at Night, Broadway, New York City.

JOSHUA WHITCOMB DENMAN THOMPSON Walter Lennox. Sr.

Malter Lennox. Sr.

Henry Hopkins

Jack Hazzard

Reuben Whitcomb

Hoboken Terror

One of the Finest

U. S. Letter Carrier

Walter Lennox. Sr.

Walter Cale

Charles R. Farrer

ACT IV. Kitchen in The Old Homestead.

JOSHUA WHITCOMB

Cy Prime

Seth Perkins

Jack Hazzard

Reuben Whitcomb

Eb. Ganzey

Len. Holbrook

Pat Clancy

Aunt Matilda

Mrs. Murdock

Miss Annie Thompson

Force Exerted in Piano Playing.

The celebrated pianist, Gottschalk, was highly amused on finding his performaces studied very closely by a scientist who had published a treatise on the number of muscular efforts that may be made in a given time, for this learned savant found that in one brilliant piece Gottschalk exceeded!greatly the estimate he had made after careful consideration. The number of consecutive percussions given out were found to be quite astonishing. Although Gottschalk pretended to be grately entertained by his critics and their widely differing points of view, yet he must have already known that his physical strength was great. Although to all appearance delicately constituted, he wrestled with the muscular giants who were engaged in moving his heavy concert pianos, and with a success that astonished them so greatly as to make it a subject of conversation to the present

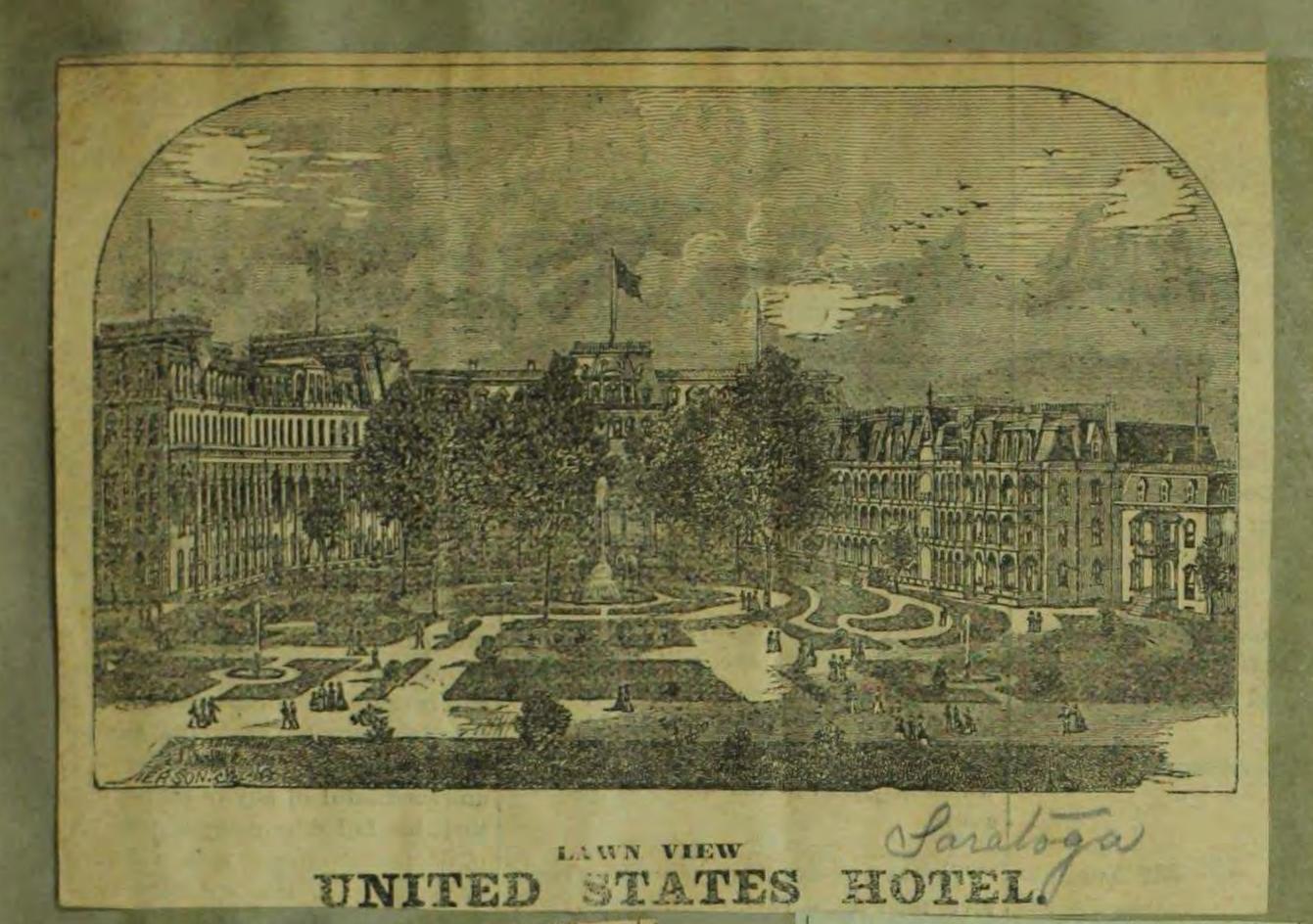
When Bulow was on his concert tour through Germany and Austria he met Rubenstein at Vienna. They were both playing on the Bozendorfer pianofortes, but Bulow would not play on Rubenstein's instrument. He would have another one provided for his use. Prof. Schmidt, of that city, being curious to learn the real reason of this determination, examined the "touch" of each instrument, respecting the depth the key sank and the weight required to depress them to the lowest point. The pianoforte that Rubenstein played required an average weight of eighty-eight grams (one gram being equal to fifteen and a half grains), while Bulow's required an average of 105 grams. Therefore the keys of the Rubenstein pianoforte were easier to put in action than those of Bulow's pianoforte; but on the other hand the keys sank fully twenty-five per cent. deeper than Bulow's, so that the action of both pianos made pretty equal demands on the physical powers of the respective performers. But if Bulow had played on Rubenstein's instrument he would have found his hands sinking too deep, for they are small. To play on an instrument with a deep touch one must have long fingers.

Prof. Schmidt counted the number of notes played by Rubinstein at one of his concerts and found them to be 62,990 in number, and therefore equal to a pressure of 9881 pounds in weight. On the Bulow instrument they would be equal to a pressure of 1,190 5-8 pounds.

When it is considered that something more than pressure is needed in a brilliant fortissimo, and on a large instrument in a large hall, and that a high degree of velocity must be given to the hammer and not the mere motion due to some weight, some estimate of the expenditure of force necessary to deliver such percussive accents from the fingers, may be made.—Home Journal.

To Another Post.

Ex-City Engineer Scowden, after testifying fully before the grand jury yesterday in the granite matter, bade goodbye to all his Louisville friends and left for Chicago, his future home, last night. He was looking very well, though he is by no means in good health, but in Chicago he will be out of the struggles of political life, and his friends think he will soon be a well man again. Mr. Scowden will not stay in Chicago all the time. He will come back to Louisville



Mr. Henry Gardner, who left Louisville a month ago, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Kate Gardner, on an extended trip through California, has decided to locate in the West. He has bought a large orange grove about sixty miles from Los Angeles, and will build a home in the midst of it. He and Miss Gardner will return to Louisville in the fall to wind up their affairs, and will subsequently go to California to live.

CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS.

Trimming the House and Keeping Up
the Fires.

[Texas Siftings.]

It is regarded as a very unlucky circumstance if any leaves or sprigs are
dropped or remain behind on the removal
of the church or home decorations, and all
must be cleared away before Candlemas
day, February 2; and on no account should
the sacred mistletoe bough—the standing
symbol of rough and ready flirtation,
without consciousness of necessity of
harm—be cast in the street or carelessly
be thrown aside; for love luck it must be
buried by the eldest unmarried member
of the family, male or temale.

one wishes to revive an old Roman custom, let him send a holly branch to his friends as typical of good wishes, and it may have a double meaning by adding a sprig of mistletoe, the gleaming berries conveying a message of hope, for the holly carries good wishes and foresight or forethought, the mistletoe is an assurance of "I surmount difficulties," and many a wife has been won by this little token of assurance.

From the remotest times of the burning of the Yule or Christmas log it has had all kinds of superstitions connected with it. In some parts of Europe the log must be of a certain kind of wood, as in Devenshire it consists of fagots of ash bound together, and an extra glass from the cider barrel is expected by the guests for every crack made by the blazing fagots. One log is the general custom, but we have known a hod of coal selected for that purpose when wood was inaccessible. A bit at the Christmas log must always be saved to light next year's Christmas fire with, and be sure that the fire does

not go out during the night, nor until Christmas day at sundown. In many houses music is played during the ceremony of lightning the fire, but on no account must it be lighted before the proper time, which is at sunset, Christmas eve. The Yule, or Christmas candles should be lit soon after, but for good luck the light must be taken from the Christmas fire. It is very bad luck to snuff them, and they should be set on the highest shelf or table in the room. The oldest person present must extinguish them, but a bit of each must be saved to be relit on New Year's eve, to see the old year out and the new year in. It is considered a very bad omen for any one to leave the table during supper on Christmas eye until all are through, and see that there is an even number of guests if you would make friends during the year. Be sure you have a cheese and cake untouched in the house, and let no one tempt you to cut them before the proper time. Never refuse to take or give shelter at Christmas time.

It is very lucky for the child to be born on Christmas day, especially if the day falls on Sunday. And the girl who is a bride on the 25th of December is said to have nothing to fear.

At no other time is a black cat—a strange black cat—thought to be lucky but at Christmas. If one comes into the house it is a sure sign of money.

No person but the boys must presume to go out of doors on Christmas morning until the threshold has been consecrated by the footsteps of a man.

"Dem folks what hab short talkings (quarrels) on Christmas day or night won't hab no luck in friendship, love, or pocket," said an old colored mammy; and be sure you wish some one a "merry Christmas" before you put your shoes and stockings on; and for real good luck kiss the oldest person in the house first on Christmas morning and the youngest on New Year's day.

dourn or man, hersome.

City Engineer Scowden is waiting to hear of the progress of the railroad strike at Memphis before he makes his report of the Arkansas granite mines' investigation. The contractors, it seems, have promised him contractors, it seems, have promised him they would be able to supply the necessary amount of stone as soon as this strike is amount of stone as soon as this strike is ended. Advices favor a speedy settlement, and Col. Ward and Mr. Newman will soon be given an opportunity to show what they can do.

You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died, Crowned with keen thorns and crucified; And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward!— Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord, And piously tombed it within the rock, And closed the gate with a mighty block.

Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves, and blossoms of blue;
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

Now when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the Heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

All night long till the moon was up
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill,
So full of tears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

But soon there came through the weeping night
A glittering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the Earth and the Heavens lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree Beheld this celestial Mystery, And its heart was filled with a sweet delight, And it poured a song on the throbbing night; Notes climbing notes, till higher, higher, They shot to Heaven like spears of fire.

When the glittering white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest,
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!"

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When Death bowed down to the Lord of Light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
And burn with red, and gold, and blue—
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter day.

Superstitions of Girls. [Chicago Tribune.]

See a pin and pick it up,
Through all the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have through all the day.
A nursery superstition you say, and a

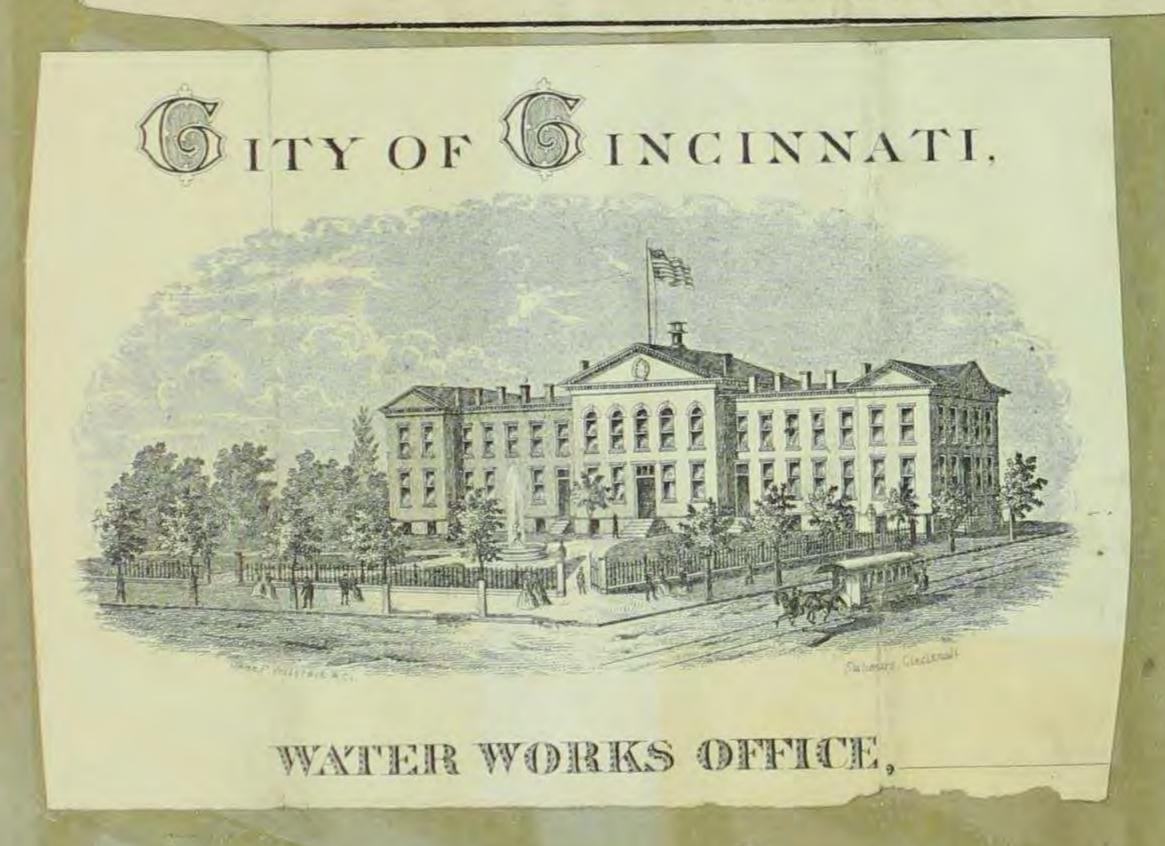
rhyme hardly worthy of the nursery, even.
Truly, so it is. Yet also it is a superstition
that is carried beyond the nursery. Many a
that is carried beyond the nursery. Many a
society girl holds it as firmly as any child.
Wherefore? That is hard to say. Girls are
where the superstitions, and a young ladies'
naturally superstitions, and a young ladies'
hoarding-school is a regular breeding place
of superstitions. Those of childhood are
of superstitions. Those of childhood are
there added to, and when the young lady
makes her debut in society she has a large

This is no fairy tale; it is the truth. They do not parade their superstitions in public, because they would be laughed at, but they have them just the same. They are not confided to fathers or brothers ordinarily, and fided to fathers or brothers ordinarily, and yet who has not heard of the bride's superstition contained in the following lame

Something old and something new, Something borrowed and something blue.



PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING.



PAYS HIS MONEY AND TAKES HIS CHOICE.

This is a satirical poem by the Poet of the Asphaltus. The poet evidently is mad at us for some reason or another, possibly because we did not appreciate his verses on "Only a Little Bird."

[Written for TRUTH.]

"Here's your TRUTH, " my faithful newsboy cried;

I told him "Nay, to buy it I'm ashamed," And then I beckoned him to come aside And said, "The sheet you sell has been misnamed."

"They've told me that before," he said, "foorsooth"-

Addressing me meanwhile as "Colonel;" "If you're sincere and do not want the TRUTH,

Why, then by all means take the Courier-Journal."
POET OF THE ASPHALTUS.

Centenarian.

The one hundredth anniversary of Mrs. Abigail Jones Goldsmith was honored Friday last by the presence of her children, grand, and great grand children, and some two hundred relatives and friends calling to pay their respects to the aged lady, at Ingleside, the family homestead on Mentor Avenue.

This estimable lady was born in Middlefield, Hampshire Co., Mass., April 29th, 1787, and married the late Jonathan Goldsmith in 1808, (he being the first architect and builder of his time on the Reserve, many monuments of his workmanship in this vicinity and Cleveland still remaining, and was succeeded by his son-in-law the late C. W. Heard of the latter place,) coming to Painesville. (then known as "the openings") the journey occupying thirty one days, to the farm where she has resided since 1811, being 76 years, a remarkable circumstance as mentioned by Mrs. C. C. Bronson, wife of the late historian, in a recent communication to the venerable lady as perhaps the only instance of the kind in the county. Besides herself of those who came at that time, Mr. Christopher Crary, now of Iowa, is the only survivor, he being then a child.

Her descendants are ten children, twentyseven grand-children, fifteen great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grand-child,
a large number of whom were present, alsomany old and intimate friends and acquaintances of the family from Cleveland and
elsewhere.

At one interval of the informal gathering the aged lady recited several poems of her own composition, of which the following verses written a few years since are selected:

"Ninety-six years have passed away since in that old State called the Bay

One silent Sabbath morn,
No desecration of the day,
'Twas said "a child is born."
A wee bit thing, did some one "guess"
A long life it would stay?
And ask of Him who gave to bless,
I deem they did thee first caress—
I'm ninety.six to-day.

That I might not forget
Its almanack to me was given;
I have it safely yet,
Like me it has outlived its time,
Spells its name wrong which is no crime
And not much of a wonder,
That things so old have to be told
That they have made a blunder.

Two years from then George Washington Our morning star and rising sun, First President became. Statesmen and heroes many a one (The work of Revolution done) Were shining in their fame.

I've lived to stay and see the day
When all—yes all are free;
The victory gained, Union maintained,
God grant it long may be.

The following poem, "My Father," an acrostic, was written soon after his leaving his residence on Mentor Avenue in 1832, where he had long resided, to go to his new home in Jonesville, Mich.:

My Father-I can never-never tell.

How much I feel the death-like loss of thee;
Yet could not speak it in that brief farewell,
But now he's gone—the thought oppresses

Father, dear father gone, and he no more
May be permitted to return and bless!
And this now makes my cup of grief run o'er,
As't were a living spring of loneliness,
Though he had left me for his home in

Heaven,
The loss to me could not seem much more sad;
How desolate—his kind smiles no more

Like morning dews, making all earth seem glad.

Endure we must—we live but to endure
And do our best through all, while here we

Reflecting: "Life's short fever Death will

Then parting sad, will be no more for aye,
And God The Father "wipes all tears
away."

Many letters, congratulations, and regrets were received, among them, from Mrs. Clarissa Dilley, of Iowa City, aged 96, her only living cousin, Hon. Harvey Rice, Cleveland, Mrs. C. C. Bronson, Tallmage, O., Mrs. D. A. Drake, (with flowers) Archer, Fla., Joel C. Paine, (nephew) Coburgh, Ind., Frank Jones, Bement Ill., also a portrait from Washington, D. C., of Mrs. Cleveland, with autograph; and from the grand-children-Gillet Eddy, Charley Eddy and wife, Dallas, Texas, Mrs. E. Emmergene Woodbury and family, Ormond, Fla., and Carrie A. Goldsmith of N. Y., also beautiful floral tributes and remembrances from those abroad and at home besides those mentioned.

Of the telegrams, one from her grand-son, as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 29th, 1887.
"With loving hearts your California children greet you; Hail Centenarian."
(Signed) OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(Signed) OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Also from Mrs. J. M. Robertson of San

Francisco:

"Your California children embrace you with one hundred kisses on this your Centennial anniversary."

And from Colorado:

LEADVILLE, April 29th, 1887.

"Your great-great-grand-child sends greetings on your hundredth birthday."

(Signed) Geneva Parsons,

(Daughter of Hon. and Mrs. C. C. Parsons.)

A very affecting incident of the day was the baptism of the infant Lois Goldsmith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Dallas Heard, of St. Elmo, Chattanooga, Tenn., "being the youngest descendent of this honored household," the Rite of Holy Baptism was administered by the Rev. B. T. Neakes, D. D., rector of Emanual Church, Cleveland, Rev. W. H. Gallagher, rector of St. James Church, Painesville and Rev. Thomas Corlett of Cleveland, being present.

The baptismal bowl resting on the old family Bible which was printed in 1712, having been in the family over 160 years. The four God Mothers were sisters of the father, Mrs. C. Regina Stickney, Miss M. Leonora Heard, of the avenue, Mrs. Florida G. Blythe, of Cleveland, and Mrs. M. Iowa Clark, of Mason City, Iowa.

Since her 99th birthday, her eldest son J. Gillet, of San Francisco, aged 74 years, and grand-son Frank Jones Goldsmith Jr., aged 13 years, have joined those gone before.

Mrs. Goldsmith has always given the Telegraph a welcome place in her home, having continually taken it since its first issue 65 years ago.

At this date, May 3d, Grandmother is well and has experienced no ill effects from the unusual excitement of the day. Tenderly cared for by her loving daughter Lucia, she is seated in the old arm chair surrounded by flowers, fitting tributes of the immortality into which her life will soon unfold.

F. G. J.

MADISON

Mr. Mehler's Chances Bort.

matter of absolute fact that Mr. Charles Mehler would be elected City Engineer, having 18 votes pledged to him inside the Democratic caucus and five votes outside of it. The late City Engineer, Mr. Scowden, was a very warm triend of Mr. Mehler, and wanted him to continue the work he had begun. It is said Mr. Scowden did not make up his mind to resign until he was certain Mr. Mehler would be his successor, as he could not afford to have a man in the office who would criticise his work.

The Brooklyn dentist who tried to advertise himself by sending Mrs. Cleveland a five-leaf clover for the anniversary of her wedding day, undoubtedly wishes that he had studied the subject of superstition before offering such an ominous gift. A five-leaf clover, among those who believe in such fantasies, is symbolical of a death. To pick it means a death in the family of the picker; to give it to anybody else is equivalent to the presentation of a death warrant. The three-leaf clover is also deemed unlucky to find, pick or give away. The only lucky clover, blessed by the fairies, has four leaves.

The soft-shell crab, the most delicious of American table delicacies, unknown to effete Europe, is now in season, not cheap enough to be common, but cheap at any price to the

epicure. For the benefit of your hotel stewards and cooks I will state that crabs should not be coated with egg and flour or bread-crumbs (as I have had them served to me in Louisville), but plainly sauted in olive oil—the pure article, and not the cotton-seed oil which is usually found on your hotel tables—and eaten in its blain and pristine elegance, with a imple salad of mixed tomatoes and crisp lettuce to bring out its dainty flavor.

"FOR WANT OF MAJ. WRIGHT."

The Salmagundi Club of this city is an organization of gentlemen who enjoy themselves with literary efforts and discussions at their meetings, which are held at the homes of its members. Among those who have long been prominent in the club, is Maj. J. M. Wright, recently appointed Marshal of the United States Supreme Court, and his departure from the city and consequent absence from the Christmas meeting, was thus ambalmed in verse by Col. John Mason Brown:

Again we meet, as oft before,
To keep our Christmas time,
To gather up our annual store
Of friendly speech and rhyme;
To have again, as oft we've had,
Atalmagundi night—
Pleasant, yet not a little sid,
For want of Major Wright.

How through these years by friendship marked
With fortune's letters red.
We've come to know each other well,
Has many a time been said:
But now the thought upon us comes,
As once again we write—
How much of all our pleasure we
Have owed to Major Wright.

There's many a kindly thought will rise
Of him that's far away.

And many a kindly word for him
Will each one have to say;
And 'mid our gayety we is note,
Each with regretful sight.

That vacant chair, just over there,
Where used to sit Mont. Wright.

A hearty Christmas blessing come
On all now gathered here;
Thanks for all good things in the past,
Hopes for the coming year;
And while the cordial pledge goes 'round'
Our hearts will all unite.
In chorus for our closest friend,

God bless Montgomery Wright

"There's a bower of roses by Gundameer's

It is a pleasure for one, on rest and quiet intent, to turn from the crash of business and of booms, the hurry and harangues of the boomers and the boomed, to the quieter scenes of home-life in New Orleans. Surely in all the land there are no lovelier scenes than these embowered homes when spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil. Back from the narrow streets and noise of old New Orleans, where business is, or used to be, cenducted, the rose, the Queen of the Flowers, reigns in all her royal loveliness and pours her perfume in overpowering floods into the air which is warm and sweet as a day in June in more northern lands. Soft breezes from the ocean, gentle as a young girl's sigh, wait odorous messages from the floral throne throughout all this Lotus land, where it seems that it is always afternoon. The grass, green almost as that which later on will carpet the far-away Kentucky hillsides, now springs luxuriant from the laughing earth, fleeked here and there with strange flowers, hand-maidens, it may be, of the regal mistress whose trellised vines have clambered so far unward toward the ever blue sky. A year ago these now fair scenes were in the blackness of despair. The frost had come where the flowers before had been and lost its deadly imprint everywhere. But sunny slries and fecund earth have triumphed, and to-day there is an intoxicating richness and sweetness where ruin seemed to have an abiding place.

"They had kept the whiteness of their souls and thus men o'er them wept."

A feature of New Orleans no observant visitor fails to note is the tall monumental shaft erected on one of the most notable streets and surmounted by a bronze statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee. These people reverence the meniory of the dead leader of the Southern forces with a devotion not surpassed by that of woman, and this statue is a visible expression of their innermost sacred thoughts. But in honoring the memory of they do not forget that Lee. other great hearts beat warmly as his own for the land of the South. One of these, which was stilled forever on that April day at Shiloh so many years ago, was very near to these impressible men and women. His remains, brought hither just after the battle, found sepulture here for years, and until a comparatively recent date. When Texas, the home of his adoption, claimed the dust of Albert Sidney Johnston, Louisiana gave it up, but not the memory of that courtly gen-Mman and splendid soldier. That this may be honored in perpetuity, the Louisiana Division of the Army of Tennessee has caused to be cast a splendid bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Johnston, to be erected in the cemetery at Metarie Ridge, near the city. This will be unvailed April 6, in the presence of a vast concourse of people resident here and distinguished men and women from a distance who have had the honor to be invited. Thus Lee and Johnston will stand forever in immortal bronze, types of the truest manhood of the Old South, lessons to the youth of the New. But in what other nation under the sun could this thing be! Where else could a beaten people rear heavenward monuments glorifying their leaders in the land where their efforts failed! History gives no answer.

"She loved God and little children."

It is not alone to heroes of a distressful war that these warm-hearted people build monuments. Their natures are attuned to holy deeds as well as those of high emprise in war, and, typifying this, there is erected in front of one of the numerous orphanages of the city the marble statue of a woman. This is "Margaret," the patron saint of little children among God's poor in New Orleans. While she had a tear for pity and a

hand open as day for charity. Living, sae wrought for those less fortunate, dispensing her benisons modestly, as becomes true charity; dying, she left the fortune her own hands had made that those who came after her and upon whom the mailed hand of poverty had fallen might have food and shelter. This statue is a marked one. Scated/in a chair is Margaret, her plain face illumined by the light of an undying love for her Master and His creatures, her hand resting upon the head of a little child standing trustingly by her side. It is a sermon in stone that this group is daily teaching. Margaret was unknown in the circles of fashion; she entered not the palaces of the mighty, but her great heart and hand wrought out a work that made for her an abiding place in the hearts of the people who rise up to call her blessed. It has been said that in all the world beside, there has been erected no monument like this to woman-

kind. It is supremely creditable to the people of New Orleans that they have thus publicly expressed the high esteem in which the memory of this woman from the ranks is held.

"Man seems the only growth that dwindles here." At one period in the history of the turf, here and abroad, the Metarie course was known more widely than any other in the United States, having won deserved fame by the strict integrity of the management, no less than by the great contests of speed and endurance which made up its history. All the world knows how, at a later date, a resident of New Orleans sought membership in the club, which controlled the destinies of Metarie, and was refused. The world knows too of the curse he put upon the course over which so many splendid races had been lost and won; how he promised that the club should cease to exist and their grounds become the burial place of those who, proud and brave as the Douglass in his hall, had refused him admission to their circle. He kept his word and to-day Metarie Ridge Cemetery is the most beautiful spot in Louisiana. There is a tropical luxuriance of growth about it. The splendid roses which Louisville only knows as the fruit of the conservatory here blossom in intoxicating sweetness and profusion in the open air, while every flower known to the South and appropriate to such surroundings as are here, is found in the rose's goodly company. "Poor Charley Howard," as a gentlewoman called him but yesterday standing in front of the splendid mausoleum where he sleeps, kept his word. He made Metarie a cemetery, and was among the first who gained admission to the circle of those who have gone out there to rest under the trees. His was a charitable, generous soul, and his great wealth was lessened while he lived by deeds of charity to those less fortunate. But the other day, his wife, who survives him, gave \$30,000 to the advancement of some Christian aims. Perhaps, had Charley Howard lived, he would have done as much.

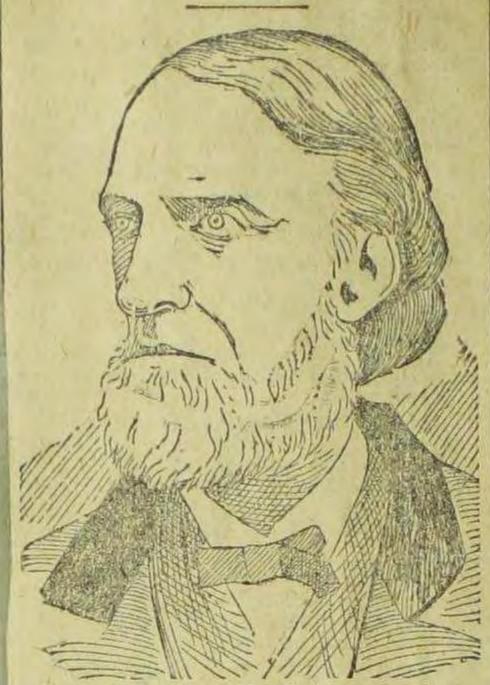
But the clouds obscure the bright sunshine; the radiant flowers shrink timid as the rain comes on; not the gentle shower of an April day, but cold and pitiless as a woman who has learned to hate what once she loved. Metarie is shrouded in gloom, dark as the graves that dot its grounds, and turning away from it the loiterer's feet tend homeward and his wanderings in the South are at an end.

E P. J.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., March, 1887.

REV. ALFRED T. PIERSON.

Something About a Distinguished Divine Who Lectures At Warren Memorial Church his Evening.



Rev. Dr. Albert T. Pierson, the distinguished minister who will deliver his valuable lecture, "Making the Most of Life," this evening in Warren Memorial church, is pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in America. After a successful pastorate in Detroit, he was called to Indianapolis, where he did excellent work. His strong qualities attracted Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, and this led to his being secured to take charge of Bethany Presbyterian church in the latter city. This church was wonderfully pleased with the new pastor, and under his ministration has grown to 2,014 members—the largest membership in the United States.

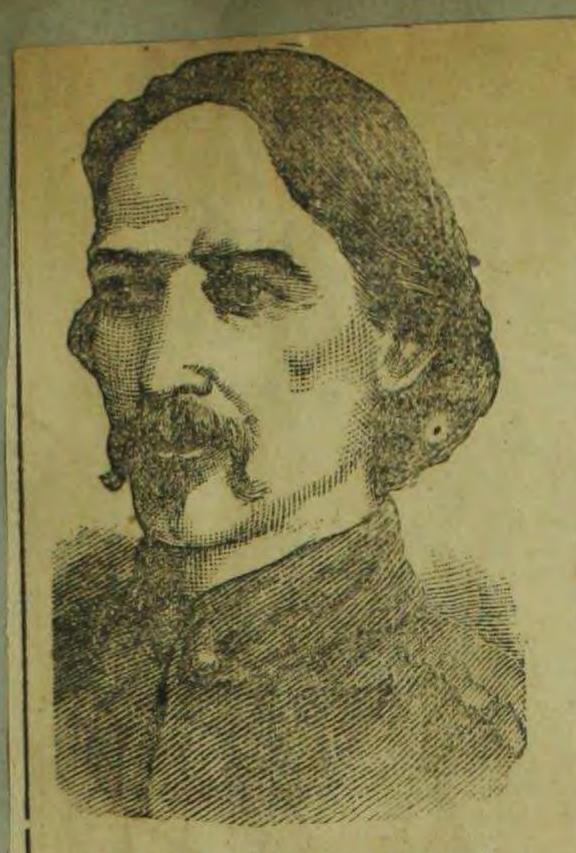
Although an active pastor, Dr. Pierson has taken time to write a great deal for the religious press and has published various works of a devotional character. His contributions to missionary literature have been very large. The last work from his pen entitled "The Missionary Crisis," produced a profound impression. He is the most quoted of any writer on missions, there being scarcely a magazine or periodical devoted to missions that has not published some of his productions. As a speaker Dr. Pierson ranks in the power with Moody. At the Northampton Conference last summer, of all the speakers Dr. Pierson impressed me most," said Rev. H. Allen Tupper, Jr., last evening. "He seemed to strike deeper than even Mr. Moody,"

He is homeward bound from the Florida Chautauqua, where he lectured, being paid \$200 and his expenses. The lecture this evening will be free, a donation from Dr. Pierson to the Home For the Friendless. At the close Rev. Dr. Eaton, the champion collector, will take a collection for the benefit of the Home of the Friendless' new building fund. During Dr. Pierson's stay he will be the guest of one of his old church members, Mr. D. L. Anderson, at the Louisville Hotel. The lecture will be preceded by an organ recital by Prof. Frese and special singing by Warren Memorial choir under Musical Director Macpherson.

A Still Older Bible.

Noticing in yesterday morning's Courier-Journal that the Bible published in 1773, now in the possession of Mr. Andrew Gray, of 1126 West Kentucky street, was claimed as the oldest in the city, Mr. R. H. Dorn. of 122 East Broadway, makes the statement that there is now in the possession of his family a Bible published in 1735. None of the pages is missing, and the book is in a remarkable state of preservation.

-A BRILLIANT entertainment was given last Thursday afternoon and evening by Dr. and Mrs. Turner Anderson and Miss Anderson. The house was elaborately decorated with holly and other evergreens appropriate for the season, and the afternoon reception, as well as the dance that came later in the evening, was made thoroughly enjoyable by the graceful hospitality of the entertainers. The reception was held from 5 to 7, and the dancing began at 8 o'clock, Among the guests were: Judge and Mrs. Simrall, Capt. and Mrs. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Page, Mr. and Mrs. S. Shalleross, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Montfort, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Weller, Mr. and Mrs. John Weiler, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Russel, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Haldeman, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peter, Mr. and Mrs. Cary Peter, Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Bright, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Maize. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Smith, Judge and Mrs. Toney, Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. McDermott, Mr. James Todd, Mrs. John Leathers, Mrs. James Curd, Mrs. Marion Lewis, Mrs. Walker Richardson Mr. and Mrs. Junius Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McAfee, Judge and Mrs. H. W. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Helen Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. George Morris, Mr. and Mrs. John Sneed, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Loving, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bailey, Dr. and Mrs. Simpson, Maj. and Mrs. Callaway. Judge and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. George Morton, Mrs. Alex. Semple, Mrs. Alf. Winston, Mrs. Jo McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. Charley Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Semple, Mrs. George Cook, Miss Eliza Clark, Miss Hampton. Mrs. Pennington, Mrs. Thomas Gaylord, Mr. and Mrs. John Brand, Mrs. T. P. White, Mrs. Wm. Reamer, Miss Nettie Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mundy, Mr. and Mrs. Marc Mundy, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Milton, Mr. and Mrs. T. Milton, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. T. Milton, Mrs. Kate Sharp, Mrs. Kate Sharp Foster, Mrs. John Buchanan, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Will Ray, Mrs. Henry Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Escott, Mrs. Walter Haldeman, Dr. Frank Wilson, Dr. C. R. Heilphill Mrs. St. John Boyle, Dr. Catlett, Mrs. Charles Garth, L. W. Erdman, Mrs. M. L. Hamliton, Dr. Wm. C. Young, Mrs. John McLeod, Mrs. Dr. Palmer, Miss Bettie Cunningham, Mrs. Wm. Cheatham, Mrs. Balfour Hohoway, Mrs. John Castleman, Mr. Barke, Mrs. Carrie Boone, Miss Annie Boone, Judge James Pirtle, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Gathright, Mrs. Parkhill, Mrs. William Tapp, Mrs. Albert Day, Mrs. Charles Bridges, Mrs. R. T. Scowden, Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilt n. Mrs. Preston Hardin, Mrs. Mary Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Trabue, Mrs. Virginia Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. Wathen, Misses Bruce, Annie Burge, Carrie Borr, Nell Hunt, Hallie Young, Nellie Simrali, Miss Pearl, of Harrodsburg: Emily Foreman, Miss Vardin, of Paris; Annie Jones, Lilly Lindenberger, Lillie Taggart, Margie Tillman, Pinkie Tillman, Belle Palmer, Minnie White, Minnie Ferguson, Jessie Clark, Mary Woolley, Rosa Harbison, Fannie Maize, Fannie Belle Herr, Jessie Mitchell, Belle Haldeman, Miss Haldeman, of St. Louis; Miss Cosby, Miss Gardner, of Ohio; Miss Buchanan, Mattie Chenault, Lillie Mundy, Annie Ainstie, Clara Moore Sherley. Eva Hartwell, Etta Whitestone, Miss Ball, of Baltimore, Amie Hardway, Helen Veech, Miss Estes, of Memphis; May Brockenbrough, Annie Loveving, Isabel Fitch, Emerain Semple, Emma Dumesnil, Miss Papin, of St. Louis; Miss DuPont, of Delaware; Misses Loraine Tapp, Margaret Winston, of Lexington, Maggie Lee, Juliet Lee, Miss Wickliffe Mary Barrett, Selinah Barrett, Fannie Lyon, Mary Caldwell, May Manott, Miss Harris, Ida Shullcross, Lucy Richardson, Messrs, Harvey Dudley, John and Tom Jacob, Marc Mundy, Steve Shepard, Jim Gambie, T. and J. Buchanan, Frank Noad, Paul Gaylord, Sam Henning, George Norton, Trabue Barksdale, Burton Vance, Lee and Archie Robinson, Lewis Goodloe, Bridges, Rodes Barrett, J. Ross Todd, Wallace Swearingen, John and Hugh Caperton, John Armstrong, James Kelly, Hiram Gorch, Will Thume, Austin Ballard, Ben Leight, Dave Bornteig, Charlie Carter, Dave Parkbill, Martin Joyce, Tom Donnigan, John Hundley, Ed. Mc-Dermott, Will Caplinger, Jim Kennedy, Bob and Ed. Ferguson, Syd. White, Tom Anderson, Arthur Cobb. Charlie Barton, Walter Green, Darwin Johnston, F. and W. Hamilton, Duff Read, R. P. Halleck, Joe Eakins, Mr. Moraney, Mr. Waden, Preston Satterwhite, Geo. Alexander, John How John and Wisiger Chambers, Mr. Helm, Ge. Lewis, Ras. Force, Frank Semple, Charles Laion, Henry Smith, Archie Brockenbrough, Ed. Whitney, Carl Haydon, Percy Latham of Nashville, Jim Bullitt, Dr. Ewing Marshall, Tom Bullock, J. M. Ray, Harry Gordmen, Dr. Grant, Dr. Griffith, Dr. Fink, Harry Mayer of New York, Claude Barnes, Gray Heinsohn, John McDowell, Stuart Bell, Charlie Campbell, Owen Thomas, Frather Zanone, and many others.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Great Britain's Leading Story Writer, Author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

For several months past the most powerful of British authors of fiction, and one of the ablest of contemporary poets, has been a resident of New York State. His home, with his American wife-who is a native of Indianapolis-is at Saranac, the Adirondacks. He has been more or less of an invalid for years, during which his time has been spent chiefly at Hyeres, in Southern France, and at Bournemouth, on the English coast. His stay among the mountains will be prolonged until spring. The sick man has improved wonderfully since he entered the woods, and he smokes fewer cigarettes than formerly. The cold, windless, piney air which he

breathes has strengtuened his lungs and put new life into his frame. Robert Louis Stevenson is a native of Edinburgh, and is now thirty-seven years old. His father, who died last spring, was for many years engaged in the construction of light-houses on the English coast, and made some important improvements in the arrangement of reflectors for them. The paternal wish was that Eltevenson should be a lawyer. Accordingly, after completing his preparatory studies at the University of Cambridge, he read law and was admitted to the bar. He never practiced, however, but betook himself to the profession of literature, for which he has a decided natural girt. He was a frequent contributor to the Cornhili Magazine, and was for some time interested in a weekly journal called London, which was published in that city. The summer of 1876 was passed in France, and some of our American artists who were at that time in the vicinity of Barbizon and Grez and Fontainbleau remember with admiration his brilliancy at that time. His canos trip through a part of France, the particulars of which are related in "An Inland Voyage," was undertaken about this time. Two years later he was again in France, and this time an excursion into the region of the Cevennes furnished the material for his "Travels With a Donkey." This was the work which first made Stevenson known to American readers. The list of Mr. Stevenson's works is already a long one, and includes that masterpiece of fiction, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and a volume of poems: "Underwood." That perhaps indefinable thing, genius, pervades all the works of the writer. He is not merely a clever and industrious manufacturer of manuscripts. "Treasure Island" possesses fascination for those wno love adventure. In "The Strange Case," the most wonderful of recent books, the medical writer finds "illustrated the various phenomena presented by circular insanity complicated by epilepsy;" the psychologist profound philosophy, and the unlearned reader an "uncanny," all-absorbing interest. This work is said to have had its origin in a dream. It was written in four days. Everybody hopes that Mr. Stevenson will write for many years yet, to the lasting enrichment of literature.

He was in America once before this time. In the summer of 1879 he was led by his spirit of adventure to make the voyage from Liverpool to New York as an emigrant. He came in the steerage of one of the steamers and continued his journey to California in an emigrant car. His varied experiences on the trip were given in a series of papers contributed to a London magazine. While in California he married an American lady, whom he had previously known in Europe. She is also a literary person, and is said to assist him materially in the detail of his work. As previously stated, Mrs. Stevenson was born in Indianapolis. She is the daughter of an old and prominent citizen of that place. When Stevenson met her in Paris she had just secured a divorce from an uncongenial husband whose name was Osborne.

The above portrait is from a recent eiching made by a prominent artist of New York. It is an admirable likeness. Its subject, it is interesting to add, is about five feet ten inches in height, fair and spare. He wears his light brown hair long and loose. His broad, high forehead is illuminated by a piercing pair of eyes at a remark. able distance apart. He has the air of an artist who has been ill, and is now well advanced toward recovery.

Uses of the Lemon.

[Boston Traveler.]

Lemonade from juice of the lemon is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable for all stomach diseases, gravel, liver complaint, inflammation of the bowels, and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures this disease, but prevents it. Sailors make daily use of it for this purpose. I advise every one to rub their gums with lemon juice to keep them in a good condition. The hands and nails are kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chillblains.

Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. It will alleviate and finally cure coughs and colds, and heal diseased lungs, if taken hot on going to bed at night, Its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally and internally the better we shall find ourselves. Lemon juice is useful in removing tartar from the teeth, antifebrile, etc. A doctor in Rome is trying it experimentally in malurial fever with great success, and thinks it will in time supersede quinine.

The Sweet

The Sort of Wife Every Man Wishes.

[Waterbury (Coun.) American.] Told by a philosophical writer on matrimony in a Western paper: "And just here let me repeat an anecdote of a wife of a few months, who, in the midst of her first quarrel, was asked by her husband which ought to give up first, the man who was the head of the woman, or the woman who was created for the man? With a smile and a kiss the wife replied! 'Neither the stronger nor the weaker, but the one who loves the most.' !

MEIN LIEBE FRAU UND KATZ-ENJAMMER.

(Written for the Courier-Journal)

The custom's old from Fatherland-A pleasing, sacred one 'tis too; The family forms a loving band-Each to the other's ever true.

The "good man's frau" shares all his joys-Joins him in every nightly bout, And ne'er berates him, ne'er annoys, No more at home than when they're out.

Next morn she bathes his throbbing head. As each at last night's foibles laugh, With tempting viands he is fed. With soothing drink as one would quart.

Long life to thee, mein liebe frau! (Nor would I soon be taken from her.) Long may you live as you do now, To spice for me my kutzeh jammer! ULIVER LUCAS.

MR. JAMIE FAULDS.

A Young Gentleman Widelyknown on Two Continents for His, Peculiarities.

How He Dethroned E. Berry Wall, the King of the Swells in New York City.

Too Delicate to Lead a Commercial for Professional Life He Finds Fame in Another Field.

The death of James Sheridan Faulds has removed from the public eye a notable figure in a great world. It is not saying too much to declare that this mild and gentle young man was better known and more remarked all over the United States than any other citizen of Louisville, with the exception of Mr. Henry Watterson. In New York, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans or anywhere in any of the great cities the name and the face of "Jamie Faulds" were familiar to a great many people. Even in London and Paris this remarkable young American had gained more or less notoriety. It is even said that the comedian of the Theater Francaise two years ago made his caricature of the extravagant young man of fashion from a close observation of the manners and dress of Mr. Faulds. In New York he was as well known as here in his own home.

James Sheridan Faulds was born a delicate and weakly child, and as he grew into boyhood his feeble constitution found no new strength. But he was ambitious to be known in the world, and since he was not strong enough to accomplish anything in the ordinary channels he sought a new field. He read the English novels and the English journals and found an outlet for his talent. It was in the matter of dress and manners. In his early manhood he became known as an equisite in all that pertained to the fashions of the day. And after a while he went ahead of the fashions. Or, at least, building upon the popular models of the day, he made his own dress more extravagant and more unique than anything standard in the shops. In his manners Mr. Faulds affected the peculiarities of those young gentlemen who are styled "the swells." His model was of the popular London variety, and in this, as o easily as in his dress, he reduced the x- model to a state of secondary importance. It is with no sentiment of disrespect to the memory of this amiable young gentleman, but merely to indicate the note which he had attained in the field of ultra-fashion, that we refer to the fact that he was recognized on this continent as the absolute king of the dudes." This flippant title was originally voted to a young gentleman of New York, Mr. E. Berry Wall, several years ago, but later on when Mr. Faulds appeared at Delmonico's and at the Union League

Club, after his first season in London, the press and the letter-writers of New York as well as the young men about town promptly agreed that Mr. Wall must abdicate the throne in favor of the young Louisvillian who in every detail of manners and dress easily eclipsed all rivalry. And thus it happened that Mr. Faulds quickly became a subject for the metropolitan press and a popular theme in society, and at all the clubs-those of Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, as well as New York. Nor was this at all objectionable to the young gentleman. It pleased him to feel that he had made his name known, and he received with the utmost good nature the epidemic of sallies of all sorts that were indulged in at his expense. And he was in all things a gentleman of the most delightful and graceful manners, however odd they may have been. With the feminine sex he was at all times a favorite, because he was always a gentleman. He had read faithfully and thoughtfully and observed closely, and he was an interesting conversationalist upon any subject. In matters of art he was a connoisseur, and in matters of taste he was something more—a prodigy in fact who could get more out of the fold of a curtain or the hanging of a picture than a dozen professional decorators. Mr. Henry Watterson and Mr. Andrew Cowan, who served with Mr. Faulds on the Art Committee of the first Southern Exposition, are free to say that the pronounced success of the art gallery of that exceptional year was largely due to Mr. Faulds' advice and counsel. His knowledge of pictures was remarkable, and his information as to the art galleries of private homes in New York was infinite. He knew exactly where all of the best figures were to be found. It was reported some time ago that Mr. Faulds had been engaged by Tiffany to make certain large purchases in Paris and London, and it is said that he was also employed by a large decorating establishment in New York as a foreign buyer of novelties, but these stories were never vouched for.

The early death of Mr. Faulds was not unexpected. Two years ago he developed symptoms of consumption, and he was thought at one time last winter to be dying, but he recovered sufficiently to be brought home in the spring. He spent the summer at Deer Park, and went to Chicago early in September apparently much improved. It was his design to have

passed the preceding winter in Southern California and he was on his way to Los Angeles when death overtook him. He had stopped to break the journey at Turlington Stock Farm in Nebraska, the home of his cousin, Mrs. Turlington W. Harvey. Here he became suddenly worse and died on the tenth day after his arrival.

Telegrams were received in this city by some of his relatives on the Friday before his death announcing his fatal illness, but it is said that the contents of these telegrams were not made known to his father, who knew nothing until after the young gentleman had passed away. Mr. Faulds left a small estate which passes to his sister, Mrs. Octavius Badger.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

[Chicago Farmer's Voice.]

[This poem appeared first in the Illustrated Christian Weekly, August, 1875. It has been reprinted extensively, out inaccurately. It is reproduced here with the sanction of the author, Mrs. Agnes E. Mitchell, and the following is a corrected and revised copy. The poem has been credited to an English writer, and was published some months ago in an Eastern paper, with the explanatory remark that the author was not known.]

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
'Way down the dusky dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet, and clear, and raint and low.
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower.
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-ring, ko-lang.

Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle
'Way down the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights, and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
De Kamp, Regrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—
Across the fields I hear her loo-oo,
And clang her silver bell;

Go-ling, go-lang.
Go-ling, go-lang, golinglelingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle
The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle.
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade,
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hims are growing brown;

To-ring, to-rang,
To-ring, to-rang, to-ringlelingle,
By threes and fours and single
The cows come slowly home;
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and caim,
The same sweet scent of oud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peachbloom, and Phoebe Phyllis,
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies
In a drowsy dream;

To-link, to-lank,
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelingle.
O'er banks with butter-cups a-twinkle
The cows come slowly home;
And up through Memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time

And the crescent of the silver queen, When the cows come home.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin Hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the Whip-poor-will;
The dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lang,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle

With ting-a-ling and jingle
The cows come slowly home;
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

A DANGER SIGNAL.

Evangelist Moody Raises a Warning Voice to the Unconverted-The

Debt on the Tabernacle

Extinguished.

Tabernacle-Broadway, between Fourth and Fifth streets.

3 r. M .- Lecture by Mr. Moody.

Mr. Sankey will direct the musical services.
7:30 to 5 r. m.—Praise services, conducted by
Mr. Sankey.

S.P. M .- Sermon by Mr. Moody.

Despite the continued inclement weather the crowds at the Moody Tabernacle do not decrease in size, and though Mr. Moody has worked heard and his strength has been greatly taxed by his continued work, his

sermons daily increase in power.

Mr. Moody selected "Overcoming" as the topic for his afternoon sermon. "In attempting to overcome," the evangelist said, "we must depend not on our own strength, but we must lean on the Lord. Too many Christians make the mistake of battling with their own strength alone. This is not sufficient. The forces in opposition to the man attempting to lead a Christian life are so powerful that God's aid is needed in the contest against sin. The forces of sin are constantly active, attacking us upon every side, from within as well as from without. A Christian must strive to overcome the world. Whenever a theater, a dance or other worldly amusement is suggested to his mind he must decide whether it is God's will to visit these places, and if it is not it is the Christian's duty to overcome the world. Another powerful enemy is the flesh. You will find men consumed by lust, drunkenness, avarice, to such a degree that it becomes a disease." This must be overcome or the sin will certainly rule the man before long. In attempting to overcome sin the only way to accomplish it is never to lose sight of Christ.

Revelations to those who overcome. First, he that overcometh shall have a right to the tree of life; second, he that overcometh shall not be hurt with the second death; third, he that overcometh will be given to eat of the hidden manna; fourth, he that overcometh will be given power over nations; fifth, he that overcometh will be clothed in white raiment; sixth, he that overcometh will have a pillow in the temple of God; seventh, he that overcometh shall sit on His throne; eighth, he that overcometh shall sit on His

herit all things."

At the service last night a collection was taken up before the sermon, and the debt was thereby totally extinguished. Mr. Moody at his evening discourse said, "Tonight I have selected my text from the word of God in Deuteronomy xxx., 15: 'See, I have set before thee this day good and evil.' A man may choose good or bad, the way is open to him, but a warning is given. The man who gives this warning is generally considered to be an enemy by the person for whose good he is working. Pharach had no better friend than Moses, David no better friend than Nathan, Agrippa no better friend than Paul. The children of Israel had no better friend than Moses. Yet they didn't take those friends. The truest friends are those who give you warning of danger, instead of flattering you into a false belief in your aiety.

"Sometimes I feel like I would like to lay at your feet and say, don't go to hell; you hall have to go over my body to get there. I don't know what more I can say to you onight. We shall soon part; our paths shall never cross again. We shall never all meet again. Some of you have told me that you are going away tomorrow; are you saved? Are you saying: 'I will be a Christian, but not this season.' God keep you. God help you to come to Him tonight. O, that I bould warn you of your danger."

IT WILL BE ALL LIGHT THERE.

The Child's Message to His Mother-A Pathetic Story of Home Lite.

Children are happy counselors. They are to our hard, practical, every-day lives what the stars are to the heavens, or the flowers and birds to the earth.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

There is a family in this city who are dependent at this moment upon a little child for all the present sunshine of their lives.

A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die.

It was so sudden, so dreadful when the grave family physician called them together in the parlor, and, in his solemn, professional way, intimated to them the truth—

Then the question arose among them, who

Not the doctor! It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand.

Not the aged mother, who was to be left childless and alone!

Nor the young husband, who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious

Not—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with unnoticed by them all and asked gravely:

"Is my mamma 'doin to die!"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and up-stairs as fast as

little feet would carry him.

Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small head on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma," he asked in sweet, caressing

tones, "is you 'fraid to die?"

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.
"Who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked,

faintly.

"Doctor, an' papa, an' gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear little mamma, doan' be 'fraid to die, 'ill you?"

"No Charlie," said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; "no, mamma won't be afraid."

"Jus' shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma, teep hold my hand—an', an' when you open 'em, mamma it'll be all light there."

When the tamily gathered awe-stricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand: "Hu-s-h! My mamma doan to sleep. Her

won't wake up here any more!"

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting, for when the young mother awoke she had passed beyond, and, as baby Charlie said, "it was all light there."—[M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.



It Touches Them All. [Savannah News.]

One day in Willard's Hotel, in Washington, John T. Raymond, the actor, stood near the doorway reading a paper intently. The article that engaged his attention was a complimentary editorial about James G. Blaine. Just as the actor finished his reading Mr. Blaine sauntered by. Mr. Raymond stopped him and said:

"I don't suppose these things interest you much, as your name swarms over the surface of every paper in the country just now, but perhaps you may care to read it."

He pointed out the editorial and Mr.

Blaine read it through.

If they say that public men become utterly callous to newspaper comment," continued the actor, "but I must say that, though
I have been in this business a great many
years, I still manage to rake up a feeling of
pleasure when I read a commendatory notice. How is it with yen?"

"Just the same," said Mr. Blaine, with a quizzical little smile as he passed the paper back. "It touches us all in one way or another."

The Judge Went Home, [American Recorder.]

At a recent trial in a justice's court, eminent legal counsel had been employed by both sides, the evidence had all been submitted, the counsel for the complainant had finished his argument, and the judge and those present were listening to the lawyer for the defense, who endeavored, of course, to put forth his side of the case in the best possible manner. All of a sudden the judge was seen to write something on a small slip of paper, which he then proceeded to fold nicely, and depositing the same in a copy of the code in front of him, took his hat, and remarking to the astonished gentlemen:

"You can proceed with your argument,
Mr. —, and when you have finished you
will find my decision in this case on that

slip of paper," arose to leave.

In vain were the remonstrances of the counsel. The judge would not be persuaded to remain, remarking to his astonished audience:

"Don't you all see that cloud over there? That means rain, and I'm going home to set out my potato slips."

Willing to Give Information.

[Merchant Traveler.]

"Papa," said little Willie Wilkins to his father, who was reading the paper, "papa, won't you listen to me? Papa"—
"Don't bother your father, dear," said his mother; "what is it you want to know?"

"Oh, why, to make them look pretty, of course; whenever you want to know anything just ask your mamma."

THE TONGUE.

(Rev. Philip Strong.)
"The boneless tongue, so small and weak
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith, "A lengthy tengue-an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead, "Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed," Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart, "The tongue's great store-house is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung, "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole, "Who keeps his tengue doth keep his soul."

BILLY FLORENCE'S VIEWS.

HE TELLS OF ACTING AND THE TRIALS OF AN ACTOR'S LIFE.

On the Road-Some Discomforts that Are Met with-Theatres in Small Towns-" One-Night Stands"-Ups and Downs of the Professional Actors-Morality of the Stage -Requirements of the Actor-Cheap Plays.

I have been asked to give my views on the stage and the actor's life. I have no objection, for, while my opinions are likely to clash with those entertained by certain other people who are presumably members of the dramatic profession, I have no fear of encountering the hostility of those whose friendship and indorsement are to be prized.

As to my personal experience behind the footlights, that began in 1849. It was in December of that year that I appeared on the stage in Richmond, Va., and spoke my little piece in "Peter, the Stranger." I have no distinct recollection that any wild excitement was stirred up among the populace by my acting at that time, but I felt a big weight of responsibility, and the responsibility was more serious than my words might seem to imply, for I was the eldest son, and when my father died it devolved on me to support and educate the famlly. A liking for stage work had grown in me in consequence of certain youthful experiences in a debating club and amateur theatrical society. I used to deliver recitations in school, and was a member of the Murdoch Dramatic Association in New York when I was old enough to act, and I persistently haunted the theatres. The spell of the stage was so strong upon me that when the time and necessity came for choosing a profession I took to that without hesitancy. Nor have I ever regretted it. The life has had its ups and downs; it has sometimes involved hardship, it has always necessitated toil; but in the best and largest sense it has paid. It has yielded a comfortable living, it has been congenial, it has won hosts of friends, personal and impersonal, and I think I can allow myself to say that I have taken a pride as well as an interest in it. Art of any kind-musical, dramatic, literary, pictorial, or what not-differs from the commoner vocations in that its pursuit is the highest pleasure as well as the highest benefit to these who live by it. A sincere actor, like a sincere writer or a sincere painter, enjoys his work. It would not be worth a man's while to go on the stage if he would be happier behind a counter or if he were content to carry bricks, and I think it is safe to go further and say that this interest and pleasure in his art are just measures of a man's fitness for it. After my marriage, in 1853, I began starring, and for a dozen or fifteen years I not only played but wrote my pieces, and jurnished Mrs. Florence with all the songs that she sang so popularly at the time.

Since my debut I have acted almost continuously, and have had the experiences usual to players. There have been trials as well as triumples, and discouragements as well as applause; but I look back on these years with pleasure.

I have come to loathe the institution known in stage parlance as the "one-night stand"-i.e., the theatre in a small town that can stand but a single night of a play or an actor. It could not have been much worse in the days when the legitimate drama was acted on an ox-cart. How I have suffered in some of those barns in the rural "deestricts" and out West! If those gentlemen who fancy, or pretend to fancy, that the actor leads a luxurious existence and that Claude Melnotte's sugary premises are almost realized in the gorgeous accessories bebind the scenes could take a turn through the coal regions with me they would know better when they got home. Thank heaven! I have cut down my season of one-night stands to four weeks a year, which is enough in all conscience, and four weeks too much for personal comfort. The onenight stand is commonly made in a theatre owned and managed by some fairly successful bill-poster or Alderman or real-estate speculator, who knows as much about a play-house and the way it ought to be run as I know about the Sanskrit originals of Mr. Arnold's poems. A good many of these theatres are on upper floors above shops and offices. They are approached by flights of narrow and winding stairs, and I never get out of one without thanking my stars that there has been no fire or paule during the night. Queer things happen in

these upstairs places once in a while, John Mc- I Cullough was playing "Hamlet" in a theatre of this sort some years ago. Just beneath the stage was a furnace, attached to a bakery or something of that kind, I believe, and when the trap was opened for the grave-digger to get in, a gush of hot air came up that was stifling. The curtain went up, and you can wager that the grave-digger made lively time getting that pit ready for Ophelia. The sweat poured from the poor man in streams, and he piped his little song and whistled his little speech and got out of there with a jump. When the Queen came to scatter flowers on Ophelia's coffin The hot air caught them up and wafted them into the dies, for they were made of tissue-paper. The curtain cut off that scene with a roar from the nudience.

In these cheaper theatres the manager does not attend to business, but lets the house "run itself," and whatever you need in the way of properties you must beg, borrow, or buy, for he cannot be looked to, or, at least, relied on, to furnish a sofa, a fire-screen, or a pitcher of water. The only time that he is punctual is when the business man is counting up receipts. The "stage" in these theatres is usually small, the scenery bad, the picked-up orchestra set your teeth on edge, the programmes are cheaply printed and full of errors; lighting, heating, ventilation and cleaning are surjects that the proprietor has not brought himself to consider, and you begin your night's work under most discouraging circumstances. You change your clothes in a perfect sty of a dressingroom, with cold air whistling through partitions of unpainted boards; you wash in a battered tin basin; you "make up" with a light on only one side of your face, and there is no lock on your door. Then you go to your hotel-and there's another precious circumstance.

Hotel life in cities, as a rule, is not bad, especially if you have your pick of rooms and name your hours for meals, but you should see some of the hotels out West, and, worse still, down South. To all appearances they are comfortable and clean, and a glimpse at the dining-room, with white cloths and porcelain and black waiters in place, is like a promise of merry sunshine, but wait until your dinner comes-hog, hominy, hog, water, hog, dry bread, then more hog. Everything swims in pork fat and the cook throws in sand and cinders by way of seasoning. A troupe that struck a town in Georgia one day when the regular dinner was over could not get a blessed thing to eat but bacon -no eggs, vegetables, bread, butter, coffee, milk or tea-just fried bacon. The star of the troupe glared over the table and went away, followed by the rest, and bought some crackers in a grocery.

Then there are the hours. You get through your play say at 11, go to your hotel, rise at 4 or 5 to catch a train for your next stand, get there at noon, have something to eat, skirmish around for properties, perhaps rehearse, eat your dinner, go to the theatre and act and often have to take your next train directly after the performance. But there-from these grumblings one might fancy an actor's life to be all shadow and no sunshine. I have have not dwelt on the pleasures of the life because they are more apparent, and everybody knows them: the kindly appreciation of the public, the good words one has from press and people, the odd and interesting sights and adventures one mee's in travelling, the information that even the duliest picks up when he knocks around the world for some years, the friends one makes and the intervals of ease and comfort that come when an actor has established his reputation and his play has become popular. Au actor's life, like most men's lives, has more of pleasure than pain in it. I suppose I am expected to say something of the morals of the stage and its fitness as a profession, though questions of that kind vex me sometimes. One never hears people asking if it would be proper or advisable to enter the church or the law or the shoe business. Well, the stage is just as necessary and legitimate as these forms of endeavor. Great actors are born, but fair actors can be made if they start with intelligence, honesty of purpose, good memory and admiration for their art. The higher they stand in morals and education, and the more industrious they are, the better are their chances for success, and this reminds me of the many self-constituted censors or conservators of dramatic morality. I have no patience with unsuccessful pettifoggers, drawling, ranting preachers and other learned asses who "lecture" on "the stage" and its moral obliquity. Who appointed these Dogherrys our mentors or moral instructors? Imagine the howl that would go up if an actor were to "lecture" on the shortcomings of the bar or the blasphemics of the pulpit! Yet we have to hear continually of some Hon, Mr. Gabbletongue or Rev. Chromo Patchquilt telling us how we shall act, and warning the public to avoid the theatre.

Actors must also have good voices and mobile faces, and a good figure and good looks are excellent capital. The place to gain a knowledge of acting is on the stage, for the majority of these socalled dramatic schools and dramatic teachers are humbugs. I can think of but one or two in New York that is deserving of any respect. Few of thesa "dramatic teachers" could go on the stage and play a part It may seem unking to say it, but I fear it is true that there are more bad actors on the stage than good ones-I mean bad from an artistic standpoint. The stage is filled with coarse clowns who have gamed a foothold on the boards through an increase in the number of "horseplay comedies "-things that are neither fish, nesh, nor fowl, if the simile be allowed. A play can be ever so funny and still have the comedy element a legitimate outcome of plot and character, but these "Wooden Soldiers" and "Box of Beans" and all that sort of stuff are a mere hodge-podge of incident held together by the most worthless and trivial pretense of a plot, and devoted to showing how many times a man may be kicked, thrown downstairs, dropped into a washtub or whacked with stuffed clubs in the course of an evening without being killed. I suppose managers are not to be blamed for showing these things at their houses so long as their public demands them. The public is to blame for supporting these monstrosities, not the managers and actors for giving what pays them best. They have cheapened dramatic art, however; they have introduced to the stage a low element that was foreign to it in former years, and they have done good actors an injury by establishing false standards of criticism among a large class of people. The cheap and nasty plays are excellent weapons in the hands of enemies of the stage when they wish to prove the vulgarity and worthlessness of the theatre. I am in hope that the excess of these things will disgust playgoers after a time, and that they will be glad to see real plays once more. One reason for their growth is, I suppose, the present popularity of comedy. Tragedy is not agreeable to most people. There is too much of it in common life. Pick up any newspaper and read the world's history for a day. What a record of accident, crime, vice, hardship, misery and death! No, we go to the theatre as a relief from the gloom of daily tragedy and the struggle and strain of this selfish nineteenth century.

Where good plays are acted by good men and women, the influence on the public can be no other than wholesome. Did one ever go to see Booth, Barrett, Irving or Jefferson act and come away the worse? I cannot conceive it. Not only does every play that is rightly constructed teach a lesson, but it keeps our natures fresh and pliant and youthful; it touches the springs of generous emotions, proves the nobility of self-sacrifice and generosity, "shows Scorn her own image," and

holds meanness up to contempt.

Much is said of the temptations of the stage and the scandals of it. I have yet to learn that the stage furnishes any more scandal to the news columns of our journals than the bank, the exchange, the shop, the bar, or the pulpit. I have yet to learn that there is an actor in a penitentiary; I have yet to learn that an actor has been hanged; I have yet to learn that the actor's name is seen oftener in our court calendars than the clergyman's. There are vain men and silly women on the stage, as there are in society, who go out of their way to find temptation, but it comes to them no more than it comes to others. The fact that some adventurers and bad women have chosen to mak 4 the stage an advertisement for themselves dro not militate against the character of the dram profession. When an actor goes wrong you b loud cry against the evils of the stage, but yor A hear a similar protest against the evils of colo goods trade if a clerk or a cashier is ca Phol misdemeanor. We hear, too, about ti /re between the Church and stage, but, & & heart, there's no quarrel. The quard been done entirely by a few narrow-e sensational preachers. Clergymen ooog of starad read in little Nellie's presence.

, whose mother was quite a lithe Detroit Free Press.] SEIM BUTTLE MARK JIHE

Lit/ho often canvessed the merit of

THINK SULLING OUR I'M ROIDE to

EBBA H. MUNCK,

The Young Woman For Whom Prince Oscar, of Sweden, Sacrifices His Royal Dignities.



On March 15 Prince Oscar, second son of the King of Sweden and Norway, will marry at Bournemouth, in England, Ebba Munck. In taking this step he will renounce all his rights, prerogatives and titles as a member of the royal family and become a plain citizen. All the world surely loves a lover of this intense sort. His love affair with Miss Munck dates back ten years, but not till recently did he divulge his feelings, even to Miss Munck herself. It was only after much earnest and persevering effort that he obtained the royal assent to his marriage with Miss Munck, and then it was owing mainly to the pleading of his mother.

Miss Munck is a descendant of a family long know in the history of Sweden. The principal member of the family to day is Captain Eugene Munck, of the Swedish Navy, who resides at Stockholm. His father, Colonel Munck, had a half-brother, Lieutenant-Colonel K. J. Munck, who married twice, the second time with Baroness Henrietta Cederstrom. Two children were born of this marriage-B. Munck, 1857, now Lieutenant in a cavalry regiment in Smaland, and Ebba Henrietta Munch, the betrothed of Prince Oscar, born October 24, 1858. Her tather, now dead, was Colonel of a cavairy regiment in the army, and afterwards Postmaster of Joukoping. Her mother is still living at Stockholm.

Frince Oscar's betrothed was chosen in 1882 as maid of honor to the Crown Princess, and occupied her place at Court till 1886. She then left and devoted herself to nursing the sick in the Queen's Hospital, Stockholm. The betrothal between I rince Oscar and Miss Munck took place January 29, in the Royal Palace, Stockholm.

Lady Randolph Churchill—The eglantine or wild rose, which she occasionally wears in

her hair with evening dress.

Mrs. Cleveland—The pansy, to which she gives the preference on all occasion, and not long ago had it embroidered into one of her most successful gowns.

The Princess of Wales—The violet, which in hue matches exactly her eyes.

Modjeska—The Mermet rose, groups of which she carries with her even when traveling in the cars.

Queen Marguerite of Italy—The daisy, which she wears in diamonds in her hair and has embroidered in her court and ball dresses.

Ellen Terry—The daffodil, whose jocund yellow she copies in her gowns, and of which Wordsworth sang:

In vacant or in pensive mood
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude:
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

INTOXICATING LIQUORS,

A Response to Some Recent Utterauces By Mr. Moody-The Other Side of the Question Argued.

[To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.] I notice that Mr. Moody on the 27th ult., in reply to the inquiry, "What would you do with a church member who sells intoxicating liquors !" is reported to have said, "He did not think such a person should be a member of the church; it was time the proper discipline should be enforced." If by the church Mr. Moody means a political body organized by men to effect the prohibition of the liquor traffic, it is a self-evident proposition that dealers in intoxicating liquors should not be admitted to membership in such an organization; but if he refers to the collective body of Christians, who believe in Christ, and acknowledge Him to be the Saviour of mankind and the only head of the true church, and who accept the Bible as the Word of God and the only infallible rule of faith and practice, the statement, coming from so prominent a source, deserves grave consideration, and I confess to most serious reluctance in undertaking it, but as I regard the Bille the great bulwark of civil and religious liberty, and realize that if it be at fault in one particular it cannot be sustained in any, I undertake to show from the Bible the error of Mr. Moody's statement. Of cource I appeal only to those who will admit that one may be eligible to the visible church who is not ineligible to to the invisible church. To my mind the whole question hinges itself on whether the Bible teaches it is wrong to buy, sell or drink intoxicants. Let us see what it says on the subject:

"And Meichizedek. King of Salem, brought for h bread and wine, and he was the Priest of the most high God" [Gen. xiv., 18.] "Incretore, God give thee of the dew of

Heaven and fatness of the earth and plenty of corn and wine." [Gen. xxvii., 28.]

"And head answered and said unto Esau, behold I have made him thy lord, and an his brethren have I given to him for servants; and with corn and wine have I now sustained him, and what shall I now do unto thee, my son?" [Gen.

"And with one lamb, a tenth deal of flour, mingled with the fourth part of an hin of beaten oil and the fourth part of an hin of wine for a drink offering." [Ex. xxix., 40.]

"And for a dring offering thou shall offer the third part of an hin of wine, for a sweet savour unto the Lord." [Numbers xv., 9.]

"All the best of the on, and all the best of the wine and of the wheat, the first fruits of them which they shall offer unto the Lord, them have I given thee." [Numbers xviii., 12.]

"And their drink onering shall be half an hin of wine unto a bullock, and the third part of an hin unto a ram, and the fourth part of an hin unto a lamb. This is the burnt offering of every month throughout the months of the year." [Numbers

And he will love thee and bless thee; He will also bless the fruit of thy womb, and the fruit of thy land, thy corn and thy wine, and thine on, the increase of thy kine and the flock of thy sheep, in the land which he swear unto thy fathers

That I will give you the rain of your land in his one scason, the first rain and the latter rain, that thou mays gather in thy corn and thy wine and thine oil." [Deut. xi, 14.

"And thou shall bestow that money for whatsoever thy som lusteth for, for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth; and thou shall eat there before the Lord thy God, and thou shall rejoice, thou and thou household. [Deut. xiv, 26.

"Israel then shall dwell in sarety alone; the fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine; also his heaven shall drop down dew" [Deut. XXXIII, 25].

"And the vine said unto them, shall I leave my wine which cheereth God and man and go to be promoted over the trees?" [Judges 1x., 13.

among the whole multitude of Israel, as well as to the women as men, to every one a cake of bread and a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine, so all the people departed every one to his house." [Second Samuel, vi., 19.

the versels, and all the instruments of the Sanctuary, and the fine floar and wine, and the oil and the frankincense and the spices." First Chronicle,

xi., 29
And over the vineyards was Shimel the Ramathite; over the increase of the vineyards for the
wine cellars was Zabdi the Shiphinite." [L Chron.

hewers that cut timber, twenty thousand measures of barney, and twenty thousand baths of wine, and twenty thousand baths or oil." [H.

"And it came to pass in the month of Nisan, in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes the king, that wine was before him, and I took up the wine and gave it unto the King. Now I had not been before time sad in his presence." [Neh. ii., 1.]

"Now that which was prepared for me daily was one ox, and six choice sneep; also fowls were prepared for me, and once in ten days store of all sorts of wine." [Neh. v., 18.

"Then the Lord awakened as one out of sleep and like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine, and he smote his enemies in the hinder parts; he put them to a perpetual reproach." [Ps. lxxvii., 56 and 66.

"And wine that maketh glad the heart of men, and oil to make his face to shme, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart." [I's. civ., 15.
"So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and

thy presses shall burst out with new wine." [Prov. iii., 13.
"Come eat of my bread and drink of the wine

live, and go into the way of understanding."

"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more." Prov. XXI., 6 and 7.

"Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for God now ac-

cepted thy works." (Ecclesiastes ix., 7.

"And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." [Is. xxv., 6.

"Ho every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye buy and eat; yea come buy wine and milk without money and without price."—[Israel, lv., l.

"The son of man come eating and drinking, and they say behold a man gluttonous, and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners, but wisdom is justified of her children.—[Mathew

"No man also having drunk old wine straightway desireth new; for he saith the old is better."— [Luke v., 39.

"Jesus saith unto them, fill the water pots with water, and they filled them up to the brim, and he saith unto them, draw out now, and bear unto the Governor of the feast, and they bare it. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was wine, and knew not whence it was, (but the servants who drew the water knew) the Governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and he saith unto him, every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse, but thou hast kept the good wine until how. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee and manifested forth his glory, and his disciples believed in

him. "-[John II, 7-11
"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often informities."

-[First Tim. 4-33. I belive one of the great sins of the present generation to be the growing disposition to accept the opinions of carnal men, in preference to the statutes of the Immortal God, and hence I have been at great pains to quote verbatim many, but not all the passages contained in the Word of God bearing on this subject. If it be a crime "per se" to sell intoxicants, it is but logical to conclude it is also one to use them or give them to another, and if such be the case, Mr. Moody would have to exclude from membership in his church such as Melchizedek, the priest of the Most High God, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Samuel, Nemiah, David, Solomon, Paul, Timothy and the Lord himself.

I rejoice that the Bible seriously condemns the abuse of intoxicants, as it does that of everp blessing with which man is endowed, but it no where prohibits its use except for a specific time, purpose or occasion. I am as hearty in favor of temperance, but no asceticism as Mr. Moody or any other man.

In conclusion I wish to state that I do not wish to disparage Mr. Moody one iota, for I consider him one of the most remarkable men of the age, but this article is prompted by a sense of justice due a large class of cur citizens, whom, if elegible to church membership in all particulars except their vocation, I can see no reason why they should be denied Christian fellowship for that reason alone.

Consistency.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

Love lingered in the sunlight
And asked one rose of May,
And all the world was sweet to him;
But you—you went your way.

Love tarried in the temple
Where sweet the saintly pray;
Kind angels ministered to him;
But you—you went your way.

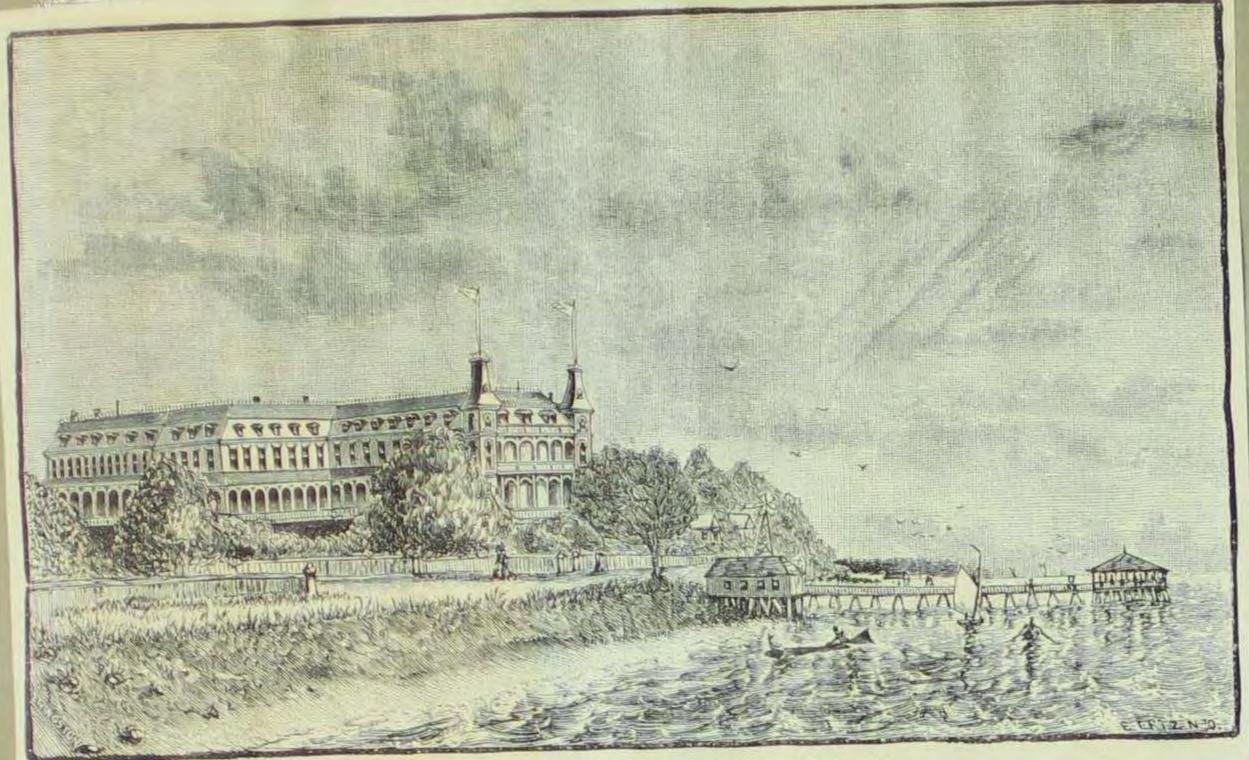
And now-no longer weeping

For dreams too bright to stay,

Love keeps no weary vigils;

For you-you went your way.

-[Frank L. Stanton.



MEXICAN GULF HOTEL. PASS CHRISTIAN.

View from Steamboat Wharf.

written for the Courier-Journal THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

I was sitting in my cottage, Musing in an idle way On "the ride" I took with Santa Just a year ago to-day, When there came a gent e tanning On the window, as of rain, And, on looking out, whom think ye Saw I smil ng at the pane?

Why, the dear old Christmas comer Sitting in his splanuid sleigh, "Come," said he, "and make a visit To old Santa's home to-day." Over hills and over mountains Fast as any bird we flew, And before a shining palace Scoa the golden roms he drew.

All the doors were set with jewels, And the windows were so clear, That I saw the sweet doll faces In the window leaning near. One was dressed like a grand lady, With a crown upon her curls, And her robe of scarlet satin All was overstrung with pearls,

"She," said Santa, "is my Princess, And to-night the beauty goes To a little orphan maiden That no selfish motive knows." Then he opened wide the entrance. O, ten thousand dolls were there! Some were dressed like little fairies, With their arms and shoulders bare.

Some were sleeping in their cradles, Some were smiling and awake, All waiting the long journey They to-night must surely make. Santa touched me on the shoulder, Saying: "See the other toys That I'll carry to the stockings Of good little girls and boys."

Oh! there were so many playthings, I could never call them o'er; But a powerful steam engine Restless puffed upon the floor; And, I could not help rejoicing For a little boy I knew; Thinking of a dista t country Where that engine grand would go.

There were little carts and wagons For the journeys on the street, There were gold and silver bugles That to-morrow morn must greet. There were books and there were bundles, Sugar plums on every shelf; There were boxes full of candy, And to all I helped myself.

But I left enough, my children, I am sure for all of you, And I gave to dear, old Santa Names of every one I knew, Told him where to find your stockings, Bade him then a long good-day, And I left him on the do restep Loading up his splendid sleigh. DECATUR, ALA.

LIFE.

(A year was occupied in searching for and fitting the lines in this remarkable mesaic from English and American poets.) Why all this toil for the triumphs of an hour?-(Young.

Life's a short summer-man is but a flower. - (Dr. Johnson By turns we catch the fatal breath and dle-(Pope.

The cradle and the tomb, alas! how nigh. To be better far than not to be .- (Sewell. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb .- (Spencer. The bottom is but shallow whence they

come.-(Sir Walter Raleigh. Thy fate is the common fate of all; -(Longfellow. Unmingled joys here no man befall; -(Southwell. Nature to each allots his proper sphere, -(Congreve. Fortune makes her folly her peculiar care. -(Churchill,

Custom does often reason overrule.

-(Rochester. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool. -(Armstrong. Live well; how long or short permit to heaven .- (Milton.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.-(Bailey. Sin may be clasped so close we can not see

its face. - (French. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place. -(Somerville, Then keep each passion down however dear, -(Thompson.

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,-(Smollett. With craft and skill to ruln and betray;

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise; -(Massinger. We masters grow of all that we desipse. -(Crowley. Oh, then renounce that implous self-esteem, - (Beattle.

Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream .- (Cowper. The pathe of glory leads but to the grave; What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat. Only destruction to the brave and great-What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?

The way to bliss lies not on beds of doun. -(Francis Quarles. How long we live, not years but actions tell. - (Watkins. That man lives twice who lives the first

life well. - (Herrick. Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend .- (William Mason Whom Christians worship, yet not compre-

hend.-(Hill. The truth that's given guard, and to yourself be just - (Daua For live how we may, yet die we must,

-(Shakspeare.

THE CORE OF THE HOUSE,

[Margaret E. Sangster In Harper's Bazar.] The core of the house, the dearest place, the one that we all love best, Holding it close in our heart of hearts,

for its comfort and its rest, Is never the place where strangers come, nor yet where friends are met, Is never the stately drawing-room, where our treasured things are set.

Oh, dearer far, as the time recedes in a dream of colors dim. Breathing across our stormy moods like

the echo of a hymn, Forever our own, and only ours, and pure as a rose in bloom,

Is the center and soul of the old home nest, the mother's darling room.

We flew to its arms when we rushed from school, with a thousand things to tell; Our mother was always waiting there, had the day gone ill or well.

No other pillow was quite so cool, under an aching head, As soft to our fevered childish cheek,

as the pillow on mother's bed. Sitting so safely at her feet, when the dewy dusk drew nigh,

We watched for the angels to light the lamps in the solemn evening sky. Tiny hands folded, there we knelt, to

lisp the nightly prayer, Learning to cast on the Loving One early our load of care. Whatever the world has brought us since,

yet, pure as a rose in bloom, Is the thought we keep of the come of the home, the mother's darling room.

We think of it oft in the glare and heat of our lifetime's later day,

Around our steps when the wild spray beats, and the mirk is gathering gray. As once to the altar's foot they ran whom the menacing foe pursued,

We turn to the still and sacred place where a foe may never intrude, And there, in the hush of remembered hours, our failing souls grow strong,

And gird themselevs anew for the fray, the battle of right and wrong, Behind us even the hallowed thought, as

pure as a rose in bloom, Of the happiest place in all the earth, the mother's darling room.

We've not forgotten the fragrant sheaves of the lilacs at the door,

Nor the ladder of sunbeams lying prone on the shining morning floor. We've not forgotten the robin's tap at the ever friendly pane,

Nor the lilt of the little brook outside, trolling its gay refrain. How it haunts us yet, in the tender hour

of the sunset's fading blush, The vesper-song, so silvery clear, of the hidden hermit-thrush! All sweetest of sound and scent is blent,

when, pure as a rose in bloom, We think of the spot loved best in life, the mother's darling room.

Holding us close to our best in life, keeping us back from sin, Folding us yet to her faithful breast, oft as a prize we win,

The mother who left us here alone to battle with care and strife Is the guardian angel who leads us on

to the fruit of the tree of life. Her smile from the heights we hope to gain is an ever-beckoned lure;

We catch her look when our pulses faint, nerving us to endure. Others may dwell where once she dwelt, and the home be ours no more,

But the thought of her is a sacred spell, never its magic o'er.

We're truer and stronger and braver yet, that, pure as a rose in bloom, Back of all struggle, a heart of peace, is the mother's darling room.

A PALACE FOR SMALL PAY.

Jay Gould Bargaining For Charles Reed's Magnificent Saratoga House and its Wealth of Antique Rarities.

Saratoga, Aug. 4 -- Jay Gould is still considering the advisability of purchasing Chas. Reed's magnificent residence and charming grounds on Union avenue, near the castle

owned by Harry Leech.

Mr. Reed has not occupied his house for five years. He is not in Saratoga and will not be here this season. He was formerly one of the owners of the Saratoga Clubhowse and the race track. The house was built ten years ago and cost \$175,000, and the furniture, which was picked up by Mrs. Reed in various parts of Europe, cost over \$50,000. The house is in perfect order, and is kept ready for occupance at all seasons of the year. Mr. Gould might move his family into it to-morrow, send for some groceries and have a home of his own at once.

The house is of brick, and contains twenty-three rooms. It is of the massive style of architecture of many years ago. The grounds are surrounded by an iron fence, painted black, and there are fine stables in the rear. The house is not as showy as the one occupied by Mr. Leech, the nearest neighbor, but it is probably more comfortable. The kitchen, of the Delmonico style, is in the basement, the parlors, dining-room, billiard-room, butler's pantry and groceryroom are on the main floor. The house is unished in hardwood and there are no carpets in any of the rooms. Beautiful grate rugs are used instead of carpets.

The furniture in the parlors is magnificent, many of the articles having been carved by hand long before Columbus discovered America. Neither the furniture, bric a-brac, nor the trappings of these parlors, or of any of the rooms for that matter, could possibly be duplicated. Clocks hundreds of years old greet the visitors to the rooms and hallways, and priceless little ornaments are tastefully placed everywhere. Mirrors in which the belles of Naples and Paris beheld their pretty faces are plentiful. Two life-size figures, carved out of stone in Naples a thousand years ago, stand in the main hallway and are apt to startle a stranger.

The dining-room is as it ought to be, one of the most cheerful rooms in the house, and the furniture must have come from the banquet hall of some monarch's palace. The sideboard is of immense size and exquisitely carved. The table and chairs are of the most costly description. The chinaware was used by Napoleon III. while he

was Emperor of France.

The billiard-room is a surprise to every one who enters it for the first time. Painted in colors upon the glass door is a fulllength portrait of " Pat" Meaney, the famous jockey, who used to ride Mr. Reed's racers. On the windows of the billiard-room are portraits of the horses. Everything needed to make a billiard-room comfortable, everything for the players, is to be found here.

The sleeping apariments upstairs have sets of antique forniture of the rarest and costliest kind, and the bedding, coverlets, quilts, etc., were purchased in St. Petersburg. The coverings are gorgeous. There are five bath-rooms in the house, and hot and cold water, electric bells, speaking tubes in every room. The plazzas are

spacious and very tastefully decorated. All the visitors to Saratoga who drive out to the lake pass this splendid property and wonder why it is unoccupied. Men are daily at work keeping the lawns and flower-beds in proper condition, and the fountains are in full play each day. Messrs. Conkling and Knapp have the selling of the house and grounds, and offered the property to Mr. Gould for \$140,000, or about \$65,000 less than it cost Mr. Reed. Mr. Gould was highly pleased with the dwelling and grounds, but has no fancy for antique furniture. He is to decide in a day or two whether he will purchase the property.

Some Facts Worth Knowing.

[National Republican.] As Congress has assembled, and Congressmen sometimes lack the time and sometimes the inclination to procure facts and figures, it may be of use to them, as well as to other people, to know how various countries rank as to the value of the production of the principal articles the world needs and uses.

The United States stands first in the production of cereals, the value in 1886 being \$1,161,215,453. Russia comes next, with \$1,-109,159,673. Germany is third, the values being \$750,148,109, and Austria-Hungary fourth with \$648,043,475. Great Britain, including India, Australia, Canada and all its other colonies and dependencies, only produced cereals to the value of \$437,282,910, which is \$8,000,000 less than the production of France.

In the production of potatoes the United States is fourth, the value being \$73,302,480. Russia is first in this, with \$450,000,000; the German Empire second, with \$263,550,090; and Austria-Hungary third, with \$158,840,-445. In orchard fruits Germany is first, producing \$62,943,623, and the United States second with \$51,756,847.

The United States produces \$233,443,356 of cotton and cotton-seed oil; British India, \$83,121,980, and Egypt gives \$43,805,460 for

export.

The value of the live stock in the United States is \$1,279,560,190, which is more than the com ined value of the stock of all other countries. Russia and Great Britain have each \$80,000,000, Germany \$60,000,000, and Austria-Hungary \$35,000,000. Indairy products Germany leads with \$83,575,000, the United States being second with \$50,482,186.

In hay, Great Britain produces more than all the world, the value being \$1,200,000,000; the United States is second with \$550,000,000; Austria-Hungary third, with \$261,000,000, and Germany fourth, with \$175,000,000.

In the production of sugar and molasses, Germany ranks first, the value being \$190,-000,000 in 1885, which was largely increased in 1886; Cuba is second, with \$113,960,000; Austria-Hungary third, \$96,850,000: France fourth, \$95,289,000: Russia lifth, with \$85,-176,000.

Of nides and tallow the United States produces \$82,949,207 worth; Russia follows close after with \$81,000,000; France is third, with \$43,420,000; Germany fourth, \$41,150,000, and Austria-Hungary fifth, with \$37,480,000.

As a wool producer the United States stands first, the values being \$72,464,201; Australia second, \$47,358,000; Argentine Republic third, \$45,046,855; Russia tourth, \$33,615,200; Austria-Hungary fifth, \$30,663,-000; France sixth, \$16,654,000, and Germany seventh, \$15,582,000.

In wine and spirits Spain comes first, with values of \$178.680,000; Germany second, \$119,860,000; Russia third, \$78,106,750; the United States fourth, \$76,464,201; France fifth, \$75,767,932, and Italy sixth, \$65,265,-000. In malt liquors Germany comes first, with \$74,907,588, and the United States second, \$61,400,000.

In tobacco and cigars France comes first, with \$72,850,000; Turkey second, \$60,500,000, and the United States third, with \$44,160,-150. In oils Italy leads, with \$50,216,000; Russia is second, with \$72,500,650; the United States third, \$53,905,000.

In the precious metals Russia comes first as to gold, with \$54,217,600; the United States second, with \$30,800,000; Australia third, with \$21,000,000. In silver the United States leads, \$53,800,000; Mexico second, \$26,000,000; Russia third, \$20,420,000. Of the lesser metals, Germany produces most lead, \$18,091,000; the United States is second, with \$9,186,000, and Spain third, with

\$8,580,000. Russia is much the largest producer of ironsteel, the values being \$275,000,000. Great Britain comes second with \$210,000,000, Germany is third with \$200,000,000, the United States fourth, \$160,000,000, and France fifth, \$117,000,000. Germany produces \$70,-126,000 worth of copper and tin. Great Britain comes next with \$28,275, 100, Austria-Hungary third, \$15,550,000, and Chili fourth,

\$15,000,000. These are facts worth knowing.

WHAT COST THE MOST.

A Few Articles for Which the Highest Prices Have Been Paid, [Decorator and Furnisher.]

Here are a few somewhat remarkable examples of lavish expenditure:

The highest-priced piano in America is owned by H. G. Marquand, of New York. The case, which was built in London, was designed and painted by Alma Tadema. It cost \$46,000. Sir Donald Smith, of Montreal, is the owner of the costliest plane ever made in this country. It cost, when landed in Montreal, \$27,000.

The most expensive sideboard ever made in the United States is owned by Judge Harry E. Packer, of Mauch Chunk, Pa. It covers the whole side of a room, and was built for \$47,000. It is a marvel of elaborate and beautiful carving.

Mr. Marquand is the possessor of the costliest billiard table in the country. The price was \$26,000.

J. W. Mackay furnished about \$75,000 in weight of silver, and paid \$120,000 for work on his dinner service, which thus represents \$195,000.

The costliest string of pearls in this country belongs to a New York lady and cost \$51,000.

Another New York lady had a soletaire diamond ring for which she paid \$48,000.

The late Mrs. Morgan paid \$250,000 for her necklace. Mrs. Hick-Lord is the owner of a diamond necklace which cost \$258,000. The famous picture by Meissonier, called

"1807," was painted for the late A. T. Stewart,. At the sale of his gallery Henry Histon bought it for \$66,500, and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum, where it now hangs, the costliest painting in America.

Sir Donald Smith is the possessor of the highest-priced painting in Canada, "The Communicants," by Jules Breton. Cost at

the Seney sale \$45,000.

W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, paid the highest recorded price for an American picture. It is a Church's "Niagara," and the price was \$13,000. It was reported that Legrand Lockwood paid \$25,000 for Bierstadt's "Domes of the Yosemite," but as at the distribution of his effects the picture brought less than \$6,500, the first price was probably a fable.

In the Lenox Library is a perfect copy of the Mazarin, or Guttenberg Bible, the first book printed with movable types. It is worth \$25.000, and nothing better has ever been done since. Mr. Brayton Ives, of New York City, has an imperiect copy, for which he paid \$15,000.

J. F. Irwin, of Oswego, paid \$10,000 for a Biole. It was originally in three volumes, but by the insertion of woodcuts, manuscripts, engravings and stebings had been

expanded to sixty imperial folio volumes. Of the original edition of the sonnets of William Shakespeare, published by George Daniel, of London, in 1609, there are two perfect copies. One is in the British Museum. For the other \$5,000 was paid. It is a little book about seven by four inches in size. A somewhat hard-healed clerk figures that at the price it cost \$480 an ounce.

A sixteenth century veitum manuscript, with six paintings by Giulio Clovis, cost the

Lenox Library \$12,000.

"A WHOPPER IN FACT."

A North Carolina Man's Complaint to President Cleveland on Sight.

[Raleigh Observer.] When the President was at Weldon quite a large crowd shook hands with him. Among them was a countryman, whe, tall and lank, took his stand in front of the President, and, as he shook his hand, said:

"Well, and are you the President?" "Yes." answered Mr. Cleveland, "I am

the President."

"Well, I have voted for many a President, but I never seed one before." And as he stood looking at him all over, up and down, and from one side to the other, he exclaimed: "Well, you are a whopper, in fact." Whereupon the President smiled uncomfortably, and Mrs. Cleveland, who was near by, laughed until she cried.

deserve one spirite is so tellimile, so unconquerable, so still, so silently shifting, so deadly when aroused, so cruel always to the invader of its solitude. And in the midst of the desolation that lonely village; that unruffled sea, where the slow tides rise and fall; where strange craft congregate; where the sea-birds call and cry.

AN ENGLISH GRAVE-YARD.

Afar off across the golden sands, looking as if they touched the sky-blue sky, one sees the wonderful purple and red mountains of Africa, that seem to shine in the limpid air. On an island—a bank of sand and shells—we saw a deserted English grave-yard. Only a few graves were left; the wall, built of mud, was crumbling away; the gate stood ajar. Inside the sand had blown in heaps about the few grave-stones left there. No sign of care: no look of anything except absolute forgetfulness. Asia on one shore, Africa on the other, and all about it the waves of the Red sea creeping back and forth. Neglected, forgotten, maybe, that chance restingplace for travelers too weary to go further; but it seemed that one might sleep more peacefully on that lovely island than in the crowded cemeteries of civilization. And on Sunday, when the whitehaired Consul who read the service from a lecturn draped with the British flag, gave out the hymn, "Forever With the Lord," it seemed that we were singing a requiem for those quiet sleepers on the lonely little -- I -- to toomenrift all ni auda island. bave been undimmed and he would have taken his public career, Had he died then, his fame would

This was the crown and climax of Mr. Beecher's if he liked it, he should have enough of it. and delighted countrymen were determined that, the applause broke out anew, as if his grateful to be praised by one's countrymen," And then by the foes of the nation to know how sweet it is tion said: "One needs to go abroad and" : biss not pubbiness and lips tremmous with tender emoraised his bead and with eyes moist with tears of finally exhausted itself for want of breach, be di mad W mud noqu duo bemod saw ebudi this generous shower of pride, of joy and of gratwith arms folded and bead bowed while kerchiefs with the wildest enthusiasm. He stood to their feet and cheered and waved their handcame upon the platform the whole audience rose gave him fitting welcome on his return. As he Music in New York when 5,000 grateful Americans arymen. We were present in the Academy of him in the admiration and graticude of his counbeecher ever did was better done or so enturoned quence conquering them, Nothing that Mr. sembly and with his matchless and resistless elofacing the passions and prejudices of such an asof the justice of his cause, with his fearless soul, soutary unarmed man, strong in the consciousness We can conceive of no grander picture than that the sea and a mutiny among the crew, no obenitol a nite toquent gaidaoqs ing to preach on shipboard through a ing crowd was like a shipmaster attemptthe blind fury and unreasonable rage of that yellafterward, said that attempting to speak amid grander than this, Mr. Beecher, speaking of it no historical example of the triumph of eloquence To wond sw Lain to tab tadt m su not mashod national cause the sympathy and support so inment in favor of his country and secured for the of opposition, but turned the tide of public senti-Britons until he not only silenced the angily voice uproan, down the reluctant throats of the water quent arguments sentence by sentence, amid wild but were compelled to admire, he forced his elowith a pluck and courage they could not daunt, voice of the orator and prevent his plea, But ered by the foes of our Union to drown the "leved fellows of the baser sort" had been guil-American could have matched. A howing mob of our country, which, we believe, no other hving series of five most masterly addresses in behalf of the and in the face of almost mon violence a and delivered in the teeth of the bitterest opposisoil. He went to England during the civil war of Mr. Beecher's oratory was won upon fingush In our view by far the most remarkable triumph 'asnodsau snoaur)

"Largely of the divine mercy," was the instan-

opinion there are so many short pastorates in students asked: "Mr. Beecher, how is it in your one of his Yale lectures on preaching, one of the hardly get on with his story. When delivering was so great that Brother Hatfield could and its aptness, and wit, and the merriment was electrical. They caught the word instantly, the divine decrees. The effect on the andlence and solemnity as if he were the very embodiment Mr. Beecher bowing his head with mock dignify . Foreordained!" was the instantaneous reply,

vay, Mr. B., how are your deacons elected?" and turning to Mr. Beecher, he said: "Er the story I once heard of a Congregational deacon;" re Calvinists, and that makes me think of a great deal of Plymouth church, although they ant thing back, and so be said: "Yes, and I think Hotfield could not let this pass without a pleas-

Figurough church, although he is an Arminian. We think a great deal of Brother Hatfield in sid, with a twinkling eye and a genial smile; ug, and in introducing the speaker he Nymouth church. Mr. Beecher was presidni sansibus na ssamba of tuoda sa id, of the Methodish Episcopal church, mide word of repartee, Rev. Robert Hata lo seaning out div consider stony and bestry the were present on one occasion when he con-

footly. He was full of a genial, kindly nature,

shaken to its very center and during the daytime, so I was told by a reliable gentleman, people flock there by scores to look at the haunted house. Mr. Wm. Guion, the Marshal of Auburn, with a posse of armed men, undertook to probe the matter to the bottom, but although they heard numerous mysterious noises and at prolonged intervals the wild laughter, they were unable to solve the mystery and returned home worn out and thoroughly convinced that there must be something supernatural about it.

Numerous theories have been advanced about the matter, but all seem equally incorrect. The most prevalent belief is that the gnost is the spirit of a man who was drowned in the creek that runs near the house many years ago, and was buried on the spot on which Mr. Glidewell's house now stands. Another theory is that it is the ghost of a young girl who committed suicide in that same house in the fall of 1869, only a short time before Mr. Glidewell moved into it; but the mystery remains unsolved and seems to deepen as it grows older.

Rapides Parish, Louisiana.

[To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.] ALEXANDRIA, LA., March 10 .- As I have seen letters from several sections, I hope you will spare space for a short sketch of Rapides parish. We are not dead nor sleeping, but are working steadily onward, and hope ere long to have a decided change for the better.

Rapides is in the center of the State, and has a large area of level alluvial land, the most productive in the State, Sugar, cotton, corn, hay, oats, rice and potatoes grow in profusion; also any fruit that can be desired, except, of course, the actual tropical ones, such as oranges, lemons, etc. But to compensate for their loss, we can grow the pecan to perfection, and Louisiana pecans command the highest price in the market and have a very great advantage over the orange groves of Florida, as the cold never kills them. As a cattle country Rapides is unsurpassed, for they will do well all winter in the swamps without being fed.

The remainder of the parish is what we call high country, and is covered with the most luxuriant growth of long-leaf pine, and all through this hill country meander small creeks, along whose banks abounds much rich land, known as creek bottom, and is quite thickly settled. The health of Rapides is proverbial; we are free from contagious diseases, and if anything worse than a case of whooping-cough does appear, it is only a

sporadic case, Lands are now being sold here in lots of twenty-five or fifty acres, on easy terms, which but a short time back could only have been bought in 300 or 400-acre lots. These lands are not poor, but are the best in the parish, and are owned by banks in New Orleans, the titles being perfect. They will produce from one to two bales of cotton and forty to fifty bushels of corn to the acre; or if allowed to grow in grass, without being planted or cultivated, will produce two tons of Bermuda or clover hay to the acre.

We have two railroads, the Texas Pacific, which passes through, and the Southern Pacific, which terminates at Alexandria, the parish seat.

Yet, with all these advantages, the people are poor, which seems strange, as if they would work to an advantage results would be quite different, to sustain which theory I can point to several families of Belgians, who have been here but a few years, and to-day own their places and save some money every year. It was only a day or two ago that one of the leading merchants said to me, while we were speaking of this subject, that \$100,-000 would not pay for the product of the hog that is brought into this parish yearly.

Alexandria, situated on Red river, which runs through the parish from northwest to southeast, is a town of about two thousand inhabitants, and is the seat of a large lumber trade. Julius Levin, agent for the lumber mills, which are situated on the north side of Red river, ships daily over one hundred thousand feet of pine humber.

Long may the Courier-Journal live and continue its usefulness. RAPIDES.

Origin of the "Sherry Cobbler." [The American.]

Mr. Wm. E. Eurton, on a very bot and sweltering day, came into Dicky Harbut's saloon, formerly on Decatur street, and asked him to make some kind of cooling araught. Harbut squeezed a lemon into a large glass, adding to it various other fruits, snonlyng sew at su Apnea se sew at w sty pure and was about pouring in ice water, when will

THE Pleasant Ridge correspondent of the Greensburg Times says that F. J. Graham killed thirteen snakes on his farm near that place, last Thursday, and could have killed more if he had stayed longer. The correspondent does not say to what locality Mr. Graham fied after slaughtering thirteen.

THE Flemingsburg Times-Democrat says that H. M. Still, of that place, claims to have been with the first lot of cattle shipped over the B. and O. railroad. The cattle numbered eighty head in all: they were from Fayette county, and were shipped from Patterson Station, Md., to Baltimore. The time was March 31, 1848,

MR. WILLIAM DUKE, of Kansas City, Mo., and Miss Henrietta Stonestreet, of Independence, Mo., eloped and were married last week. The groom is a son of Colonel William Duke, of Danville, Ky. Miss Stonestreet's parents objected to the marriage on account of her age, and wished the young folks to wait two years, but they wouldn't wait.

THE Interior-Journal says that Wallace Carpenter, in jail at Stanford charged with the assassination of his father, passes his time playing cards with the other prisoners, apparently not in the least worried at his situation. He writes letters occasionally. One of his correspondents is a lady whom he wanted to marry, but to which marriage his father objected.

OWENSBORO Messenger: "If the Prohibitionists fail of getting what they want in this country, which they seem destined to do, and are not satisfied with it, we would suggest that Morocco would be a good place to go to. The Sultan of that country, Muley Hassan, is a radical Prohibitionist, and orders the flogging of all who even use tobacco. Drinkers of liquors are knocked on the head and fined. Muley has an admirable way of doing things effectively, and he can stop the bibulous practices of his people if any one cau.

The Peace-Maker.

[James R. Randall in the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.] Prother Watterson, of the Courier-Jour-NAL, and Brother Lamar, of the Telegraph, have temporarily, at least, adjourned all differences on the tariff and internal revenue. This happy fruce was brought about by a neat stroke of gastronomy proceeding originally from Macon, and fervently and promptly, not to sav effusively, accepted by Louisville. We love both of these good friends of the olden time, and rejoice at their meeting upon a common ground for unification, which may lead to a veritable era of

good feeling nationally. During the war our soldiers stationed on the coast had many savory dishes evoluted from the obesely delicate rodent of the succulent rice mill. In those days prejudice yielded to adventure and necessity. If Paris had had, in unlimited quantities, the juicy. clean and ravishing rat of the rice mills, the Germans would have had a harder time getting in there after the siege, unless indeed they had been roused by appetite to share the delicacy as well as the plunder. The Georgia terrapin, and we speak as an expert, when prepared by a true epicurean, is equal to the lordliest diamond-back that ever yielded its life to the chief of the Maryland Club. It is also true that the Madeira still to be found in some haunts, at Savannah and eke at Augusta, would, when placed alongside the white stew of the noble terrapin, cause the most hardened Kentuckian for one wild moment to love Sam Randall, believe in a protective tariff and devote the whole whisky tax to the demnition bow-wows.

If Watterson is to join Lamar at Savannah, in such a symposium as is hinted, we hope an invitation will be extended to the writer, who has, for many years in war and peace, in storm and sunshine, heartily accorded with both Macon and Louisville on the gastronomic question, which is the great peace-maker after all, and at times, much more to the purpose than any industrial problem, involving the Money Devil or any of his imps.

Salt Works Burned.

WARSAW, N. Y., March 20 .- The Warsaw salt works took lire at 7 o'clock to-night from the explosion of a lamp in an elevator. The new block was entirely destroyed, together with the refinery. The loss is estimated at from \$80,000 to \$100,000; insurance from \$70,000 to \$80,000.

He Wanted His Uncle's Wife.

NEW YORK, March 20.-John G. Hoelzel has been arrested in this city and will be sent to Milwaukee, where he is wanted for the attempted killing of his uncle. Fritz Netz, whose wife Hoelzel wanted to marry.

WHEN you are constipated, with loss of appetite, headache, take one of Dr. J. H. Me-Lean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. They are pleasant to take and will cure you. 35 cents a

IT IS GROWING DARKER,
DARKER.

It is growing darker, darker, fades the light of day away.
But my sou is growing lighter in an heavenly

Sunlight, I have thought thee levely, but thy

In the presence of another and a fairer light than thou.

'Tis the glory of God's presence, 'tis the homeland of the soul; I will soon be there forever-precious, wondrous,

Never can a prow enter through the gates

Never come a pain or trial, never e'en a thought of sin.

'Tis a feir and clorious journey which I am about to take;
Where I sojourn I shall sleep soon in the home-

Sleep! Oh, peacerul, gentle slumbers, who

In thy p esence, when the waking shall so wondrous fair op, eas?

Mother, put your arms around me, let me feel your gentle kise.

Do not weep, for I am going to a fairer land than

To a land of milk and honey, where the day grows dim no no.e.
In the presence of God's glory, on the bright,

Sweetheart, come still closer, closer, let me hold

We shall be corred ever in that t er, betterland,
Where the shadows never shade more, in the
golden courts above;

I will meet you there soon, sweetheart, where we'll never cea-e to love.

In that land of joy and blessing I will greet you,

Thoughthe light is fading, fading, and no more I see you here.

Be a daughter true and noble; love your father, in your care
I would teave him, 'ill our meeting in that land so

Brothers, sisters, faster, faster, ebbs the strength

Good-oye and God bless you ever. Brighter grows the heavenly ray.

Meet me up above—'ms over, passed a spirit through the gates
of the everlasting city, where a crown of life awaits. [ARTHUR M. EASTER.

AMONG THE HILLS.

I wandered away on the hills to-day.
On the royal crowned hims, alone.
And I heard the whispering breezes say
To the grand old trees that thronged the way:
"Twas a royal court Queen summer held,
But 'ds gone like a vanished dream of eld;
And the lair, sweet flowers, with their tragrance

Are strewn on her bier all pale and dead."

I sat on a moss-grown stone to rest,
Just underneath a song bird's nest,
And the areases murmored soft and low
As they rocked the branches to and fro:
"Away on the hills and the varleys among
Hath regal old Automa his tapestry hung,
And the bright thits are glowing in subshine and
shade,

I stood on the summit and looked far away, at the purpling mists in the valey that lay beneath me; and caught in the distance the

Of the sluggish old river that lay darkling between.

And the breeze kissed my brow and sighed in my

"Alas 'tis your life that's exemplified here,
Your summers and autumn like the seasons glide

And old age is the mists you see gathering fast, and Death is the river that awaits you at last.

"Now, my darling, say your prayers and then I'll wrap you up warm in bed," said a Christian mother to her little scarce three-year-old. "I'se so sleepy, mamma, I can't." "But, my child, you must not go to sleep without saying your prayers. God won't love little children unless they pray." "I'se so sleepy." "Never mind, wake up now, dear, and say your prayers, like a good little girl." "Oh! mamma," pleaded the innocent, "please let me 'lone. I don't want to pray, I b'lieve Dod's done don to bed, anyway."

LINDAUE, TERAS.—Please publish the name of the author and the remaining lines of the poem beginning thus: "There is a time we know not when."

J. F. O.

Answer.—The poem is from the pen of Dr.
Addison Alexander, and it was a great favorite
with a former generation. The whole poem is
as follows:

There is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.
There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,

To die as it by stealth;

It does not quench the beaming eye,

Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,

The spirits light and gay.

That which is pleasing still may please

And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.
O, where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?

How long will God forbear?

Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent—
Ye that from God depart,

While it is called to-day repent.

And harden not your heart.

PIKE ROAD, ALA. -I send herewith the poem, entitled "The Dying Californian," asked for by one of your correspondents, F. H. W., Kosse Texas.

G. R. M.

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer, For my limbs are growing cold; And thy presence seemeth dearer When thine arms around me fold.

I am dying, brother, dying;
Soon you'll miss me from your berth;
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's bring surf.

I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong;
I am willing, brother, knowing
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Teil my father, when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him—
Prayed that I might one day meet him
In a world that's free from sin.

Tell my mother—God assist her

Now that she is growing old—

That her child would glad have kissed her.

Ere his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'll speak of now;
Tell, O! tell her, how I missed her,
When the fever burned my brow.

Tell her she must kiss my children, Like the kiss I last impressed; Hold them as when last I held them, Folded closely to my breast.

Give them early to their Maker, Putting all her trust in God; And He never will forsake her, For He's said so in His word.

Ol my children, heaven bless them!
They were all my lite to me;
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea.

'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell;
But they gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doetn all things well.

Listen, brother, closely,
Don't forget a single word;
That in death my eyes did glisten,
With the tears her mem'ry stirred.

Tell I never reached the haven,
Where I sought the precious dust;
But have gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Tell my sisters I remember

Every kind and parting word;

And my heart has been kept tender

By the thoughts their mem'ry stirr'd.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for them a share.

Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
'Tis His voice I know so well;
When I'm gone, O don't be weeping,
Brother, here's my last farewell.

A Glove.

Ah, yesterday I found a glove
Grown shabby, full of tiny rips,
But dear to me because my love
Once through it thrust her finger tips.

A glove one would not care to see
Upon his arm in public street;
Yet here I own there is for me
No relic in the world more sweet.

A faint, far scent of lavender
Steals from it, as the clover smelt
When through the fields I walked with her
And plucked the blossoms for her belt.

Faith! but I love the little hand
That used to wear this time-strined thing!
Its slightest gesture of command
Would set my glad heart fluttering.

Or if it touched my fingers so,
Or smoothed my hair—why should I speak
Of those old days? It makes, you know,
The tears brim over on my cheek.

Poor, stained, worn-out, long-wristed glove!
I think it almost understands
That reverently and with love
I hold it in my trembling hands.

And that it is so dear to me,
With its old fragrance, far and faint,
Because my mother wore it—she
On earth my love, in heaven my saint.
—James Berry Bensel.

IF I WERE DEAD.

TO MARY.

For THE SUNDAY COMMERCIAL.

No more would anguish, grief or woe,
My painful bosom ever know,
Nor trouble o'er my pathway roll,
To add one sorrow to my soul;
I'd sleep in peace and never wake
Until the angels came to take
My weary soul from 'neath the sod,
Before the judgment bar of God,
The grave should be my lonely bed,
If I were dead!

Would you come where I'd lie asleep,
Bow down your head and sadly weep?
Would you plant flowers fair to wave
Upon my lonely new-made grave?
And bathe their faces in your tears
That they might live and bloom for years?
To mark the epot where lies a friend,
Who loved you to life's journeys end;
Would you, one tear of sorrow shed
If I were dead?

If I were dead!

Alas! I think you'd soon forget

That we had ever loved or met;

For all life's pleasures you would see,

Forgetting friendship, love and—me,

Or that you ever loved or wept,

Or recognized the grave where slept

The one who lived and died your friend;

How soon I'll be forgotten then;

You'd find another friend instead,

If I were dead!

WILL S. HAYS

On Comto

Greek Met Greek.

A Russian lady had been invited to dine with M. de Talleyrand at the time when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, but was unfortunately detained an hour beyond her time. The famished guests were in the sulks, and kept looking at their watches.

When she arrived at last one of the company said in Greek to his neighbor: "When a woman is neither young nor beautiful she ought to be punctual."

Whereupon the lady turned sharp round and replied in the same language, "When a woman has the misfortune to dine with barbarians, she always comes soon enough."

A Story of Theodore Parker.

[Boston Transcript.]

A story of Theodore Parker, which the Listener believes has never been in print, told him by a venerable gentleman promi-

nent in free religious circles;

"Many years ago," said the narrafor of the incident, "about the time when Parker began to preach in Music Hall, I was called upon one day by a Yankee sailor, who was a good deal of a thinker on religious subjects, and who took an interest when he was in port, in hearing the leading religious orators; speak, and in visiting the places where free thought was expressed. It may seem strange now that a common sailor should frequent the lecture-rooms, but this was in a day when there were more sailors than there are now, and when the majority of them were of a different type from the one that prevails nowadays. Well, this sailor told me that he had not only been to hear Parker, but had visited him in his study the day after he had heard the sermon. Parker was interested in the man, and asked him what he thought of the sermons.

"The sermon was first-rate, Mr. Parker," said the sailor, 'but I didn't care so much for

the prayer.

"What was there about the prayer that

you didn't like?" asked Parker.

"Now, Theodore Parker had a way, as you may remember, of making pretty long prayers, and of embodying the Lord's Prayer in them every Sunday. He closed his prayer generally with the Lord's Prayer. So he might have guessed what the sailor was coming to when he answered:

"I know it was from the Bible, Mr. Parker, that sentence in your prayer that I didn't like; but I don't like it, all the

" Well, what sentence was it?"

"It was where you prayed the Lord not to lead us into temptation. Now, do you suppose, Mr. Parker, that the Lord would lead us into temptation?"

"Theodore Parker remained silent for a moment, and then said:

"No, my good man, I don't believe he

would.

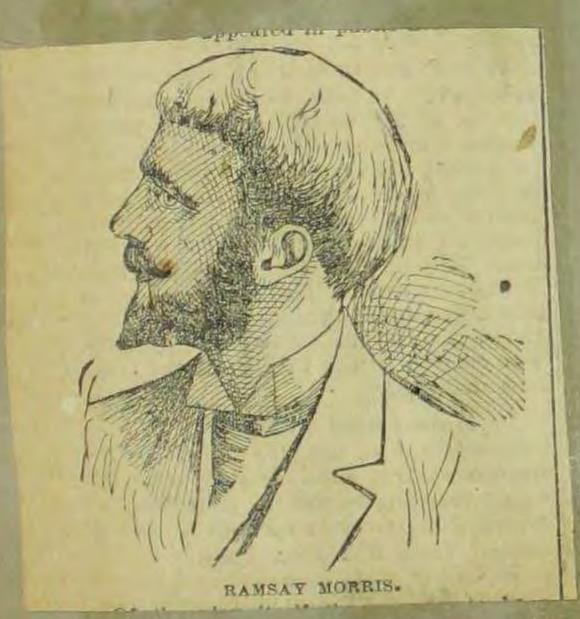
"Then,' said the sailor, 'I wouldn't pray o him not to do it.'

"The sailor left the great liberal. It was ome weeks after the incident that the sailor alled upon me. I was curious to see for nyself whether he had told the truth, and I vent to hear Parker the next Sunday at Muie Hall to observe whether he had changed is practice with regard to the mayer, and ound that the sailor's criticism had, indeed, nade its impression."

"Did he cease repeating the Lord's

'rayer?" asked the listener.

"No, but he repeated it with a variation. nstead of saying 'Lead us not into temptaon,' he said 'Lead us from temptation,' and e continued to use that form, I am sure, as ng as he lived."



.. The Thrift of the Rich Is the Occasion Thereof."

(From a New York Letter.)

"The thrift of the rich is the occasion thereof." That sentence is so true that I think it must be in the Bible. So I put it between quotation marks. I was in a shop that was filled with magnificent toys for the approaching holidays. A plain, severe woman entered, and a brace of proprietors began kotooing around her in abject fashion. She was a member of the blessed family of Aster. She produced from a disreputable bundle a battered doll's body, and began giving instructions as to sort of head she wanted fitted on. Had it been a brokennosed head in a disembodied condition she had desired to reconstruct I would have supposed there was some sort of sentiment about it, and that the wreck of beauty was dear to some childish heart. But this was a clear case of thrift. A whole doll, body and boots would have cost parhaps \$2.50. Here was the old carcase brought up dilapidated and a new head could be screwed on for \$1. A notable saving to the Aster estate of twelve York shillings, and in the present stringent state of the money market that is not a sym o be despised. An ordinary shopper standing beside the economic dame, laid down a \$5 doll which she had in her hand, and tried to remember what she had done with that dreadful thing that leaked sawdust every time her child played with it. Visions of the possibility of half soleing and heeling the rents in that discarded creature danced through her newly-informed brain and, incensed that desirable buyers should be deserted while the shopkeeper paid court to the figure-head of money that would never increase his treas ry, came out boldly. She selected a doll and its trousseau that came to over \$19. The clerkess gave me an encouraging smile to go on, but she pretended to be suddenly interested in the head business going on between Mrs. Astor and the shopk-eper. "Certainly, madam," he was murmuring.

as he rubbed his hands; "you can have it by Saturday forenoon. We can send it up Friday night if it is more convenient."

"There's a cradle belonging to this doll," said the lady, in a sort of seal plush voice,

"but a rocker is missing."

"That can be easily replaced. We will send this afternoon for it and have it repaired at once. This promises to be a very busy season; our stock is larger than any

"I have begun my few preparations in time, Mr. Santa Cla s," interupted the lady. " and will be obliged to you if you attend

to these orders at once."

She sailed out followed by obsequious bows, and the shopkeeper, still rubbing his hands, said, condescendingly: "That's one

of the Astors." "She has taught me a Bible lesson," said the lady, " 'thrift of the rich is the occasion thereof, What folly in me to purchase that \$20 doll when I have some headless tunnks lying aro nd the house. I will send the bodies to you this very day."

"This is not an undertaker's shop," said the now indignant merchant, " and as a rule we do not repair things. For Mrs. Astor it

is quite-

A different thing, no doubt, and I trust you will find your profit in it," finished the other; at all events you can't expect an exhitition of thrift like hers, met with such humble respect as you have shown, to fail of teaching your custemers a valuable les-son. We will all get our dolls reheaded." Good morning.

MRS. B. H. RIDGELEY DEAD.

The Wife of the Mayor's Clerk Passes Away After a Lingering illness.

Mrs. Benjamin H. Ridgely died at 2:50 o'clock this morning, after a long illness. She began sinking about ten days ago, and since that time her death has not been unexpected.

She returned but recently from a trip to the South for the benefit of her health, and on her return was thought to be materially improved. She began to weaken immediately after her return, however.

Mrs. Ridgely was a daughter of Mr. A. O. Brannin, and was one of the most estimable Tudies of Louisville society. About three years ago she married Mr. Benjamin H. Ridgely, the present private secretary of Mayor Jacob.

Wantucky Pastmasters,

PEACE.

Some Verses Inspired by the Dead Face of the Late Henry C. Murrell.

The peaceful expression that the face of the late Henry C. Murrell wore after death inspired a life-long friend of the departed gentleman to the following poetical sentiment. In life Mr. Murrell was a man of many cares, who worried far too much about little things, and for that reason his features constantly wore an expression of annoyance and trouble. In death it was the exact opposite:

Where hath peace abiding place? 'Tis not on land or on the sea, Not in the mother's happy face, It cometh not to you or me. 'Tis only where the angels tread, For peace cometh but to the dead.

To holy monk in cloister cell, To sleeping babe on mother's breast, To maiden's heart that loves so well, To none hath come the perfect rest; Only where Christ himself hath led, For peace cometh but to the dead.

Dear Lord, let not my footsteps stray Through paths that lead to sin, But kneeling at close of dying day, With earnest prayer thy pardon win. So praising thee with latest breath, Find peace that cometh but with death.

"Peace be with you," the martyr said, Loving words for you and me, Let me then by Him be led;

But only when my Lord I see! And death this weary soul release Shall I know perfect peace. C. G. S.

A Good Story of Lincoln.

(Youth's Companion.)

A lawyer is presumed to be always able to suggest a difficulty, no matter how selfevident the case may seem; but the truly great lawyer knows how to state a point so that even a brother lawyer cannot start. an objection. According to the Yankee Blade, Stephen A. Douglas and Mr. Lovefor were once gossiping together, when Abraham Lincoln came in.

The two men immediately turned their donversation upon the proper length of a

man's legs.

"Now," said Lovejoy, "Abe's legs are altogether too long, and yours, Douglas, I think, are a little short. Let's ask Abe what he thinks of it."

The conversation had been carried on with a view to Lincoln's overhearing it; and they closed it by saying:

"Abe what do you think about it?" Mr. Lincoln had a far-away look, as he salt with one leg twisted around the other, but he responded to the question: "Think

of what?" "Well, we're talking about the proper length of a man's legs. We think yours are too long, and Douglas' too short, and we'd like to know what you think is the

proper length." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a mat ter that I've never given any thought to, so of course, I may be mistaken; but my first impression is that a man's legs ought. to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

Knew She Wasn't a Bestonian. [Boston Gazette,]

A charming and thoroughly cosmopolitan woman who came to Boston a year or two ago tells the following suggestive incident: "I was introduced the other day to a naive person who greeted me cordially and exclaimed: 'Ah, Mrs. Blenvenu, I have seen you at church and in the street-car often. You are from the South, are you not? I knew that you were not Bostonian because I noticed that you always smiled when you bowed."

PAUL J. BOOKER.

His Eventful Career and Recent Conversion at the Holcombe Mission.



PAUL J. BOOKER.

The above is a fair likeness of Paul J. Booker, the recently reformed gambler and nebriate, who last week gave such a thrilling and impressive account of his deeds and nisdeeds at Steve Holcombe's Gospel Mission.

Mr. Booker is forty years old, and was born near Springfield, Ky. He is the son of the late Judge P. B. Booker, who for years was one of the best known men in the legal circles of this State. Paul came to Louisville in 1869, and for several years was identified with the J. M. Robinson dry goods firm. He next went into the tobacco dealing business, the firm name being Booker & Keilick, but in 1871 it failed. Later on he went to St. Louis, where he was engaged as a drummer for a dry goods house.

Mr. Beoker married the daughter of A. D. Hunt, and the fruits of this union are two small children, who are now living with their father. The marriage proved to be an unhappy one, however, and a divorce was the result. Mrs. Booker afterward married a French nobleman, and is now living with

per nusband in Paris.

Broker was a confirmed drunkard and gambler. His friends deserted him, and he havished his miney where it would never bring good r turns. About three weeks since, however, while sitting in a saloon on Third street, Mr. Booker resolved to reform, the went to Rev. Steve Holcombe, at whose gambling tables he had formerly risked many a dollar, and told him of his resolve. Mr. Holcombe, who had been in the toils himself, encouraged Booker, and was finally instrumental in bringing about his conversion.

Three weeks ago Mr. Booker joined Calvary Episcopai church. He is now employed at Wanamaker & Brown's clothing store, and is supremely happy. His old friends have come back to him, and since he has reformed a thousand blessing, and congratulations have been heaped upon his

Mr. Booker is a good-looking, capable business man, and is in the bloom of good neath. He says that he would rather die than go back to his former life.

A Good Story of Miss Booth.

A good story is told of Miss Mary Booth, late of Harper's Bazar. She was bothered constantly by amateur playwrights, who desired her to read and pass judgment upon their manuscripts. One of them once said to her: "Miss Booth, don't you think there is some way by which my play can be put upon the stage?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "Do tell me" cried the supplicant. "Why, have it ground up and used for snow storms," was the crushing reply.

Mr. Douglass Sherler gave a theater party last Wednesday night, and entertained his guests at his home afterwards. As the guests entered the door of Sherley Place a cavalier, dressed, as a medieval knight, handed each a large blue envelope. Inside the envelope was a blue sheet of paper with the following printed upon it in old English type:

Something Russian,
Something French
with Miss Roberts
and other Charming Folks—
at Sherley Piace,
One night in January, 1889,
After the Play.

APROPOS of this invitation the following lines have found their way to the Trifle Gossipy:

A man with party to the theater went And to each an invitation sent To visit his palace after the play And meet charming folk and have a say.

The palace was brilliant and odd conceits Were here and there, and many sweets The party sipped and nibbled in haste One night in January at Sherley place.

Ah, me! how nice to be considered queer; Shadow receptions are stale and dear, Something new for my thirst to quench Must be something Russian, something French.

The host was tickled, the guests were charmed,

But the odd-looking foreigners were not alarmed

When told that the next surprise was such—

Something Irish, something Dutch.

"O, Douglass!" cried the guests aloud.
"Let us be of your next foreign crowd.
And have an organ and a monkey, dear;
Say: How many monkeys have we here?"

A MANAND HIS HOUSE.

The Queer Structure At Saratoga By which a New Federal Official Is Best Known.

(Globe-Democrat Washington Special.) Mr. George S. Batcheller, the new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is the man who owns the queerest house at Saratoga. That will be sufficient to identify him to a great many people who do not bother their heads with politics. Everybody who visits Saratoga sooner or later discover that one of the local curiosities is Mr. Batcheller's house. It is located on an elevation beyond Circle street and in good view from the road to the race track and the lake. It is a rambling collection of architectural fancies and crotchets. What makes the house more interesting is the fact that after Mr. Batcheller had secured the complicated plans he had them patented, so that nobody could reproduce his residence. That is the reason it is known at Saratoga as "the house with a patent on

Mr. Batcheller is said, by the Saratoga natives, to derive a great deal of satisfaction from the thought that there is no other house in this country like his, and that there can be no duplicate of it. He is an able man and a rich man. The queer house is his fad.

The appointment of Mr. Batcheller is one of the early evidences that Gen. Harrison is President. Secretary Windom wanted Charles E. Coon, and was inclined to insist on his choice. Senator Hiscock and Mr. Platt protested against Coon as a New York appointment. The President talked with the Secretary and with the New Yorkers. He told Mr. Windom he would not insist, but he thought it would be better to appoint Mr. Batcheller. The Secretary gracefully yielded. The President's diplomacy averted an unpleasant clash, and left both sides to the controversy feeling pleasant.

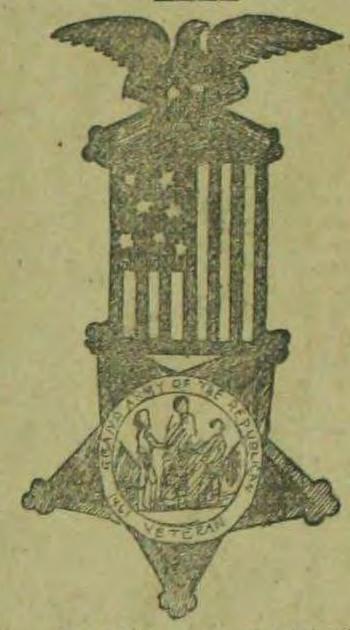
AFFECTION'S LAST TRIBUTE.

The Funeral of the Late Mrs. B. H. Ridgely Takes Place at St. Paul's Ints Morning.

The funeral services over the late Mrs. B. H. Ridgeley were conducted at St. Paul's Episcopal church this morning at 11 o'clock by Bishop Penick, rector of St. Andrew's, assisted by the Rev. Percy Gordon, assistant at St. Paul's. The church began to fill early, and before the time appointed for the services a large number of the friends of the deceased had assembled to pay the last tribute to the dead. The numerous floral offerings were in front of the chancel, and in the midst of the roses and lilies the Messrs. Ed Palfrey, Trabue Barksdale, Young Allison, isaac Dinkelspiel, Will Osborne, John I. Jacob, F. N. Hartwell and L. J. Frazee.

After the beautiful and impressive services of the Episcopal church it was announced that the ceremonies would be concluded at Cave Hill, where the remains were taken for interment. Although the burial was intended to be private, a large number of friends followed the body to the grave.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.



This poem, which appeared originally in the New York Tribune, is founded upon an incident that occurred at Columbus, Miss., on Decoration day, 1867, when flowers were strewn upon the graves of the Confederate and Federal soldiers alike:

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Walting the judgment day;
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat:
All with the battle-blood gory.
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the laurel, the Blue:
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impart any tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done:
In the storm of the years that are fading.
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Walting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;

No more shall the war-cry sever.
Or the winding rivers be red:
They banish our anger forever.
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue:
Tears and love for the Gray

Israel Putnam. [Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.1

This man, Israel Putnam, who was destined to attain the position of senior major general in the army of the United States, ranking second only to General Wash ngton hims If, was born in Salem, Mass., January 7, 1718, and in 1739 he moved to Pomfret. Conn., where he went to farming amid the toil, perils and disappointments which beset pioneer life in Windham county a century and a half ago One of the dangers which environed the agriculturist of those days was the menace to human and brute life that proceeded from the wild beasts of the forest, and this it was which evoked that early evidence of intrepidity for which Putnam has been celebrated the world around. The sheepfolds of the neighborhood had been repeatedly devasted by a wolf, and one night Putnam had seventy fine sheep and goats killed, besides many lambs and kids wounded. The offender was a she wolf which, with remarkable sagacity, had avoided the attempts of the neighbors to kill her. At length the pernicious activity of the marauder became such an intolerable nuisance that old Put formed a combine, so to speak, with five neighbors, for the purpose of pursuing the animal to death. The wolf led the hunters to the Connecticut river and back again. and finally sought refuge in a den in the town of Pomfret, about three miles from Putnam's home.

Here the people gathered with dogs. guns, straw and sulphur and tried to smoke out the wolf. But in vain. The dogs that were sent into the cave returned wounded and cowed, and the fumes of fire and brimstone failed to dislodge the enemy. At last Putnam determined to grapple with the foe single-handed. As there are conflicting accounts of this exploit we will quote from an historical essay written June 4, 1788, by D. Humphreys for the State society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut (for which we express our thanks to Timothy Parker

of this city:)

"The aperture of the den on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks is about two feet square; thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet; then horizontally about ten feet more it ascends gradually sixteen feet toward its termination. In no place is it high enough for a man to raise himself upright. Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solltary mansion of horror. He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted hands and knees until he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, who was sitting in the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growl of the wolf and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes and loaded his gun with nine buckshot, holding a torch in one hand and the musket in the other, he descended a second time. When he drew nearer than before the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant he leveled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock and suffice ited with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself and having permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down a third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, which, appearing passive, he applied the torch to ber nose, and perceived her dead, he took hold of her ears and then, kicking the rope, the people, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together."

A Darky Democrat.

(Written for the Courier-Journal by Will S. Hays.) De moon am clim'in' an' de stars in all dar beauty

Dar's no one lef' ter lib wid me but dis ole dog o'

An' walls I set an' smoke my pipe heah in de

I think ob happy days dat's nebber gwan' ter cum no mo'

I'll nebber see ole Marster's face, fo' he's dun dead Ole Misses, she tuck sick an' died, an' put de white

I guess dey's libin' wid de aingils up in Glory,

Dey's happier dan when dey libed down heah befo' de wah.

Dey owned a big plantation once, down heah in An' w'en de wah was ober all de darkies wuz sot

Ole Marse an' Miss' bofe died an' went in sorrer to dar graves.

De kentry den wuz oberrun wid eberybody's

My good ole wife wuz wid me den; we didn't run We libbed in dis log cabin, arter dat, fo' many a

We raized a little tater patch an' field ob wavin'

An' libbed on hog an' hominy 'til Death cum blowed his hon. Yaas, Hester died, it looked right hard w'en she

an' I did part: An' w'en I seed her laid to res' it nearly broke my

Dis ole dog missed her, an' he groan' an' look up to de sky. An' den he'd look at me an' moan ter see me wipe my eye.

I used ter think how good an' kind ole Marster wuz ter me, De good ole times de darkies had-de fun dey

used ter see: But now de scenes am changed down souf, dem times'll cum no mo',

De darkies seem ter be wuss off-mos' ob 'emdan bero'.

De pollytishuns promised dem dat dey'd do dis an dat, But I stayed in de cabin heah: I know'd w'at I

As long as dev could use 'em fo' ter vote, dey wuz dar fijen', An' w'en dar man wuz 'lected, den dar lub wuz

at an en. Dey'd cum along 'bout 'lection time, de raskils

De darkies had no bettah sense dan lis'en an' But w'en dey'd git in trubble, den deir friens wuz

nebber dar, You couldn't fin' a radikal in fo'ty miles nowha.

Dey couldn't fool me, no, sir-eel-wid all sech For my oe marster allers wuz a Jackson Dim-

He use' ter teil me 'fo' de wah dat ef dey sot me

Ter put no trus' in raddykals-dey had no lub foh

An' things hab tu'ned out sence de wah jes' as he said it would; Dey didn't set de darkies free ter do 'em any

De only times dey proves ter be de darkies' wa'mes' frien' Is w'en dey needs him foh ter vote-dey lubs a

darky den. Ise gwan on jes' lack I cum, ez I wus taught ter

A good ole fashion Dimmycrat-dat's good enough fo' me. I got my cabin, mule an' dog, taters, beans an'

I don't inten' ter jump an' run w'en Har'son blows his bo'n.

I've allus felt as if I knowed wat's right and what was wrong, I've allus libbed an' honest life an' worked my

De good Lawd allus helped me, an' I lub Him kind to dat.

An' I can't go back on marster-I'm a darky Dimmocrat.

I'll stay heah in de cabin, in de lane in Ten-I'll cast my vote for Clevelan', he's de President

He's de bes' man for de kountry, he's de right man fo' de place, You don't heah Grover blowin' w'at he's done fo'

our race. l'se er gwan ter vote de Dimmocratic ticket in

de Luil, Kaze I think dat Grover Clevelan' am de bes He's a better frien' dan Har'son ter all de cullud

'Ceptin' om dat vote fo money. You kin see dat in his tace.

OUR HANDSOME MAYOR.

A Washington Paper's Tribute to a Gentleman Who Shines In the Home of Eloquence and Oratory.

Washington, Oct. 7 .- (Special.)-The Washington Capital has the following to-day, at the end of which it gives Mayor Jacob's late pithy and poetic proclamation prohibiting cows, etc., from roaming through the streets:

"Buffalo boasts of having had the greatest Mayor. If this point is conceded to the Buffaloes, the next place of honor must be awarded to Louisville, which elects Mayor Jacob by ever increasing majorities every time he is constitutionally eligible. No city ever had a handsomer presiding officer; but he is not chosen for his beauty. As an orator he has a grace of manner and felicity of language which make him equal to every occcasion where off-hand and appropriate expression gives zest and dignity. He always shines in the home of eloquence, Kentucky. Ever the model and courteous gentleman, he never gives or brooks offense.

" It is said that the President was so impressed with his personality that he selected him to represent the United States at the Republican Court of Colombia. A most happy selection. Unfortunately for Columbia, Charley Jacob will sometimes apply remedies in his own way. When the impulsive Minister wiped the floor with a Secretary of Legation, whose diplomatic manners he sought to correct, it was not regarded good diplomacy at the State Department. In consequence of this episode, the high spirited Plenipotentiary resigned. His diplomacy, however, met the approval of the people of Louisville, who immediately re-elected him Mayor.

"It is a strong feature in Mayor Jacob's administration that he can perform a disagreeable duty with alacrity

without giving offense,"

No Crime Now to Be Stout.

[New York Sun.]

There seems to be an opinion prevailing in some quarters that ladies do not like to be stout. It is now known that this is a mistake. Any number of physicians in New York will tell you that many ladies undergo a special diet to make them stout. They do not stop this diet even after their figures have assumed pronounced proportions. They say they like to be chubby and round and palpitating. The favorite mixture of these ladies is a homemade decoction called "Dope." It must be taken three times a day certainly, and some ladies who like the drink take it more often. "Dope" is condensed milk and hot water-a teaspoonful of the milk to a goblet of the water.

Death of Mrs. thomas P. Jacob. (Communicated.)

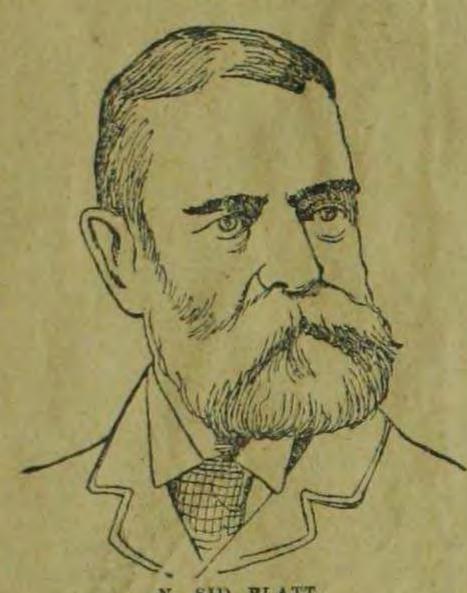
In the death of Mrs. Thomas P. Jacob a large circle of friends and relatives have met with a great loss. To her family it is irreparable. Of culture and mind, she was an ornament to the society in which she moved; to her friends, kind and generous, and to the poor charitable. Her private life was so lovely. To her husband she was devoted and self-sacrificing, and to her children loving, gentle and unselfish.

Her life was true to her faith, and she bore her last sickness, which was so painful, with fortitude and a Christian's hope. One, who knew her well, desires to pay this tribute to her memory. H. P.

and the state of

A Sudden Change For the Worse Fatally|Terminates His Illness.

The Business Career of the Well-Known Fourth-Avenue Merchant and Manufacturer.



N. SID PLATT.

Mr. N. Sid Platt, the well-known shirt manufacturer and gents' furnish

MISS C. D. CHAMBERS The Poem asked Nichardi's Nichardi's and is in Myrrh, and is as follows:

When I am dead and nervous hands have

My body downward into carcless dust:

I think the grave cannot surfice to hold

I think the grave cannot sunless moid:

My spirit prisoned in the sunless be

My spirit prisoned in the of you shall be

Yea, I shall be because I love you that stall be

Yea, I shall be because all things the shall be

You shall not touch a chesk of me.

You shall not touch a chesk of me.

You shall not touch a chesk of me.

I shell be patient in the common grass Like a caress upon the cheek of me.

I shall be patient in the common grass.

That I may feel your footfall when dew.

That I may feel your and pure as dew.

I shall be kind as rain and life of you having spirit round the perfumed winds are fanned.

Twill be my kies and you will understand has But when some suitry storm-bleached sun has I will be lightning if you dare forget! This appeal was also answered by Helen M. C. M. Mewhort, Montreal, Eleanor Omaha, Hornell, N. Y., and R. J., Omaha, Neb.

du niz ___or of the time, but con a comatose state just before the end came and passed away as if asleep.

Mr. Platt was a native of New England and came to Louisville just before the war, when still a young man. His first business experience was in the dry goods line, where he readily took up the study of textile fabrics, educating himself thoroughly as to their quality and cost of manufacture. He was highly successful, and in 1862 Mr. Platt began the manufacture of custom-made shirts where his establishment is now located. He was the first man south of the Ohio river to cut a shirt to order from measurement, and his reputation extended throughout the country. His business increased in volume, and a furnishing department was added.

This flourished also, and a few years since Mr. Platt established an extensive laundry in the building adjoining his shirt store. He was peculiarly attached to his business, and until compelled by ill health to practically retire was a most industrious worker, superintending in person every department of his establishment.

Mr. Platt was a man of excellent education, of splendid physique, and was a warm advocate of certain out-door sports. Fishing and hunting each year afforded several weeks of rest and pleasure for him, and on all such matters he was generally regarded as an authority. He was one of the foremost members of the Church of the Messiah, and for a number of years past acted as cornet accompanist for the choir there. He was a fine performer on that instrument and his accompaniments went largely toward securing for the chair its reputation as one of the best of the city.

Owing to the prostration of Mrs. Platt last night, no funeral arrangements have yet been made, but it is probable that the funeral will occur from the Church of the Messiah Monday afternoon, Rev. C. J. K. Jones conducting the service.

Knoxville, Tenn.—Can you produce the poem which has been called "The Poem of Poems?" It is composed of lines taken from different poets. It begins:

"Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?" -(Young. "Life's a short summer, man a flower."

-(Johnson. C. A. B.

Answer. -The poem is from the pen of a Mrs. H. A. Deming, and is said to be the result of a year's search among the writings of thirty-eight poets. Each line has a different author. The names of the authors are given below, numbering them according to their line:

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?

2. Life's a short summer, man a flower; 3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die; The cradie and the tomb, alas! so nigh.

To be is better far than not to be, 6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.

7. Light cares speak, when mighty griefs are

8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come. 9. Your fate is but the common fate of all, Unmingled joys here no man can befall.

11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere; 12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

13. Custom does often reason over ruie, 14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool, 15. Live well; how long or how short permit to

16. Then he who forgives most shall be most for-

17. Sin may be clasped so close we can not see it.

18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place. 19. Then keep each passion down, however dear

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear! 21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,

22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray. 23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise, 24. We masters grow of all that we despise.

25. O, then, renounce that impious self-esteem! 26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream. 27. Think not ambition wise because tis brave; 28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

29. What is ambition? "Tis a glorious cheat. 30. Only destructive to the brave and great. 31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?

32. The way to bliss lies not in beds of down. 33. How long we live, not years but actions tell. 34. That man lives twice who lives the first line

35. Make then, while yet we may, your God your 36. Whom Chritisans worship, yet not compre-

37. The trust that's given, guard; and to yourself

38. For live we how we can, die we must.

1. Young; 2. Dr. Johnson; 3. Pope; 4. Prior; 5. Sewell; 6. Spenser; 7. Daniel; 8. Walter Scot.; 9. Longfellow; 10. Southwell; 11. Congreve; 12. Churchil; 13. Rochester; 14. Armstrong; 15. Milton; 16. Bailey; 17. French; 15. Somerville; 19. Thompson; 20. Byron; 21. Smollet; 22; Crabbe; 23. Massinger; 24. Cowley; 25. B-attie 26. Cowper; 27. Walter Davenant; 28. Gray; 29 Willis; 30. Addison, 31. Dryden; 32. France Charles; 33. Watkins; 34. Herrick; 85. Willian Mason; 36. Pill; 37. Dana; 38. Shakspare.

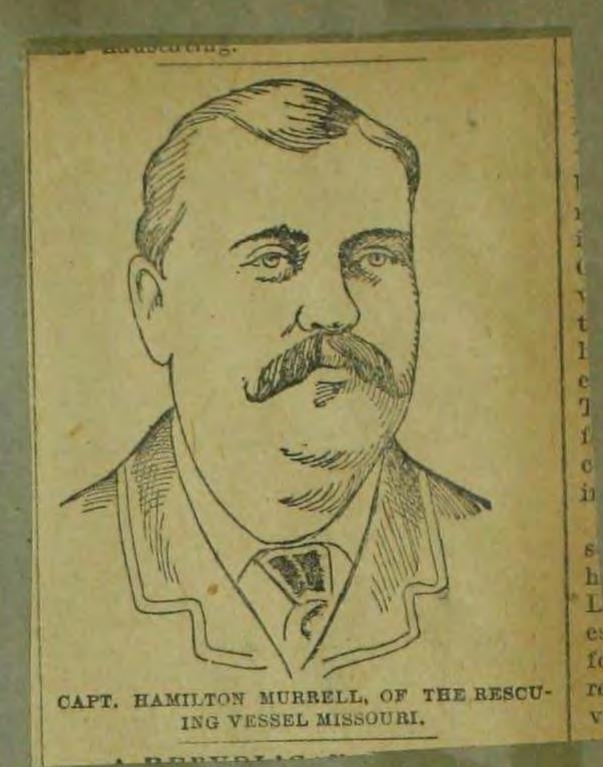
Alma-Tadema's Name.

Stories of the little vanities and peculiarities of great men are always interesting if for no other reason than they tend to put them down from the pedestals to which we have elevated them and place them on the level of ordinary mortals.

In Literature of June 30 a good tale of this kind is told of Alma-Tadema, the English painter, which, though originally related by the London Academy, has not been vouched for.

"He took the name Alma," says the Academy, "not merely to soften the sound of Tadema, but to get an early place in the catalogues among the A's, Instead of among the T's."

Apparently no one has as yet had the courage to interrogate the artist on the subject



To or your Board of Trustees." -One day, says the Philadelphia North American, Dr. McCosh, when President of Princeton College, came into the mental philosophy class and said: " Ah, young gentlemen, I have an impression! Now, young gentlemen." continued the dector, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?" No answer. "What! No one knows? No one can tell me what an impression is?" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class. "I know," said young Alan Arthur. "An impression is a dent in a soft place." "Young gentlemen," said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."

Useful Knowledge.

A bag of sulphur kept in drawers or presses will exterminate red ants. Lemons will keep best in a jar of cold

A marble dropped in a kettle will prevent the contents boiling over.

Carriage varnish is an excellent cement for china. Castor-oil beans dropped in mole-holes

will drive away the moles. Whole cloves sprinkled among woolen goods and furs will preserve them from

the depredations of moths. A good cement for mending broken pottery can be made of starch, plaster of Paris and glycerine.

A thick mixture of glycerine, yolk of an egg and starch, is an effectual remedy for a burn. Common baking-soda, spread on thick, is also good.

Mustard plasters made with white of an egg will not blister the skin. If mixed with molasses, mustard plasters will remain moist a long time.

To mend small holes in plastering, take one part of plaster of Paris and three parts of fine sand, and mix with cold water.

A plaster of common soap and brown sugar applied to a wound made by a pin or other poisonous articles, will draw out the screness.

Vinegar and sugar mixed will cure hiccoughs.

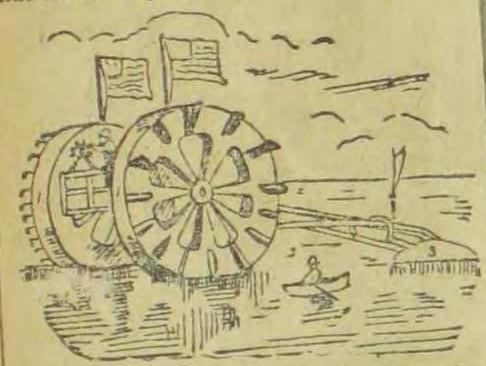
A WATER-CYCLE.

A Life-Saving Apparatus Which Travels On Water and Land With Marvelous Rapidity -- A Revolution In the Life-Saving Service -- Frederick F. Campau's Invention.

[Detroit Correspondence Chicago Tribune.] A craft that will travel equally well on land and water; that will run from the land into the water, and vice versa; that will make fifty miles an hour; that is simple in construction, cheap in cost and operation, and safe-what are not its possibilities! This, in substance, asks its inventor, Frederick F. Campau, of Detroit, and the interest which this question and the appearance of the machine excites is likely to be wide-spread as soon as a trial of the queer vessel has been made, even though the experiment fails to bear out the more extravagant claims of its enthusiastic designer. It is simply a watercycle on a mammoth scale, which will, it is claimed, "navigate" the roadways of the land as well as the channels and shallows of a stream. It is run by steam, and can be got ready for service as speedily as a selfpropelling fire engine. Suppose that one of the machines were stationed within fifty miles of a wreck. The word is flashed to the station by one of the beach patrolmen, the fire under the engine is started, and in a few minutes the vessel is steaming along the road (supposing the weather to be bad) to the place of wreck, making fifty miles an hour. Arriving opposite the wreck its course is changed, and without an instant's pause or hesitation the machine is plunged into the lake or ocean and steams for the wreck. It picks up or takes off, as the case may be, enough persons to make a load, and back to the beach it steams, not pausing, but rushing out upon the sand and away to the nearest farm-house or hotel, discharging its load and back again for more.

The idea of this marvelous machine was conceived by Mr. Campau several years ago, but not until last year did he attempt to work it out. After experimenting for several months he constructed two shops in the rear of his residence for more systematic work, and when he had labored several weeks in these shops he had a machine which looks

like the accompanying cut.



The extreme diameter of the two wooden when I is fourteen feet. The spokes terminate at the center in a shalt or axle, which i made of iron pipe four inches in diameter. The wheels are seven feet apart, and their outside circles are inclosed with boarding for thir y inches, the space inside being twenty in hes wide. The interior is lined with zinc. The whole periphery of the paddle-wheels thus forms on air-tight circular box. The two hollow wheels and the float behind give buoyancy to this strange craft. On the side or each wheel are sixteen projecting flauges or paddles of wood, thirty inches in length, each presenting to the water a surface of twelve inches in width and a depth of from filteen to seventeen inches, according to the depth they are submerged. They do not extend beyond the face of wheels, and hence do not interfere with the locomotion of the machine on land. On the axle or shaft, and between the wheels, is placed a frame-work (4) of twoinch iron pipe of a triangular shape. The front of the triangle extends seven feet beyond the shaft, and also extends twenty-four feet to the rear, where it is supported by the float (3), making a total length of thirty-one feet. The front part is about six feet in, width, and it gradually converges on both sides to the rear, which is only twenty-two inches in breadth at the float. The sides are strengthened with several cross braces of one-inch iron pipe. The steering apparatus is ingenious. The float at the end of the triangle, which forms the third leg or support of the craft, will be used as a rudder. The float is eight feet in length, and is shaped like a eigar, pointed at both ends. From opposite points on the triangle, in front of the float, are fastened iron elbows, which incline inwardly toward the bow of the float. To each of these elbows is attached a pulley. Wire cords run back to the steering apparatus, just forward of the shaft, and it is expected that the steersman, by guiding the bow of bhe float behind, will direct the course of the queer craft as well as by the usual rudder. A series of small wheels are attached to the tottom of the float, and these it travels on when the machine is on land. The triangle will be decked over, and will contain the boiler, the engine and a platform for the engineer and passengers. The boiler will be placed in front of the shaft, and the engine just behind it. The propelling apparatus will be applied to the engine by cogs, which will engage with cogs on the inner sides of the paddle-wheels. Mr. Campau tninks he can turn the wheels by hand-power, but intends to put on an upright engine and boiler of about two-horse power, weighing altogether about 300 pounds. The new craft will weigh, with engine, boiler, etc., about 2,000 pounds, but the inventor thinks that the wheels, which are the principal buoyant power, will not be submerged more than seventeen inches in the

water. The inventor claims that the wheel, which is fourteen feet in diameter, can be revolved by steam power 100 times a minute. As there is no bull to oppose its progress, the circumference of the wheel being torty-four feet and making 100 revolutions a minute, it follows that the machine would travel 4,000 feet a minute. This is at the rate of one mile in about a minute and a quarter, or fifty miles an hour. Mr. Campau limits his expectations, however, to a mile in a minute and a halt, or forty-five miles an hour.

Mr. Campau has always had a turn for mechanics. He is a native of Detroit, a scion of the old French family of that name, about forty-two years old, and lives with his wife and family in a neat residence at No. 28 Campau street. The machine will be given

a trial in a short time.

William Henry Harrison,

The inauguration of Mr. Benjamin Harrison President of the United States gives to the biography of his grandfather new interest. His career may be traced by the following chronological table:

1773 -- February 9. Born, in Charles City county,

1793-Joined the army as ensign.

1795-Promoted to Caplain.

1707-Resigned and appointed Secretary of the

Northwestern Territory. 1799-De:egate to Congress.

1801-Governor of the Territory of Indiana.

1811-November 5. Tippecanos. 1812-Appointed Brigadier General.

1813-Appointed Major General. 1814-Resigned from the army.

1816-19-United States Representative from

Cincinnati, O. 1819-21 - State Senate of Ohio.

1824-United States Senate. 1825-Minister to Colombia.

1829-41-Recalled and lived on his farm at North Bend, on the Ohio, below Cincinnati, and as County Clerk.

1841-March 4. President of the United States, 1841-April 4. Died at Washington,

The Virtue of Vegetables. [Philadelphia Press.]

Colery acts upon the nervous system, and it is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes stimulate the liver, and spinach and common dandelion, prepared in the same way, have a direct effect on diseases of the kidney. Onions, garlic and olives promote digestion by stimulating the circulatory system, with the consequent increase of the saliva and gastric juice. Raw onions are also regarded as a remedy for sleeplessness, and the French believe that onion soup is an excellent tonic in cases of debility of the digestive organs.

A Loaded Weapon. [Nebraska State Journal.]

"So you are running a prohibition papel

in Iowa now?"

"Yes, and doing well. See this cane? It was presented to me by the local Prohibition Club." "It's a beauty."

OL

"You bet it is, and it holds a pint,"

A reporter had a chat the other day with an old lady bordering eighty. She gave him the rollowing advice for the benefit of the Citizen's many readers:

To be born on Saturday you will have to work for a living. Wednesday is the luckiest day to get mar-

ried. Drop a spoon, somebody coming soon.

Drop a fork, a man is coming; a knife, a woman. To leave the teapot cover off (of course ac-

cidentally) is a sign of good company. To spill salt, you will have a quarrel with some one.

To see the new moon over your right shoulder, with money in your hand, you will always have plenty; and to see the new moon over your left shoulder is bad luck all the month.

If you start to go anywhere and then come back bad luck will follow you unless you sit down and spit on the floor.

If the palm of your right hand itches you are going to shake hands with some one; if the palm of your left, money is coming to

If the right ear burns some one is talking good of you; if the left burns some one is talking bad, but left or right good at night.

If a white spot appears on your thumb-nail it means a friend, on your forefinger a foe, on your second finger a present, on your third finger a beau, on your fourth a journey to go.

Never get out of bed left foot first, as disappointment will surely tollow. Napoleon, who was a fatalist and a believer in dreams, never would start on an undertaking if he made this mistake.

Always put your stocking on your right foot first.

If you drop the broom over the threshold, you are sure to have company before the day

> To sneeze on Monday is danger; Tuesday to meet a stranger; Wednesday a letter; Thursday something better; Saturday true love to-morrow.

To sing before you get out of bed is a sign

you will cry before retiring.

If you pare your nails on Monday morning before breakfast you will have a present before the week is out. If you pare them on Sunday morning you will do something before the week ends that you will be sorry for.

To take a house in October or March, bad

luck will follow. It is not the purpose of this article to enter into the mysteries of dreamland, but as truth is stranger than fiction, so nothing seen in our sleep surpasses the horrible things we often contemplate with the open eye. Henry Heine, the well-known German critic, here

describes what he saw: "Alas! one ought in truth to write against no one in this world. Each of us is sick enough in this great lazaretto, and many polemical writings remind me involuntarily of a revolting quarrel in a little hospital at Caracow, of which I chanced to be a witness, and where it was horrible to hear how the patients mockingly reproached each other with their infirmities. How one who was wasted by consumption jeered at another who was bloated by dropsy; how one laughed at another's cancer in the nose, and this one again at his neighbor's locked jaw or squint, until at last the delirious fever patient sprang out of bed and tore away the coverings from the wounded bodies of his companions, and nothing was to be seen but hideous misery and mutilation."

THE inventor of the "Pigs In Clover" puzzle is Moses Lyman, a farmer living near Waverly, N. Y. He has a large number of children and keeps a great many pigs. One day he wished to amuse his youngsters, and the idea of his famous puzzle came into his head. He thereupon made out of a piece of wood and a little pasteboard the original of the "Pigs in Clover." A toy manufacturing firm at Elkland, Tioga county, Pa., heard of his puzzle and made him a handsome offer, which he accepted, for the exclusive right to patent and manufacture the plaything. A fortune has already been made out of the fascinating little device.

Dallon William Woodma

HOW TO BRING UP A BABY BY HAND

Bottles Preferred to Wet Nurses By a Doctor of Experience-Advice to Mothers.

Where mothers are unable to nurse their children, the problem of artificial feeding becomes of high importance, especially during the summer. In a recent article by Dr. Clement Cleveland, in the Medical Record, the suggestions made under this head are so clear and definite as to be of great practical value. The Doctor lays it down as an axiom that, next to woman's milk, cow's milk is really the best food for the infant. The milk of many cows is to be preferred to that of any particular cow, from the fact that it is likely to continue more uniform. Undiluted cow's milk is too rich in fat and caseine to be readily digested by the infant, for during the earlier months a baby's power of digesting fat is very deficient. The caseine of woman's milk curdles into delicate flakes, that of cow's milk into much larger ones. Fortunately these difficulties can be overcome to some extent.

A milk should be selected that is not rich in cream. The morning's milk contains less than the evening's. On boiling, much of the cream comes to the surface in the form of seum, and is to be removed by straining. Water added to the milk helps the digestion of both fat and caseine. It can be helped also by gelatine, barley or oatmeal water, or by the addition of lime water, bicarbonate of soda or potash. The standard proportion of one part milk to two of water suits the majority of children. The doctor has found it advantageous, however, to begin with one part to three, and work rapidly up to one part to two, if the digestion continues good. He uses for the first two weeks 8 parts of milk to 24 of water; second two weeks, 8 to 20; second month, 8 to 16; third month, 8 to 14; fourth month, 8 to 12; fifth month, 8 to 10; sixth month, 8 to 8; seventh month, 8 to 6; eighth month, 8 to 4; ninth month, 8 to

2; tenth month, pure milk. Some children do better with a little water with the milk, even after the twelfth month. Both the milk and the war should be boiled. The dilution should be slightly sweetened with pure brown sugar or milk sugar, and a little salt should be added. It is well to prepare in the morning the whole amount to be used during the twentyfour hours. Cow's milk is slightly acid or neutral. To render it perfectly digestible it is sometimes necessary to make it slightly alkaline. This helps the digestion of the caseine by causing its distribution into finer flakes. When undigested flakes appear in the passages, one-half to one grain of bicarbonate of soda is added to the amount of diluted milk given at each feeding. Should it not answer, barley water, made by boiling for hours a teaspoonful of pearl barley and a salt-spoonful of salt with ten ounces of water, may be added. This is to be used in the same proportion as the formula above. For the first month the child should be fed every two hours, never oftener, because

it takes fully two hours for milk to digest. After pointing out the fact that infants are more likely to cry on account of distress due to indigestion than from hunger, the Doctor says that children at three months should acquire the habit of sleeping throughout the night. The last bottle should be given at 10 o'clock P. M., and the first at 6 o'clock or 7 o'clock in the morning. At first it may cry for hours, but in three or four nights an excellent habit of life will be formed. It is one of the most important points in bottle feeding that the child take the milk slowly into the stomach. Rubber nipples without openings, but in which a hole may be made with a red-hot cambric needle, are the best. The milk is drawn out slowly, and keeps pace with the formation of gastric juice. Canned condensed milk is. in the Doctor's opinion, too rich in sugar to be advisable as food for infants. Condensed milk fresh every day is not open to this ob-

Dr. Cleveland says a good deal about wet nurses, and sums up the matter as follows: "I have seen so much trouble caused by wet nurses, directly and indirectly, that I invariably advise the bottle where the infant is healthy, and the mother can not or will not nurse her child. I believe it safer to run the slight risk of the bottle's not suiting than to introduce such an element as a wet nurse into family. The physical defects of the bottle we understand pretty well, and can, to a great extent, guard against them. Its moral qualifications, compared with those of a wet nurse, are simply sublime."

Mr. Soker (at the theater)—"There, Mandy!"

II.

Mrs. Soker—"There, Silas!"

man shones -

A Start in Life. [Detroit Free Press.]

At Greensboro they pointed out an ela darky whom they said had just got married and was going out on a piece of rented land to make a start in life. I followed him out to his cart, to which was hitched an old and hi faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of 18, sat on a bag of corn in the cart and held to the rope lines around the ox's horns. The flit to the rope lines around the ox's horns. The flit to the rope lines around the ox's horns. The flit to the rope lines around the ox's horns. The flit to the rope lines around the ox's horns. The flit to the rope lines around the ox's horns. The flit ti on si to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit ti on si to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit fly flit to the rope lines around the ox's horns. The flit to the rope lines around the ox's horns. The flit ti on si to his cart to his bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit ti on si to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit ti on si to his cart to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit ti on si to his cart to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit ti on si to his cart to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit on si to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit on si to his cart to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit on si to his cart to his cart to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit on si to his cart to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit on si to his cart to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit on si to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit on si to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit on si to his cart and his faded ox. His bride, a coal-black damsel of the flit on si to his cart and his faded ox. His brid

"Yes, sah—dun jist got married to dat clogal."

"How old are you, uncle?"
"Shoo, now, but I reckon Ize about 60."

"Shoo, now, but I reckon Ize about 60."
"And you've got a young wife?"

"Yes, sah—dun got a gal."
"And you are happy?"

"Happy, sah! Why, Ize walkin' right on da aigs all the time."

"And you are now going out to make a ret

"Yes, sah—gwine to start right off. Got Me de ox, got de cart, got de gal, and got two his hull weeks' purvishuns, and if dar's any ole che digger in Norf Caroliny who feels me' like the jumpin' fo' feet high an' yellin' for Caanan pu dan I does I'll gin two bits to see him."

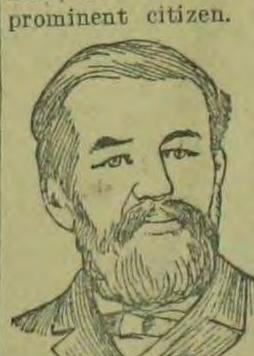
Chico, Butte Co., Cal.-Please state how high the Eiffel tower in Paris will be. Be kind enough to give some account of same.

B. E. S.

Answer .- "This tower is of cast-iron, of pyramidal form, and the extreme height is 1,000 feet, or about 300 metres. It rests on four pillars, which are 322 feet apart, and the arch has a height of 161 feet. The first story is 192 feet from the ground, and has a gallery 48 feet wide, where cafes, restaurants and waiting rooms have been fitted up. The second story is 450 feet from the ground, and here also there is a gallery, this one being thirty feet wide. From this point the tower narrows more rapidly, and runs up to what looks like a small point from the ground below: but there is room enough in the balcony and cupola for hundreds of people to stand and look, not only all over Paris, but for a distance of ninety miles in any direction. Access to the first gallery is had by four elevators, and the charge is one dollar for each person. From this landing the visitor may either go to the top of the tower, by the elevators, or walk up by one of the four stairways. The charge is four dollars for each person. Notwithstanding its enormous height, the tower is perfectly safe, and visitors need not fear to make the ascent. No one can fall out of the elevators or off the stairways, and every part of the structure is thoroughly protected from lightning. Its stability is such as to resist a wind pressure of 600 pounds to the square yard. Now, the greatest storm ever known in Paris has not exceeded a pressure of 300 pounds to the square yard, so that the tower seems reasonably safe from that danger. Then the foundation of each of the four divisions of the base is of solid masonry built 100 feet under ground. The great tower is principally if not wholly ar exhibition of national pride, intended to draw visitors to the Exposition. It was designed by M. Eiffel, and the Executive Committee of the Exposition appropriated \$300,000 toward the expense of building it. After the Exposition is over it is proposed to use it as a meteor ological observatory. It is curious to recall that an iron tower 1,000 feet in height was projected during the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, but was abandoned."

Henry E. Perrine.

Henry E. Perrine, who has married Mrs. Folsom, is very well known in Buffalo, although he is neither a society man, nor one who is referred to as a prominent citizen. He has for some



years been Secretary of the Buffalo City Cemetery Association. Mr. Perrine is a substantial looking man, and is fifty-five years old. He lost his first wife about three years ago, and has several grown-up children, one of whom is the wife of G. Barrett he Bank of Attica

Rich, President of the Bank of Attica. He has long been one of the leading members of the North Presbyterian Church, and has considerable fame as a chess player. Mr. Perrine lives in a modest brick house at 39 North Pearl street, where he and his bride will be at home after this week.

DEATH OF "FAY."

Mrs. Snead, the Well-Known Society Correspondent of the Courier-Journal, Dead.

Broken-Hearted Over the Demise of a Daughter, She Prays To Join Her.

Washington, Jan. 24 .- (Special.)-Mrs. Fayetta C. Snead, the well known soc cay correspondent of the Courier-Journal, who has been writing from the Capital for years over the rom de plume of "Fay," died at her boarding house, 150 H street, at half past seven this evening. Mrs. Snead was attacked with heart trouble about two weeks ago and since then her condition has been serious and her death daily expected. She has failed very much since the death of her daughter Austine ("Miss Grundy"), to whom she was devotedly attached, and has often expressed a wish to her friends that she might die and join her child in the other world. When she was first taken sick she begged the doctor to only keep her from suffering, but to let her die and go to her dear daughter in heaven. She passed away this evening as peacefully as one drops to sleep, surrounded by a number of her intimate friends. Mrs. Snead was a woman of decided ability and an interesting and forcible correspondent. She was a ready and fluent writer, and had in her time contributed a great deal of instructive and entertaining matter to the Courier-Journal and many other newspapers. She was also a woman of worth and character, and by her industry and intelligence made her own living from childhood, and occupied in Washington a social position seldom accorded to those without rank and forture. She wrote her last society letter for the Courier-Journal the first week in the new year, and, so far as I am able to learn, was the last newspaper work she did. She was a kind and gentle woman and made many friends here who loved her while living and will mourn her death. Her bright, entertaining and gossipy letters will be missed and thousands of the Courier-Journal's readers will deeply regret that "Fay" is with us no more.

A Story of Lincoln. (Youth's Companion.)

Will the world ever know what depths of tenderness there were in the heart of Abraham Lincoln? An anecdote, which has never been published, brings out one more instance in which his sympathies, awakened by a little child, nobly controlled his action. In one of the first skirmishes of the civil war, a young Union Soldier was so severely wounded in the leg that the limb had to be amputated. On leaving the hospital, the young soldier, by the aid of influential gentiemen, obtained a position as a Government weigher of hay and grain. Not long after he had entered upon his duties, his superior officer said to him :

"See here, Mr. M ----, this hay weighs so much on 'these scales;' but to the Government it weighs so much more."

"I do not understand, sir, that way of doing business. I can enter but one weight, and that the correct one," answered the young weigher.

His superior walked away, muttering threats. The young man from that day suffered many petty persecutions for his honesty, and it was not long before he received notice that the Government had no further need of his services. The summary dismissal made him so down-hearted that when he told the story to his family he seemed a man without hope.

"Father," replied the eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen, "cheer up! I am going to see President Lincoln. I know he will make it all right."

Her father and mother tried to turn her purpose, saying that it would be useless to see the President, as he would not attend to such a petty matter as the dismissal of a weigher of grain. But her faith in the President's sense of justice was so strong that she went to the White House, and, after three days of patient waiting in the ante; room, was admitted to Mr. Lincoln's pres-

The hour for receiving visitors had nearly expired, and as she entered the room the President, throwing himself on a lounge, said, wearily: "Well, my little girl, what can I do for you?"

She told her artless story. Mr. Lincoln listened attentively, and with a smile asked, "But how, my dear, do I know that your statement is true?"

"Mr. President." answered the girl, with energy, "you must take my word for it." "I do," replied the President, rising and taking her hand. "Come with me to Mr. Stanton."

"Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, as they entered the office of the great War Secretary, "I wish you to hear this child's story."

"I have no time," answered the overworked man. "But you must," replied Mr. Lincoln. "I have not a moment to spare to-day,

Mr. President." "Come again, my dear, to-morrow, and Mr. Stanton will hear you then," said the

President, leading her away. The next day she was admitted at once to the President, who took her over to Mr. Stanton's office. The Secretary listened to the child's simple story, and was so moved by it that he indignantly exclaimed, before she had finished, "The infernal rascal!" He went to his desk and wrote an order for the immediate dismissal of the dishonest official, and for the appointing the little girl's father to the vacant place.

Mr. Lincoln never forgot the child; he told her story to several Congressmen, and through their influence her two brothers were enrolled among the pages of the House of Representatives.

A LAMENT

Over the Liteless Body of Albert White, Who Died February 16,

1889. (Communicated.)

My friend is dead. He died in the full and early bloom of his manhood-a flower upon which there was not a single stain.

He had lived a quiet, simple life, but he went to his death strong and brave as a hero.

He had done no great deeds; his name was not known among all men; yet was he dearly beloved by all who knew him.

Draw near then-those who are bound to him by the ties of blood, and you, sweet friends of the dead youth, whose souls were in touch with his-and let us scatter flowers, and not shed tears, over his untimely grave.

True, a rude blast has flung the glowing embers of Hope to the four winds of Heaven; true, we are induced bereft of the one we so tenderly loved and left all desclate without him; yet consolution remains. For the same mysterious power which so quickly extinguished the light of his life in this our realinrof partial gloom, has surely guided his pure soul into the Great Hereafter, where all darkness is unknown.

. The song of his day unfinished here, will surely find a glorious completement where the sorrow and the heart-break or mortality will be forgotten there, among the chosen Immortals. Come, let us place over his grave roses-not sighs; violets-

not sobs. Let us twine for him dead a rich garland of bright spring blossoms-for he loved them living. Then, let us to our knees, and pray that God may grant us the promise of a to-morrow with

him in that Great Hereafter. "Tis hard to part when friends are dear; Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear; Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time; Say not 'Good-night,' but in some bright clim-Bid me Good morning.

-DOUGLAS SHERLEY.

Wise Words About Women.

Without hearts there is no home .-

How much the wife is dearer than the bride!-Lyttleton.

We can have many wives, but only one mother.-Abd-el-Rader.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you .- Elihu Burritt.

It destroys one's nerves to be amiable every day to the same human being .-Beaconsfield.

A wise man in his house should find a wife gentle and courteous, or no wife at all.-Euripides.

Women must have their wills while they live, because they make none when they die.-Douglas Jerrold.

Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it .-Johnson.

A curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtue of patience and long suffering .-Washington Irving.

Don't be afraid of wild boys and girls; they often grow up to be the very best men and women. Wildness is not viciousness.-Herbert Spencer.

In family government let this always be remembered, that no reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.-Hosea Bal-

The early months of marriage often are times of critical tumult-whether that of a shrimp pool or of deep waterswhich afterward subsides into cheerful peace. - George Elist.

Husband and wife-so much in common, how different in type! She all golden hues and softness, he all dark shades and energy; her step so light and child-like, his so manly and steady. Such a contrast, and yet such a harmony, strength and weakness blended together! -Ruffini.



REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Boston, June 8 .- The Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the well-known Unitarian divie, died to ight at his residence in Jamaica Plain, aged seventy-eight years. Although he had been in poor health for two years or more, his condition was not considered dangerous until within a few weeks. His death resulted from a complication of diseases.

This eminent man was born at Hanover, N. H., on April 4, 1810. He was an infant when his parents removed to Newton, Mass., and he was educated in Boston, receiving his preparatory education from the Rev. James Freeman and at the Boston Latin School. At sixteen years of age he became a student at Harvard. During the last year of his collegiate course he formed a valuable friendship with Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli. This was continued in a daily correspondence during the four years in which Mr. Clarke studied at the Harvard Divinity School. Her influence is said to have led him to abandon a preference for the law for that of the Christian ministry.

When he was twenty-three he accepted the call to a pastorate at Louisville, Ky., While living there, in 1836, he founded and for the following three years edited the magazine in which appeared Ralph Waldo Emerson's earliest published poems. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Dr. Channing were also among the contributors to "The Western Messenger" which was valued, among other excellent featurs, for its pictures of contemporary Southern customs. In 1839 Mr. Clarke He left Louisville in was married. 1840, and returned to Boston, which has been the scene of his almost incessant toils ever since.

In 1841 he founded the Church of the Disciples, where the principle that " pews shall not be sold, rented or taxed," has been maintained from the beginning. His health broke down in 1850 from excessive application to literary and pulpit work, and he rested the next three years. Five years before he created some excitement and a part of his church seceded on account of his exchanging pulpit with Theodore Parker. The creed of his own church, as explicitly stated by him, is "faith in Jesus Christ as a teacher and master; its aim the study and prac-

tice of Christianity." Dr. Clarke encouraged the anti-slavery crusade. During his long career he has held various official positions, having been a member of the Board of Education, a trustee of the Public Library, and a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, from which institution he received his degree of Doctor of Dvinity in 1883. In 1873 he was a delegate to the Republican State Convention at Worcester, and he was also a delegate to the National Republican Convention which nominated Rutherford B. Hayes for President.

· A LONG LIFE.

The Funeral Services of Mrs. Lucetta C. Gaylord Held Yesterday.

Rev. Dr. Pomeroy Tells of Her Many Christian Virtues and Her Good Works.

An Earnest Member of the Second Presbyterian Church for Forty-Four Years.

Tuesday afternoon the funeral of Mrs. Lucetta C. Gaylord, one of the oldest residents of this city, was solemnized at her late residence, No. 569 Woodland avenue. Mrs. Gaylord was the daughter of General Erastus Cleaveland, of Madison, N. Y., cousin of Moses Cleaveland, the Sunder of this city. She was born in Madison, N. Y., in November, 1801, and was one of a family of twelve children, nine of whom grew to manhood and womanhood. She was educated at the school of Mr. Brace, in Litchfield, Conn., a famous seminary in those days. Since Mrs. Gaylord's death a certificate has been found in Mr. Brace's writing telling that the young Miss Cleaveland was the brightest scholar in his school. She had just passed her twentieth year when she met Mr. E. F. Gaylord, of Torringford, Conn., a rising young merchant. A wedding at Madison, on January 21, 1823, was the result of their acquaintance, and the newly united Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord began their long and pleasant married life at Cornwall, Conn. In 1827 they moved to Madison, N. Y., and in 1.33,

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO,

came to the city the cousin of Mrs. Gaylord had founded. Mr. Gaylord began business as a druggist, and located his family on Prospect street, near Sheriff. In 1845 his prosperity in business had been such that he purchased of Dr. Law the residence now occupied by the family on Woodland avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord lived together in singular felicity for sixty-two years, celebrating their golden wedding. He died three years ago at the age of eighty-nine, and she was nearly eighty-seven at the time of her decease. Their four children, all of whom survive, are Mrs. Professor J. S. Newberry, of Columbia College; Mrs. Dr. C. G. Smith, of Chicago; Mr. Henry C. Gaylord, and Mr. Charles D. Gaylord of this city. Besides these descendants Mrs. Gaylord left fifteen grandchildren and five great grandchildren. During the past year the aged lady has

been in her usual health, but because her father and her mother both died at the age of eighty-six she felt, to use her own expression, she was "living on borrowed time." She was taken ill three weeks ago with no very severe symptoms, but weakness and age yielded before them and on Sunday she passed away.

At 2:30 o'clock yesterday the spacious house was filled with those who had come to pay their last tributes of respect and remembrance to the beloved and venerated woman. Rev. Dr. C. S. Pomeroy, of the Second Presbyterian Church, officiated, and mueic was provided by the quartet choir of that congregation. The casket rested in the parlor at the right of the entrance and was profusely decked with beautiful and appropriate floral emblems from the family. The choir opened the services with "Rock of

Ages." Dr. Pomeroy read selections from the 23d and 90th Psalms and the New Testament. In the course of his remarks he said: "There is something in the silence of death which God meant should abide, that thought might be created by it. If any of you have known what it is for a minister of the gospel to stand beside a casket when there is no doubt as to the eternal inheritance, nothing to cover up or repress, you will appreciate how gladly I render my tribute to-day, where over all is cast the rainbow of God's promises. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' The circumstances of our sister's departure were fitting. Just as the sun appeared above the horizon on the Sabbath day of rest, she saw the dawning of the brighter day and

RESTED FROM HER LABORS. This large company shows that the loss is no ordinary one, no ordinary woman has passed away. Mrs. Gaylord was identified for forty-four years with the life of the Second Presbyterian Church. She and her husband united with it the year it was organized, though they were not among the charter members. Dr. Canfield was then the pastor. From that day her choicest relations were with her church. She was the superintendent of the infant department in the Sunday school for many years, and all will recall the tact and good cheer she showed in the position. In the fifteen years that I have known her when her activities have necessarily been less, I have never conversed with her that I did not learn something of value from her. Three years and a half ago her venerable husband passed away, and she has been wonderfully sustained in this, to the aged, most grievous affliction. There are many things which we cannot touch upon to-day, which are nevertheless remembered and will be mentioned often by many firesides. You know how strong and vigorous her mind was, and how carefully she read and reflected. You will remember her fine sense of humor, which gave a cheer to all her life and brightened the countenances of her friends. But with all her wit she was never severe or harsh, but full of kindness. What she was in the little home circle, which we may not enter to-day, her children, grandchildren, a and great-grandchildren best can tell. Her influence will remain to restrain and cheer | p them. The consummation of her character was complete, and we may apply to her with little change the words of Whittier:-

We mourn no blighted hope or broken plan, But onewhose life stands rounded and approved." At the close of the pastor's eloquent remarks, the choir sang again and the service concluded with prayer. Many friends passed into the room where the casket rested to look once more on the well-remembered face from which not death itself had been able to remove the gracious seal of motherly charity and Christian confidenc, set by more than fourscore years of righteous liv-

" 'The great work laid upon her fourscore years

Is done and well done. If we drop no tears

Who loved her as few persons e'er were loved,

The bearers were chosen from the lifelong neighbors and church friends of the



Sudden Death, Yesterday, of the Distinguished Minister, Dr. E. P. Humphrey.

Calmly and Peacefully He Fell Asleep With His Family Around Him.

Termination of a Long and Eventful Career Devoted to the Cause of Religion.

MIS CHARACTER AND APPEARANCE.



The life of Rev. Dr. E. P. Humphrey, one of the most distinguished Presbyterian ministers in the United States, was ended suddenly yesterday afternoon, by heart disease. The death occurred at the home of Dr. Humphrey's son, Judge Alex. P. Humphrey, 920 Third street.

Eight years ago Dr. Humphrey retired from the pulpit to devote himself to literary labors and to the general work of the church. Gradually his strength failed him, but his active interest in the life about him did not cease. He had had several intimations that the end was not far distant, but his constitution was so strong that from all these attacks he rallied rapidly. On Monday a slight attack occasioned some uneasiness to his family, but the following day he seemed him-

self again. Yesterday morning he went out to attend to some business connected with a church conference to be held in this city December 14. He returned in rather more than his usual spirits. He was conversing with his son on the occurrences of the morning, when he said he felt a slight oppression in his chest, and retired to his room. His son followed him. There he resumed the conversation, when, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the change came, and, with a smile on his face, he died with his son and other members of his family about him. The cause of death was angina pectoris, as stated by Dr. Coleman Rogers, who was immediately called. He died at 2:30 o'clock P. M.

HIS FAMILY.

Edward Porter Humphrey, D. D., LL. D., was the eldest son of Rev. Dr. Heman and Sophia Porter Humphrey, and was born in Fairfield, Conn., January 28, 1809. He was from one of the oldest English-American lamilies. The first of his ancestors in Engand were those who followed William the Conqueror from Normandy in 1066.

Dr. Heman Humphrey, the father of Dr. E. P. Humphrey, was for twenty-two years President of Amherst College. One can trace in his character and in his career marked similarity to the character and career of his eldest son, Dr. E. P. Humphrey. Both were eminently successful in the pulpit and in their services among the people; both distinguished teachers, excelling in clearness of mind and in lucidof statement; both were wide in their sympathies, counting nothing beyond them when their fellowmen were concerned. Each after retiring from actual service, lived to enjoy the honors and esteem of those whom they had served so faithfully, and yet each was to the quiet close of an eventful life untiring in all the labors of which his constitution was capable. One might write of Dr. E. P. Humphrey as was written of his father, "As the years went on the position accorded him in the town was phenomenal.

"In connection with very many families his relationship was truly patriarchal. Their homes, their tables, their gardens with all they contained of bounty or fruitage were as open to him as if each had been his own. The sick and the dying watched eagerly for his coming, and for the comfort of his ministrations, and when some heavy sorrow fell with crushing weight upon a household, the most natural cry seemed to be, Send for Dr. Humphrey. ' I Dr. Heman Humphrey died in 1861, in his eighty-third

year. HIS EARLY YEARS.

Dr. Edward Porter Humphrey's youth was spent in Connecticut. He was prepared for college at the acedemy in Amherst, Mass., and in 1828 he graduated with honor from Amherst College. In 1831-32 he was Principal of the academy at Plainfield, Conn. During this time he pursued his theological studies, and in 1883 graduated at the Andover Theological Seminary. His inclination led him to begin his ministry in the Southwest, and during the year 1834 he labored in connection with the Presbyterian church in Jeffersonville, Ind.

In 1835 he became pastor of the Second Presbyterian church in this city. He gave himself completely up to work in the interest of his church for eighteen years, and his influence was felt, not only in its rapid and permanent growth, but also in a marked degree throughout the city and in the entire denomination to which he belonged.

March 3, 1841, he was married to Caroline Catherine, daughter of Thomas Prather, of this city. She bore him one son, Edward W. C. Humphrey, and one daughter, who died in her infancy.

Rev. Dr. Humphrey's first wife died September 28, 1844. He was married a second time, April 3, 1847, to Martha, daughter of Alexander Pope. Judge A. P. Humphrey is the son of the second wife.

ELECTED TO A HIGH POSITION.

Dr. Humphrey, as early as 1852, was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the then Old School Presbyterian Church, and his sermon called, "Our Theology," preached at Charleston, S. C., as retiring Moderator, is still circulated by the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

Dr. Humphrey preceded Dr. Stuart Robinson as pastor of the old Presbyterian church on Third street, between Green and Walnut, which was afterward converted into a theater, and is now known as the Metropolitan building. His eloquence, when pastor of this church from 1835 to 1853, won him great fame. His discourse at the dedication of the Cave Hill Cemetery, in 1848, was rich in eloquence and classic learning, and strong in that faith in immortality which he taught at all times. In 1852 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Hanover College, Indiana.

In 1853 he was appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, Professor in Princeton Theological Seminary. This he declined, but soon after he accepted the professorship of church history in the theolagical seminary in Danville, Ky. It was during the latter years of his residence in Danville, 1861-6, that the exigincies occasioned by the bitter and desastrous civil strife called into prominence many of his distinguishing characteristics. Among these were his unwavering loyalty to the National Government, together with a magnanimity and conciliation of spirit which were potent influences in hastening the return of concord and amity, both in society and in the church. RETURNED TO LOUISVILLE.

In 1866, in response to an urgent appeal, he returned to Louisville to take temporary charge of a new church made up of many members of the old Second church, of which he had been pastor for eighteen years. The new organization was called the Collegestreet church. His health, which had begun to fail, rapidly improved on his return to Louisville, and he became permanent pastor of the new church. Under his ministry it became one of the largest and most influential congregations in the city. In 1871 his alma mater, Amherst College, conferred the degree of LL. D. on him. He continued his labors as pastor and preacher until 1880, when he retired from the active duties of his pulpit and was succeeded in the new and handsome church, which his congregation had built, by Rev. Dr. Christie.

After his retirement, he engaged in literary and theological work, and spent the remainder of his life among the people to whom he had devoted himself in his early

manhood.

The positions which Dr. Humphrey occupied demanded rare qualities and gifts, and with these he was peculiarly endowed. His preaching, so distinctive as a simple and earnest presentation of the Gospel, enhanced in attractiveness by convincing argument and impassioned eloquence, made him distinguished as an embassador of Christ. As a theological teacher, his knowledge of history, sacred and profane, and his unique methods of imparting truth not only stimulated the imagination of his pupils, but gave them the philosophy of the subject and stores of definite information.

INFLUENCE IN THE CHURCH.

His life covered a period in the Presbyterian Church in which great questions of policy and theology were considered, and his power in the discussion of vital subjects, together with the clear and calm judgment he brought to bear upon them, impressed itself with controlling influence upon the great assemblies of the church. His power was always the greater because of his kindly nature. In advocating measures which seemed to him of great importance one felt that his fervor was inspired by the strength and courage of his convictions rather than by any personal considerations.

He was a man greatly beloved by his ministerial brethren and all who knew him, and while zealously devoted to the Presbyterian organization known as the "Old School" so long as it remained separate, he was no less earnest in his work for the unity of the Presbyterian Church throughout the land and foremost in promoting it in special crises in his later life. His theology was always conservative and fully deserved the eminence he attained by a long life devoted to a cause he

loved.

Dr. Humphrey was of slender figure and of about medium height. His face was expressive of high intelligence. His general appearance, in spite of his stature, was striking. His voice, until recently, was strong and clear, but even as he advanced in years he still retained his powers as an orator. His last few years had been spent with the family of his youngest son, but he was ready on all occasions to assist with his knowledge and experience all who applied to him. He took the liveliest interest in the College-street Presbyterian church, of which he had been pastor, and the members of that congregation are among those who will most keenly feel his loss. His last public appearance was at the funeral of the late James F. Huber, a few weeks ago, when he assisted in conducting the service.

THOSE WHO MOURN HIS LOSS.

He leaves two sons; the oldest is Edward W. C. Humphrey, an able lawyer. The other son is Judge Alex. P. Humphrey, of the firm of Brown, Humphrey & Davie.

Dr. Humphrey's sons telegraphed last evening to his sister, residing in New York, who is the only surviving member of the family of ten children of Dr. Heman Humphrey. Until she has been heard from, the funeral arrangements will not be completed. The service will be from the College-street Presbyterian church, probably Sunday afternoon, and the Presbyterian ministers of all the churches will be called on to assist.

BEN: PERLEY POORE DEAD.

The Well-Known Correspondent and Journalist Passes Away Early This Morning.

Sketch of a Life That Has Been Eminently Useful to the Country and the Age.



MAJ. BEN: PERLEY POORE.

Washington, May 29.—[Special.]—Ben: Perley Poore died at the Ebbitt House, in this city, at 12:30 o'clock this morning. It was reported yesterday morning that he was a shade better, but at 6 o'clock last evening he grew rapidly worse. His physicians were directly summoned, and a few friends sent for, but before the latter arrived he was dead. Maj. Poore has been a sufferer from Bright's disease for several years, which was the cause of his death.

SKETCH OF POORE'S LIFE.

In length of service, Maj. Ben: Perley Poore was many years the senior of any of the correspondents stationed at the Capital. Among them he has always been one of the most influential, as he has also been the most widely known. He has enjoyed the acquaintance, and in most cases the close acquaintan ... of the most prominent public men who have been active upon the stage for the last forty years. He had the respect of all, and the friendly regard of the majority. He has written independently and always from his convictions, but generally in such a way as not to disturb personal relations. His powers were varied, his accomplishments great, and there has scarcely been a department of journalism in which he has not done notable work. He was born November 2, 1820, on a farm near Newburyport, Mass., the noted Indian Hill, which has been in possession of his family since 1650. It is a museum of colonial material, and one of the most famous places for private entertainment on a large scale in New England, or the country. He made a first trip to Europe at the age of eleven. On his return he was placed at school to fit him for West Point. He did not like the outlook, so ran away from school, stopped in Worcester, Mass., and, although the child of rich parents, became an office boy and printer's dovil. After making considerable progress, he let his parents, who had given up hope of training him, know where he was, and asked to make a visit home. A newspaper was purchased for him in Athens, Ga., which he conducted for several years.

In 1841 he went with United States Minister Hilliard to Belgium as an attache of the Legation. From this time till 1847 he traveled over Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land, part of the time as correspondent of the Boston Atias, and during part employed in collecting voluminous historical material from the French archives for the State of Massachusetts.

HE FIRST FIGURED IN WASHINGTON

in 1847 as the correspondent of the Boston Atlas, and in the winter of 1852-3 he was the Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal, This position he held until a few years since, and while in it he made himself nationally the best known man connected with it. He had much to do with militia service in Massachusetts and volunteered, promptly when the war broke out. As Major of the Eighth Massachusetts, he served in Butler's column, which landed at Annapolis and helped open the way to Washington. In 1862 he became Clerk of the Senate Committee on Printing, and since has held that position continuously, except for two years. He has made many exceedingly valuable compilations for the Government. He has at different times written for most of the prominent newspapers of the country, and has done considerable magazine work. Few men in journalistic life have had wider or more varied connections, and few have accomplished so great an aggregate of work well performed. His wide experience abroad and at home, and his intimate knowledge of public men and the inside of political life and relations has made him for years past the best authority for ready reference which could be found.

Maj. Poore was a man of strong convictions, of strong likes and dislikes, though the latter were few while the former were many. He has been the dean of the correspondents for a long time past, those who worked with him in the earlier days having long since left the field. He has passed away at a ripe age, after a life active beyond the ordinary standard of hard workers. He has impressed himself upon the wide circle with which he has so long moved, and with whom he has always performed a man's full work. His death will be regretted in every part of the land, and by none so much as those

among whom he has labored.

a month.

DEATH OF FRANK RAWSON.

A Highly-Respected Young Business Man Expires Unexpectedly of Typhoid Fever.

Mr. Frank C. Rawson died yesterday at noon at the residence of his grandfather, Capt. Frank Carter, 1510 Third street. Mr. Rawson was in his twenty-first year, and had been ill of typhoid fever about three weeks. While his sickness was considered serious, his death was unexpected, and was a shock to his many friends. The change for the worse took place on Wednesday morning, about 11 o'clock, and Mr. Rawson continued to sink gradually until yesterday, when his death occurred.

Few young men were more popular and more generally beloved by all their acquaintances than was Frank Rawson. He was the son of Mr. A. C. Rawson, who was for many years connected with the mail-line service between Louisville and Cincinnati, and was born and raised in this city. He was educated in the city schools, and his first entrance into business circles was as a clerk in the mail-line office, se ving in that capacity about a year. He then became connected with the insurance office of Messrs. Barbee & Castleman, about three years ago, and was employed there up to the time of his sickness. He had been a member of the Second Presbyterian church for the past eight years, and was a member of the Sunday-school of that church. He was also a teacher in the Oak-street Presbyterian' Sunday-school, which is under the guidance of the same church.

The funeral will take place this afternoon at 7 o'clock from Capt. Carter's residence, Rev. James H. Morrison, pastor of the Portland avenue Presbyterian church, officiating in the absence of Dr. Hemphill, who is not in the city. The following is a list of the pall-bearers, selected from among his young friends and associates: Vance Martin, Ormsby Gray, Brainard Lemon, James Johnson, Stewart Young, Owen Tyler, Sherley Martin and William Field.

HOAE-SICKNESS.

(G. W. Crofts, in Chicago Inter-Ocean).
"Blessed are the homesick, for they shall get home."—Heine.

I am homesick for my home,
Blessed Lord;
Waiting for Thy greeting, "Come,
Take beneath my shining dome
Thy reward."

I am longing for my rest
Here below;
Like a bird with wounded breast,
Robbed of all her brood and nest,
Full of woe.

Earth has lost to me her charms,
Flowers dead;
Winds are full of rude alarms.
Empty are my outstretched arms,
Comforts fied.

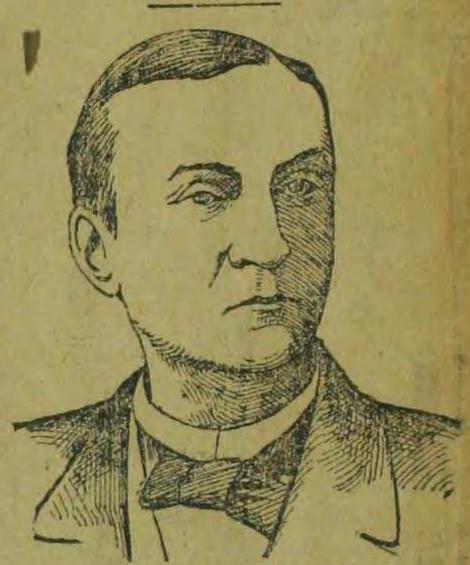
Thus I wait and sigh for thee,
Boatman pale:
Waiting here beside the sea,
Waiting ever longingly,
For thy sail.

Come, oh ship, and bear me o'er,
White sea foam.
To the loved ones gone before,
To that blessed happy shore,
To my home.

Still my soul is full of bliss,
Sorrow wrought:
Blessed, blessed homesickness,
Joy o'erflowing fount is this,
Dearly bought.

HENRY KOHNHORST'S FUNERAL.

The Remains of the Late Tax Receiver to Be Interred In Cave Hill To-morrow Afternoon at 3 O'clock.



HENRY W. HOHNHORST

The funeral of the late Mr. Henry W. Kohnhorst will take place at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from the family residence, 611 East Green street. Rev. G.J.
Reiche, pastor of the Reformed German
church, Hancock street, near Chestnut, and
Rev. John Barth, pastor of the German
Methodist church, Hancock and Market
streets, will conduct the services, which will
be unusually solemn and grand. The cere
monies will be very brief, and at their conclusion the body will be immediately interred in the family lot in Cave Hill Ceme-

All the arrangements have not yet been completed, but the pall-bearers will be decided upon to-day.

JAMES S. FAULDS.

The art exhibit of the Southern Exposition of 1883 has not been excelled in this country. The proposal to erect a separate building in Central Park and fill it with rare paintings and art treasures from famous private collections was surprising, and few were sanguine enough to believe that it was practicable. The directors, however, made an appropriation for the work, and sent a committee East to see what could be done. Some prominent New York gentlemen were invited to meet the committee, when the plan was presented by a number gentlemen from Kentucky and from Warmly seconded by the South. New York friends of the Exposition, several owners of private collections at once tendered their paintings, and thus a beginning was made. But though followed by offers of numerous pictures and curiosities of less note or value, it was only a beginning. It became necessary then to find some one who could win the attention and favor of certain persons prominent in society, and one also who possessed the taste and judgment requisite in selecting pictures worthy of the character of the exhibit.

Mr. James Faulds, the volunteer Secretary of the committee, proved to be the very man for the occasion. It was not a little surprising to the energetic business men of the committee to find that this amiable young gentleman, through his refinement and gentleness, was able to accomplish a work in which they had met with but slight success. A number of the rarest and loveliest paintings, which our people enjoyed for weeks, would not have been allowed to pass their owners' threshold but for his tact and persuasion.

It was not alone in what he secured, both rare and precious, for the exhibit, that his services were valuable, but to his excellent taste the committee owed much of its discrimination in selecting, from a quantity of material, only those paintings and other works of art which possessed the highest merit. To convey these treasures a thousand miles and exhibit them in the gallery provided for their reception, so arranged, draped and lighted, as to fitly display their beauty and merit, was an important and responsible work. Few indeed, of all who saw that beautiful exhibit, realized the labor its preparation involved, the taste required for its arrangement, or the keen anxiety felt by the active members of the committee, until the last picture, statue, tapestry, embroidery and other treasures of great delicacy and priceless value, were safe again in the galleries of their owners. In the hanging of the water colors, in the arrangement and display of the Grant collection, and the exquisite satins and embroideries; in the drapery of the central dome, in the hanging of those splendid Gobelin tapestries, and in all the artistic bric-a-brac which so admirably served their purpose the artistic skill and

Spermastorrhes and Inspetence in an Inspetence in an excesses in the content of search of search of the content of decisions of other causes, Seminal Emissions, (alghi emissions of decisions of decisions), Dimuess of Sight, Defective Hemory, Shranges of Stander, Pimples on Face, Averaion to Society of Fernance, Search of Search of Fernance, Search of Search o

S22 Market Street, Louising, now at B22 Market Street, Louising, Kly Retailed and Fourth, Louising obysician and the requierly educated and found, or practice will prove the requierly educated and itemporal provession, as his practice will prove Chross all forms of PRIVATE, CHROS and Language and Language Sand Sand Impotency

Jennie Bowman's Remains Laid Tenderly Away In Cave Hill Cemetery.

The First English Lutheran Church Crowded at the Obsequies—Rev. Waltz's
Pathetic Tribute—Flowers
and Music.

The funeral of Jennie Bowman took place at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon from the First English Lutheran church, on Broadway, near Preston street.

The little sanctuary was filled to overflowing with people of every class and degree, who had come to pay tribute to the memory of the noble dead. The display of flowers was large, and there were many beautiful designs, all appropriate to the occasion. Many of these offerings were sent by persons who had never known the martyred girl, but who wished to testify in some manner to their appreciation of her character.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee," which was always a favorite with the dead girl, was sung, after which Rev. S. S. Waltz, paster of the church, preached the funeral sermon. He said:

REV. WALTZ'S TRIBUTE,

"Familiar as we are with the death scene, seldom is it surrounded with such a halo of mingled sorrow and glory as to-day. The circumstances are all familiar, and need not to be repeated. I would not add one pang to loving hearts already cruelly wounded by this terrible grief. I would rather pour on them the baim of healing consolation, and bind them up with the bands of eternal hope. Death to the righteous and the the true is not defeat, but victory; not enslavement, but coronation. We say as the last breath leaves the body, 'Dead.' God's angels say: 'Alive forever more.' In our times of grief it is better to listen to the heavenly voices than our own.

and spoken by tens of thousands. Not a man who has heard the story of her struggle but has felt the fires of his manly courage kindling brighter because of

HER DAUNTLESS BRAVERY.

"Not a woman has learned of her glorious conduct but is prouder of virtue, duty and love, the trinity of a woman's life. Children who read the story of her devotion to duty find in it the noble heroine of fable, come out at last into real life. The lessons from this life and death are many and beautiful. Do any doubt whether the spirit of a common brotherhood is yet alive among men? Behold in this audience the answer to your skepticism. Rich and poor meet on common ground to do honor to one of our human family. The merchant and the official meet with the toilers in mechanics to pay a debt of gratitude to one of the honest daughters of hard work, who fell in the conflict of daily life.

"Caste is lost in the respect, the reverence, the admiration and the sorrow of a common cause. Social lines drop out of sight as we march to the funeral music of one of nature's humblest yet noblest creatures. Employers and employe vie with each other in united praise of one who was faithful in the walks of life assigned her by providence. We are brothers, sisters, in this great

family of earth.

SAD AS IS THE TRAGEDY

of such a fate as that which befel Jennie Bowman, how plain it makes the lesson, "We are brethren." The city could not have been more deeply stirred with emotions of honest praise her best-known citizen had fallen, girl offered than when this humble herself a martyr on the altar of duty. We know human nature is sefish, but the better angels within us are only sleeping. The voice of a brother's or sister's need; the story of their devotion wakens the sleeping divinitles within us, and we stretch wide our arms of fraternal love. We are one. Science tells us that in the upper atmosphere there is a point where all the discordant sounds of earth meet and mingle in the harmony of sweet music, almost divine. Whether true or not in science, it is true in our human associations. Around a common cause, around a common sorrow, around a common heroic act, gather all the discordant elements of society in a tribute of hearty, common praise. Such an act, such a death makes us all kin, of a common family, singing the same family song,

about the public aspects of such a lesson as we have before us to-day. One reflection may not be amiss. Society ought to be purer and better for such a sacrifice. The price is fearful—

A NOBLE HUMAN LIFE;

but let not the price have been paid in vain. It ought and will wake us to the enormity of the crime that stalks abroad in our midst. Would to God the struggle and death of Jennie Bowman might stir the popular heart to its bottom in hatred and resistance of crime. Out of this fearful tragedy ought come a higher, nobler public sentiment on the whole subject of law and order. The voice of the people is the sovereign power that rules society. Let the laws of our land—rightcous usually—and the executors of our laws—true 2 a rule—be loyally sustained by a united public sentiment.

"Our hope, our only hope as a community, is the crystalized Christian public sentiment of the people, peacefully always, but determinedly standing by the law and good order of society. In

this case a terrible crime

AGAINST GOD AND SOCIETY

has been committed; God is eternally just and will deal justly. We may safely trust Him. I firmly believe society in this terricle wrong is safe in the hands of the law. Let us leave the eternal results in the hands of the Just Judge above. Let us leave present judgments in the hands of the law—God's ordained means of earthly justice. Above all let us rise unitedly to the higher ground of moral Christian living, from which we may successfully drive back the criminal foes of society.

There is a worthy desire to know something of the personal character of such a one as we honor and mourn to day. The history is brief, but blessed and comprehensive. She honored the station she filled; not a shamed of honest toil; she made her surroundings noole and honorable by doing her duty in her station. Oh, how position is honored by him who honors his position. There was a kindness of disposition in her life that won the affection of all. There was

A TRUE WOMANLINESS

in her nature that always demanded and received respect. To her, virtue was dearer than life. Better die than yield that which to a true woman is the crown of her glory. What true soul will not cry out in the presence of such an example, Thank God for true womanhood.

"One little incident, may tell you of her fidelity to her family, for whom she always cared most fondly. She was very systematic in her account of expenditures. Most of these were for the folks at home." The last entry is a memorandum of money spent to buy her little sisters the new spring hats we see they have on now. She was faithful to kindred unto the end. We shall not soon forget her. I believe in yonder city of the dead there ought and will be built

A FITTING MONUMENT

that shall speak to us and to our children, telling them in silent but eloquent words that honor, duty, virtue are glorious attributes of our humanity, and that the world honors them wherever found.

"The grave of Jennie Bowman will not be a nameless or forgotten one. It will be an humble but proud and sacred shrine, where many shall kindle the hely fires of love and duty. God's angels watch it with sleepless vigil, and when the glad morning comes that wakes the dead, she, with all who have lived and died for duty and for right, will march into the city that hath no dangers, no pains, no tears.

"Life's battle ended; its victory complete. Brave lives crowned with eternal honors; Heaven, home, rest forevermore through Jesus Christ."

BORNE TO THE CEMETERY.

When Dr. Waltz had concluded his sermon, the choir sang "Rock of Ages," and those present were permitted to take a final look at the face of the dead girl. The remains were then removed to the hearse by the pall-bearers, who were Messrs. Rudolph Finzer, George Preuser, William Ritcher, Charles Lesshafft, Charles Schlaefer, and George Peter. At Cave Hill the remains were interred in a beautiful lot purchased recently by Mr. Johnson. It is situated in the "new addition," and occupies a commanding view of the entire cemetery.

CORONER MILLER'S EXAMINATION.

Coroner Miller held the post mortem examination at the residence of Mr. A. Y. Johnson, at 8:30 yesterday morning. He was assisted by Drs. Berry, Roberts, and Hoskins, the two last-named having been Miss Bowman's attending physicians.

The upper portion of the skull was taken away, and the direct cause of her death was made clearly visible at once. On the right side of the brain, near the base, a large clot of blood had settled. Inflammation had set in to a marked degree, and even had she recovered from the physical injuries, her mental condition would have in time taken her to an asylum. Near the base of the skull there was also found four ounces of bruised blood, which had come direct from the fractures inflicted on the exterior of the cranium. This had in a great measure superinduced the iuflammation, which nearly covered the brain, and was gradually contaminating the entire organ.

THE INQUEST TO-MORROW.

Dr. Miller noted every detail connected with the case, and will produce the evidence at the inquest, which is to be held in the witness-room of the City Court at 8 o'clock to-morrow evening. The jurors, selected by the Coroner to serve in the case, are F. E. Phelps, G. Y. Bott, Otto Wenle, William Campbell, Thomas Connolly and Frank

Black. A large number of witnesses have been summoned.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE.

Too much can not be said of the laudable manner in which Mr. Johnson and his most estimable family have acted during Miss Bowman's affliction. From the moment her lamentable condition was made known to them their time has been given up to her needs. No pains or money were spared to alleviate the noble girl's suffering, and everything that could be done by mortal to cause a surcease of her agony was done by them. But for the treatment the unfortunate girl has received at the Hands of this family her suffering would have been much greater than it was.

"MISS GRUNDY'S" FUNERAL.

The Burial Services Over the Remains of Miss Maria Austine Snead Attended By Many Prominent Peo-

ple. Washington, March 24.-(Special.)-Friends and relatives of Miss Maria Austine Snead gathered at St. John's church at 2 o'clock this afternoon to pay the last tribute of respect. The remains were encased in a black cloth covered casket, which was literally covered with flowers, the last tribute of loving friends. Miss Cleveland sent a beautiful basket of roses. The church was well filled with friends of the deceased among whom were noticed many newspaper men. The following gentlemen acted as pall bearers: Senator Beck, Messrs. Nordhoff, Guthridge and Preston, of the New York Herald Staff, Col. H. Clay Goedloe, Mr. Charles E. Kincald, Mr. James Morrill, son of Senator Morrill. Mr. Frank Gordon and Congressman Russell, of Massachusetts. Johns were The sevices at St. conducted in a most impressive manner by the Rev. Dr. Leonard, the rector, assisted by Rev. J. M. E. McKee. The full choir sang "Rock of Ages" and "Nearer My God to Thee." The remains were taken to Oakhill Cemetery, Gorgetown, for interment, where the concluding exercises were conducted by Rev. J. M. E. McKee. Mrs. Snead bore herself composedly until the casket was lowered into the grave, when she broke down completely and asked to be put with her daughter, who could never be without her in life. It was an affecting scene.

Mrs. Leeds and Mrs. Lubers, of New York, sisters of Mrs. Shead, Mr. and Mrs. Adolpho Snead, Mrs. Senator Sherman, Mrs. Senator McPherson, and the Misses McKane, accompanied the distressed lady

throughout. Speaker and Mrs. Carlisle and a number of Kentuckians were at the services. The floral tributes were many and beautiful, One, a lovely one, was from Mrs. Goodloe, Senator Beck's daughter.

THEY ARE MARRIED.

A Young Louisville Couple Who Took Fate In Their Own Hands.

One of the most romantic of recent elopements was that of Miss Eugenie Pool and Mr. T. Hal Heazlitt last Sunday. She left estensibly to go to Sunday-school early in the morning, and has not been at home since. The two have been sweethearts for a long time, but when Mr. Heazlitt recently asked Mr. Pool for the hand of his daughter it is said that he refused and gave his reasons for his refusal.

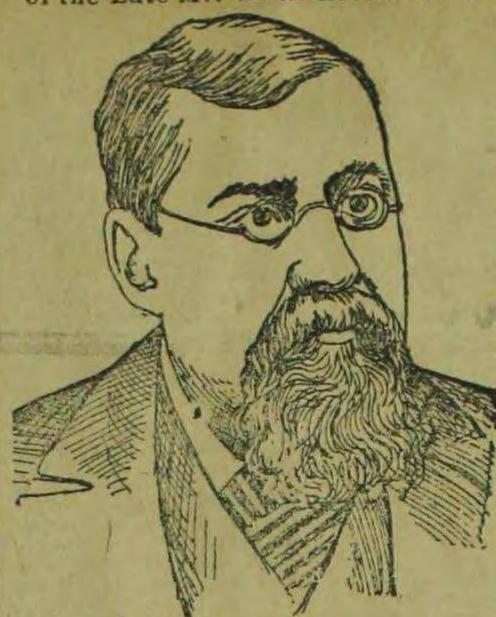
Mr. Heazlitt is the Librarian of the Indiana Presbyterian church, while she is a musician and one of the teachers there. She graduated only about a year ago from Miss Nold's school and is the daughter of Mr J. S. Pool, the marble dealer, residing at

Seventh and Broadway. Mr. Pool made inquiries for the runaways at Jeffersonville, but, though they had been seen there, it is said they were not married

at that place. This morning it is definitely learned that the young couple were married on Sunday morning at a little church near Corydon presided over by Rev. Baxter.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

Funeral Services Over the Remains of the Late Mr. Louis Bretzfelder.



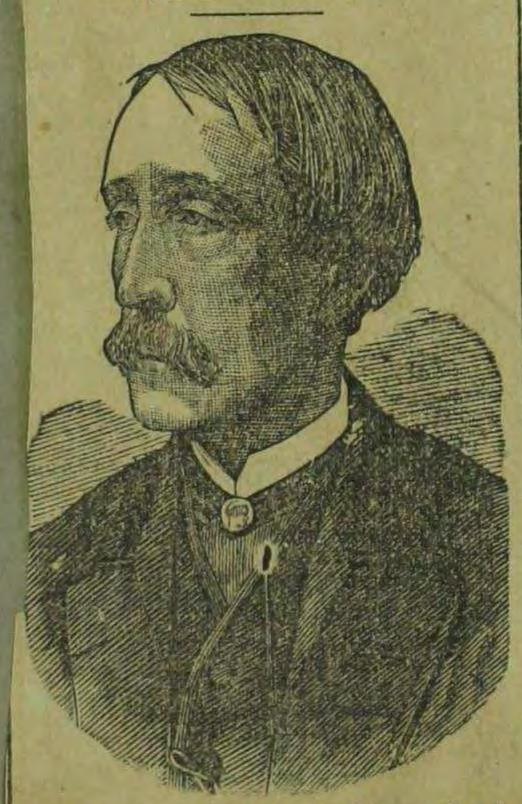
L. BRETZFELDER.

The funeral of the late Mr. Louis Bretzfelder, who died suddenly of heart disease at his residence, 1017 Fifth street, Tuesday morning, took place at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon from the house. The parlors were crowded with the friends of the deceased, and the services were very impressive. They were conducted by Rev. Adolph Moses, of the Synagogue, who spoke most feelingly of the many virtues of Mr. Bretzfelder.

The active pall-bearers were Messrs, S. C. Lang, I. Bamberger, Laf. Joseph, N. E. Heinsheimer, Charles Joseph, Louis N. Rodgers, Leopold Mendel and Irving Gosnell, and the bonorary pall-bearers, Messrs. Max Selliger, Isaac Men lel, Leopold Heilman, Dr. John A. Ouchterlony, Frederick Corinth, Horace Scott, E. C. Bolive and James Woodward. The interment occurred in the cemetery Adas Israel, and a concourse of friends followed the remains to the burial.

FIDO'S FRIEND NO MORE.

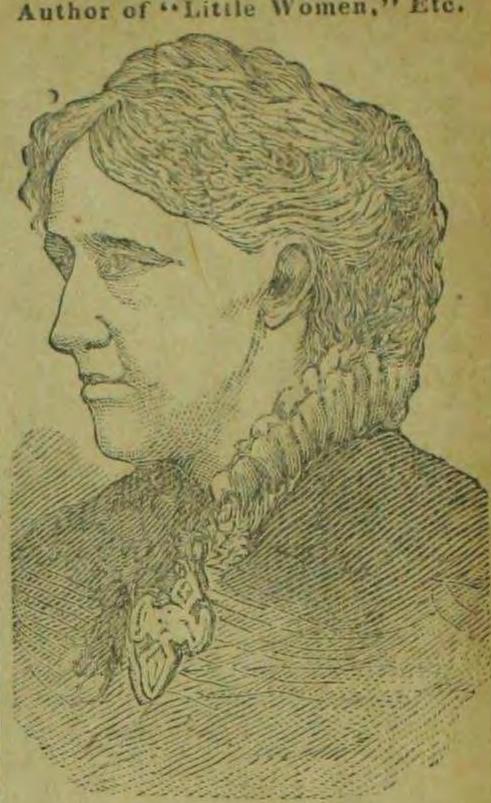
Ir. Henry Bergh, Founder of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty, Dead At New York.



NEW YORK, March 13.-Henry Bergh, founder and President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, died this morning.

LOUISA W. ALCOTT.

Author of "Little Women," Etc.



Louisa M. Alcott is dead. The well-known and clever writer of "Little Women," was born in Germantown, Penn., November 29, 1832. She was "literary" almost from babyheed, and wrote fairy stories in her youth, but her first book was not published until 1855. It was written when she was only sixteen years of age. Her first full-grown story brought her just \$5 from Gleason's Pictorial when the writer was nineteen. The next year she wrote the story of "The Rival Prima Donnas," which showed, to say the least, a strong interest in matters histrionic. The next few years of Miss Alcott's life were filled with burdens that were bravely carried. Writing for sensational publications, teaching, even sewing, were her means of support. She worked so gladly and persistently that even before her real success came she was able to do much in the way of help and comfort for the "people at home."

In 1862, Miss Alcott went South to nurse in the Soldier's Hospital. From this duty she was taken home, herself stricken with the fever "I was never ill," she said once to Mrs. Liculton, 'until after that hospital experience, and I have never been well since."

In 1865, "Hospital Sketches" was published; before that "Moods," a tragic love story. In 1868, Miss Alcott wrote "Little Women," the great success of her life. In six months, or a little more, she was famous and her hard work was over. After that time she was abroad a number of times, wrote much, and received probably \$100,000 in money, with much honor.

Most of Miss Alcott's work was done in Boston. Her custom was to leave her home and to take a room in the metropolis of New England, when she had a literary project to carry out.

HIS LAST WORDS.

Beecher Upon Youthful Dissipations and Their Effect - Making Drufts Upon Old Age

The following article, from the pen of the late Henry Ward Beecher, was written by him only a fortnight previous to his death. He had promised that he would contribute an article to the last number of the Brooklyn Magazine under its old name, and, true to his work, the paper given below was written in the last days of his life. The paper will be printed in the April number of the magazine:

its sorrow laid in youth. Every stone laid in the foundation takes hold of every stone in the wall up to the very eaves of the building, and every deed, right or wrong, that transpires in youth reaches toward, and has a relation to, all the after part of man's life. A man's life is not like the contiguous cells in a bee's honeycomb; it is more like the separate parts of a plant which unfolds out of itself, every part bearing relation to all that antecede. That which one does in youth is the root, and all the afterparts, middle age

and old age, are the branches and the fruits,

whose character the root will determine. "Every man belongs to an economy in which he has a right to calculate, or his friends for him, on eighty years as a fair term of life. His body is placed in a world adapted to neurish and protect it. Nature is congenial. There are elements of mischief in it if a man pleases to find them out. Aman can wear his body out as quickly as he pleases, destroy it if he will; but, after all, the great laws of nature are nourishing laws, and, comprehensively regarded, nature is the universal nurse, the universal physician of our race, guarding us against evil, warning us of it by incipient pains, setting up signals of danger-not outwardly, but inwardly-and cautioning us by sorrows and by pains for

IMMODERATE PASSIONS.

our beneut.

by the appetites and passions is so much sent forward to be cashed in old age. We may sin at one end, but God takes it off at the other. Every man has stored up for him some eighty years, if he knows how to keep them, and those eighty years, like a bank of deposit, are full of treasures; but youth, through ignorance or through immoderate passions, is wont continually to draw checks on old age. Men do not suppose that they are doing it, although told that the wicked shall not live out half their days.

"Men are accustomed to look upon the excesses of youth as something that belongs to that time. They say that of course the young, like colts unbridled, will disport themselves. There is no harm in colts disporting themselves, but a colt never gets drunk. I do not object to any amount of gayety or vivacity that lies within the bounds of reason or of health; but I do reject and abhor, as worthy to be stigmatized as dishonorable and unmanly, every such course in youth as takes away strength, vigor, and purity from old age. Every man that transcends nature's laws in youth is taking beforehand those treasures that are stored up for his old age; he is taking the food that should have been his sustenance in old age, and exhausting it in riotous living in his youth. Mere gayety and exhilaration are wholesome; they violate no law, moral or physical.

EXCESS IN YOUTH.

"I do not object to mirth or gayety, but I do object to any man's making an animal of himself by living for the gratification of his own animal passions. People frequently think that to require in the conduct of youth that which we expect in later life has something of Puritanism in it. Men have an impression that youth is very much like wine, crude and insipid until it has fermented; but when it has fermented, and thrown down the lees, and the scum has been drawn off, the great body between is sound and wholesome, and beautiful.

"I am not one that thinks so.

"I think that youth is the beginning of the plant life, and that every wart or excrescence is so much enfeeblement of its fruitbearing power. I do not believe that any man is the better for having learned the whole career of drunkenness and lust, or the dallyings or indulgences that belong to a morbid life. A young man that has gone through these things may be saved at last, but in after life he has not the sensibility, nor the purity, nor the moral stamina that he ought to have. He has gone through an experience but for which his manhood would have been both stronger and nobler. Excess in youth, in regard to animal indulgence, is bankruptev in old age.

'For this reason I deprecate late hours, irregular hours or irregular sleep. People ask me frequently, 'Do you think that there is any harm in uancing?' No, I do not. There is much good in it. 'Do you, then, object to dancing parties?' No; in themselves I do not. But where unknit youth, unripe muscle, unsettled and unhardened nerves are put through an excess of excitement, treated with stimulants, fed irregularly and with unwholesome food, surrounded with gayety which is excessive and which is protracted through hours when they should be asleep, I do object.

NO HARM IN DANCING. "The harm is not in the dancing itself; for if they danced as do the peasants, in the open air, upon the grass under the trees and in the day, it might be commended, not as virtuous, but as still belonging to those negative things that may be beautiful. But the wassail in the night, the wastefulness-I will not say of precious hours, for hours are not half se precious as nerves are the dissipation, continued night after night and week after week through the whole season, it is this I deprecate as eating out the very life. I am not superstitious of observances, but I am always thankful that there are forty days of Lent in the year when folks can rest from their debauches and dissipations; when no round of excessive excitement in the pursuit of pleasure is permitted to come in and ruin the health and cripple the natural powers of

the young. "The appetites of youth, which either in social or in solitary life drain down the vitality and impair the constitution, are so many insidious assaults on old age. I would that the young knew how clearly these things are written. God's handwriting is very plain and very legible to those who have eyes to see. There is not an intelligent physician that does not read, as he walks through the street, the secret history of the lives of those whom he meets, and that, too, without following them in their midnight career. I care not to have men come to me and state their secret courses; I can read it in the skin and in the eye.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE PASSIONS.

sion that has not its natural language, and every undue indulgence of that appetite or passion leaves that natural language more or less stamped upon the skin, upon the features, upon the expression of the face or the carriage of the body.

"There is always some token that tells what men are doing, if they are doing anything to

"Pride has its natural language; mirthfulness has; goodness has. Nobedy doubts this. "So have the passions their natural lan-

edness in secret places or in the night it is not known. It is known, although no man may ever say to them: 'Thou art guilty.'

"The use of stimulants in youth is another detraction from happiness in old age. Men usually take what they least need. In other words, we follow our strongest faculties and not our weaker ones, and therefore if men are excessively nervous they almost invariably seek to make themselves more so.

from my youth to abstain from tobacco. In rare cases, where there is already some unhealthy or morbid tendency in the system, it is possible that it may be used with some benefit, but ordinarily it is unhealthy.

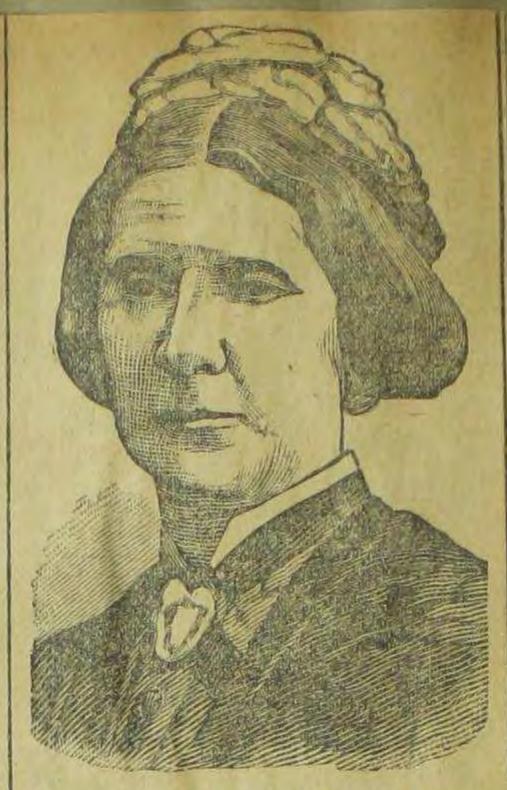
"I believe that the day will come when a

young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind.

"I believe that the day will come when not to drink, when not to use tobacco, not to waste one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law, to be sound, robust,

of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law, to be sound, robust, cheerful, and to be conscious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience of the commandments of God, will be a matter of ambition and endeavor among men.

/ HERRY WARD BEECHER."



Jenny Lind, the Great Singer, Stricken With Paralysis.

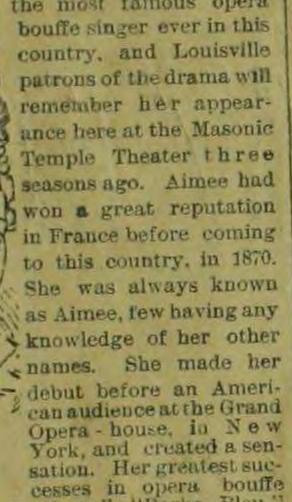
Jenny Lind, whose fatal illness is announced, is remembered by older readers, some of whom spent their last dollar to hear her sing, now nearly forty years ago. She is a Swede, born at Stockholm, October 6, 1821. Her parents were in humble circumstances, but the remarkable power and pathos of her voice attracted attention when she was a tiny tot of a child, and she was only nine years of age when, owing to the kind offices of an actress, she was admitted into the Conservatory of Stockholm, where she received lessons from Croelius and Berg, two very eminent instructors. While there she devoted her energies both to the art of singing and to the theoretical and instrumental study of music. This ambition was encouraged by her teachers, who observed with admiration her diligent cultivation of superior natural gifts. Her progress was wonderful, and it was greatly promoted after she had left the conservatory by her residence with the family of the popular Swedish composer, Adolph Frederick Lindblad. Jennie Lind was eighteen years of age when, after brilliant successes in private entertainments and in the court concerts, she made her first appearance in opera as Agatha in "Der Frieschutz." This was the beginning of a local fame which eclipsed that of all Swedish singers. In 1841, realizing the importance of being prepared to win a wider approbation than that of partial friends and neighbors, she placed herself under the tuition of Garcia at Paris, where she could also benefit by the performances of leading stars. A public appearance in Paris did not result in the "Swedish Nightingale" receiving an engagement. Having returned to Stockholm, her appearance renewed the generous admiration of the people of that capital. She was engaged at Berlin in 1844, at the instance of Meyerbeer, who had met her in Paris, and her "period of glory," as an enthusiastic admirer puts it, began in that city, in "Norma." Her engagement at the Prussian capital ended in April, 1845, after which she visited several German cities, including Vienna, The great singer made her debut in London, in 1847, with a very marked success. It was followed by a tour in England, and on December 15, 1848, by her memorable appearance in oratorio in the Mendelssonn memorial, when the "Elijah" was performed with an almost unique perfection. After spending some time in Stockholm, where tickets entitling the fortunate holders to seats where she sang were sold by auction, she returned to London in 1849. She retired from the stage in May of that year, the principal cause being the objection of a gentleman to whom she was engaged to be married, but who did not become her husband.

Jenny Lind now formed the project to devote herself to oratorio and concert singing, and in 1850 she made an engagement with P. T. Barnum for a concert tour in America, extending through the United States, British Provinces. Mexico and the West Indies.

Idolized as a singer possessing a contralto voice of much power and expression, though but moderate in range, and always doing her utmost to please her auditory, whether graced by royalty or consisting of but a sprinkling of white folks with a host of illiterate colored people, Jenny Lind will be remembered by posterity as a queen of song, nor less as a model wife, mother and friend, and a woman of great and beneficent heart.

Famous, But Forgotten.

Mademoiselle Marie Aimee Tranchon, who died in Paris, last Monday, from the effects of a surgical operation, was the most famous opera



were "La Grande Duchess," "Barbe Bleu," "Genevieve de Brabant" and "La Perichole." For years she had no rival in such operas, and no other foreign singer of the same school ever attained a similar popularity in this country. She had a fine voice, and possessed beauty and what the French call chic. All three she knew how to use in the most advantageous manner. Several years ago she lost her voice and was compelled to abandon opera. She starred in a musical comedy called "Mam'zelle," and in that the Louisville public saw her. In it she introduced a song, accompanied by a dance, which was already famous. This was her "Pretty As a Picture." She was not successful, went back to France, and was forgotten by those who used to applaud her until her death reminded them that she once existed.

MRS. GOODWIN'S DEATH

The Result of a Dangerous and Fatal Surgical Operation Made At Her Request.

A Physician's Bill Which Was Not Paid Because It Was Said To Be Exorbitant.

NEW YORK. April 23 .- [Special.]-The recent death in this city of Mrs. Eliza Weathersby-Goodwin, the actress, promises to have a sequel. Dr. Marion Sims has presented his bill for professional services to her husband, Nat. C. Goodwin, and Mr. Goodwin has refused to pay, on the ground that it is exorbitant. But this difference of opinion does not make the sensational episode. There are other things back of the matter that, if

brought out, as it seems likely they will be in the courts, will prove extraordinary. Mrs. Goodwin had been ill for a considerable period. The trouble was a disorder that resisted all attempts to check it. Eventually the family physician, Dr. T. H. Robinson, deemed it advisable to have experts summoned to consult on the case. Dr. Sims was not among those who came at first. The doctors were in grave doubt as

to the precise netize of the malady, but some were inclined to the opinion that it was tumor in the i llo sian tubes. If such were the case, the only possible remedy would lie in an operation for the removal of the tumor; a very dangerous matter at the best, and one that would be liable to cause death, even if successfully performed.

When Mrs. Goodwin was informed of the possible nature of her trouble, she expressed her desire that an operation be made, but Dr. Robertson promptly refused to perform it. He was not confident that a tumor existed, and was wholly unwilling to assume the terrible responsibility for the result if none should be found. The other experts agreed with the family physician. Mrs. Goodwin, however, was anxious that whatever might be done for her should be resorted to, and Dr. Sims was called. He made an examination, and his opinion agreed in its general features with that of his colleagues.

The truth of the matter simply was that Mrs. Goodwin must die, if the disorder were to be left alone; that a surgical operation might possibly save her, but that the chances were strongly that it would hasten the end. This was made clear to the patient, and she unhesitatingly asked Dr. Sims to make the operation. He consented, and Dr. Robertson and one other were present when it was performed. The result showed that no tumor existed. The disorder was inflammation of the fallopian tubes, and soon after the conclusion of the operation Mrs. Goodwin died. Dr. Sims is a physician of the highest professional standing, has an extended practice, and comes high.

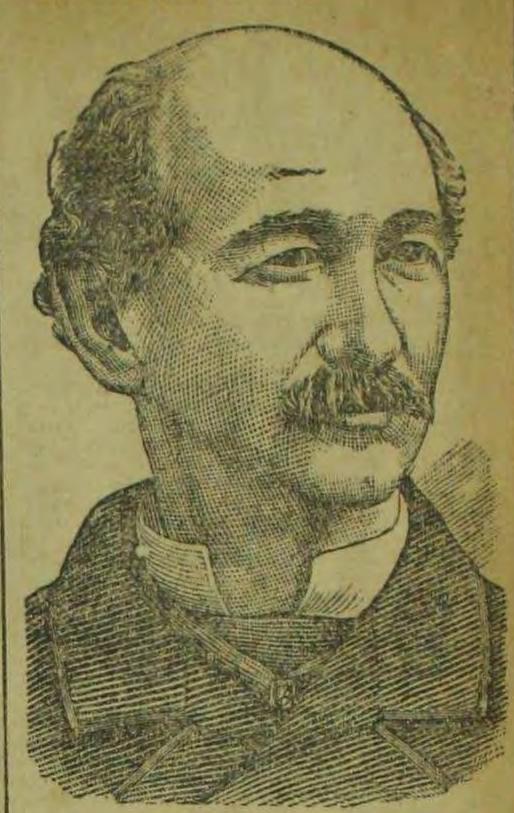
The actor who disputes the bill proposes to show, when the doctor sues him for the amount, that the death of his wife was nothing less than scientific murder; he will endeavor to produce the experts to swear that the operation was uncalled for, dangerous and inexcusable. On the other hand, it is said that Dr. Sims can easily justify his course. It is pretty sure to be a disagreeably interesting case, unless the actor yields and pays the bill, for the physician is determined to collect, even if it should prove necessary

to invoke the aid of the law.

EWING-At the family residence, Cincinnati, O., April 11, 1888, JOSEPHINE, wife of J. F. Ewing, and daughter of J. S. and E. A. Pool, of this city, a red 34 years.

The funeral will take place from the residence of J. S. Pool, No. 621 West Broadway, April 13, at 3 o'clock. Friends of the family invited to attend.

Maurice Strakosch, the Eminent Impresario, Lately Deceased-Patti's Instructor and Manager.



The above portrait of Strako ch is from an excellent photograph, taken in New York, and shows the emineut impresarious he was in his most energetic days. When he died Stral o ch

was about seventy years of age. He was born in Brunn. Austria. His first appearance in public was at the age of seven years. when he performed at a concert given in h s native town a concerto by Hummell. The success of his effort was so marked that his father consented to allow him to follow his inc i rations and enter upon an artistic career. For several years he traveled through Germany, always meeting with moderate success. In his "Scuvenirs of an Impresairo" he gives some amusing f cts as to the salarios of Gerna artists in those early days. A tenor in Agram received then thirty francs a month, and the star of a company was lucky if his month y sa a y reached a hundred francs. From Germany he went to Italy to complete his musi al education. He was provided with a letter of introduction to Mme. Pasta, for whom Bellini composed "Sonnambula." When he had com leted his studies In the art of singing he went to Paris, being in that city when the revolution of 1848 broke out. Fin ling that music and politics did not agree, he started for America, where Le met Salvatore Patti, the father of Adelina Carlotti Patti, with whom he had become acquainted in Vienna in 1843. In 1850 he married Amelia, the sister of Adelina Carlotti Patti, who survives him. From her eighth to her eleventh year Adeina Patti traveled with Maurice Strakoscu, singing in concerts, and in his "Souvenirs" he says that he had frequently to tear her away from her playmates in order that her instruction should not be neglected. In 1869 Mr. Strakosch assumed the direction of the Italian opera in New York and arranged for the ueout of Patti, who was then sixteen years old. This took place November 24, 1859, and although the young debutante had had but one rehearsal on the | iano an I one with the orchestra, her appearance was a triumph. A ter this success the impresario receives propositions from manigers in all parts of the world. He first decide I to go to Mexico, but, learning that the band to controlled the country and made travel un afe, he went to Cuba. Through the early part of her operatic career, Patti sang under the management of Mr. Strakosch. In 1870 he made a contract with Christine Nilsson, in Liver, ool, to sing in con erts in America, guaranteeing ner five thousand francs for every performance when the receipts exceeded twen y thou and francs, the diva to have one-half of the surp us over expenses besides. The success of this enterprise was pronounced. For two seasons, the receipts for these concerts averaged 20,000 francs a night. In 1874 the impresario had another successful season n Am rica, with Nilsson and Ca apanini as his a tractions. Another of Mr. S.ra osch's pu, i.s was Mile. Sesse, who retired from the operati stage after ner marria e, and it was he who first introduced Clara Louise Kelligg in opera

to the Lo .d n public. Deceased was known quite as widely in Englan 1 and the United States as in Paris, and wherever he was known he was liked. His longe in rience of life in every quarter of the clobe had give a him a rare fun! if ane dote, and his conver ation was set o.I by an originality of expr ssion wh h gave t a pecular zest. He had a remarkable faculty for acquiri g language, but, with with care, he spoke them all with st. o.g accent.



Ella Wheeler wilcox, Author of

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is about thirty-six years of age. She was born at Johnstown, Rock county, Wis. Her father was a Vermonter, but settled in Johnstown in the year 1848. Ella grew to womanhood near the village of Windsor, Wis. She was the youngest of four children. Her love of literature she inherited from her mother. When thirteen years of age she began to write poetry. In time she found confidence to send her verses here and there for publication. She received no financial return for these early efforts, but gradually won the fame which led to handsome remuneration. At the present time she is in receipt of a good income, and her residence at Meriden, Conn., is one of the prettiest and best, not to say most luxurious, homes in that place. Ella has suffered from the critics, in common with poets of every degree. A good story is told of how she got even with a newspaper editor, who begged that she, instead of writing so many verses about babies, should devote a little of her time to puppies. Ella, ever willing to profit by suggestions, immediately sat down and wrote a pleasant poem, where a child pleads for the lives of five puppies which she owns. One by one the little animals are taken from her, till finally but a single creature is left. At this juncture the child makes a piteous appeal, saying: "Just save this one, for I want to make an editor of it." Ella had the poem published in a Mil waukee newspaper, dedicated to the editor who had made the suggestion upon which she had acted. It is stated that he lost all interest in Ella's poems ever afterward.

The book by which Mrs. Wilcox is best known is "Poems of Passion." When this was published she was given a reception at the Academy of Music in Milwaukee, and \$500 was presented to her by her admirers. Her volume of temperance poems, "Drops of Water," has many admirers. A novel from her pen, "Mal-Monlee," is less known. It

A few years ago Ella Wheeler—this was her maiden name—was married to Mr. Wilcox, who, although a man of business, interests himself greatly in the literary pursuits of his wife. Their courtship was almost entirely by letter. A happier couple it would not

The writer of "Poems of Passion" looks younger than she really is. Her figure is slight and girlish, crowned with abundant red-brown hair. While not exactly delicate looking, her complexion is pale. The expression of her features is animated and kindly, and her bearing cordial. At home Mrs. Wilcox dresses in white satin; abroad, say the ladies, her costumes are "effective." Certainly they are not conventional, and, in this respect, become well their fair wearer.

WALKER KENNEDY has been taking up the "ten best English novels" discussion in the columns of his paper, the Memphis Times. He says:

The columns of the Louisville Post have recently been open to a discussion as to which are the ten best novels. The correspondence elicited on the subject shows how widely people's tastes differ on the subject of books; but it seems to us that there is a fairly safe way of approximating a correct answer. Let us select first the novelists who stand indisputably in the front rank, and we have Scott, Hawthorne, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer and George Eliot. It is safe to say that Scott has written nothing better than "Ivanhoe," Hawthorne nothing better than "The Scarlet Letter," Dickens nothing better than" David Copperfield," Thackeray nothing better than "The Newcomes," and Bulwer nothing better than "The Last Days of Pompeii." This disposes of six places and leaves four to be filled. Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place," Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre," Robert Louis Stevenson's "Strange Case of Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde," and George Meredith's "Richard Feveril" would be our concluding choice. We are aware that Mere-

dith has few acquaintances in this country, but English criticism sets him down as the greatest artist of character and situation in the English language, and recently in the Fortnightly Review, "Richard Feveril" was pronounced by a reviewer to be the greatest novel ever written.

LIFE.

[Bishop King.]

What is the existence of man's life,
But open war or slumbered strife?

Where sickness to his senses presents
The combat of the elements,
And never feels a perfect peace
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm—where the bot blood Outvies in rage the boding flood; And each loud passion of the mind Is like a furious gust of wind, Which beats the bark with many a wave, Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which bads and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and rad faint seasons keep,
Like fits of working before sleep,
Then shrinks into that ratal mod
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth is moralized in age and joun;
Where all the comforts he can share As wand'ring as his fancies are,
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset as it move about;
And shadows out in dues of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes include;
The world, the stage, the prologue tears;
The acts, vain hopes and varied rears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but Death,

LINES

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

FOR THE SUNDAY COMMERCIAL.

Far up the sloping hill of time, Bedecked with lovely flowers, I saw you walking in the light Of life's sweet sunny hours. You leaned upon the Arm of Age, Who like a friend had won you, And from the gates of Heaven shone The smiles of God upon you. I saw your dear familiar sace Your eyes with smiles were beaming; You looked as if you'd spent a life Of Christian leve and dreaming. And you was going Home to God-That blissful home of beauty, Prepared for all who lived on earth A life of Christian duty. You reached the gate, and Angels came, With kisses to caress you, And when I saw you enter in I knew that God would bless you. I turned away and vainly tried My saddest thoughts to smother-Your form, your face, your gentle voice Reminded me of-Mother. WILL S. HAYS. March 9, 1888.

ON THE WALL.

Some Verses that a Louisville Boy Found Scribbled in the Room Where Virginia Poe Died.

Several years ago while at college at Fordham, New York, I had the pleasure of visiting a number of times the house at that place where Edgar Allen Poe passed some of his brightest and his saddest days.

The old house at that time was untenanted, and I frequently spent hours in its quaint precincts, replete with historic memories.

On one of these excursions, in the room which I am told Viginia Poe, the poet's young wife, used as her bedchamber, and in which she died, I found scribbled on the chairboarding and under the dust of years, the following wierd verses. No one would attribute their authorship to the genius of the "Poet of Sorrow," however much their construction may ape his peculiar style, but I am inclined to think that they were penned by some waggish contemporary, perhaps, in a merry jest with Poe. They have never been printed, and I send them to TRUTH as something of a curiosity, not for a moment granting the authenticity of the signature, but believing them to be a very clever hoax.

S. S. F.

AMBITION'S SLAVE.

O my heart is breaking, breaking,
And a thirst that knows no slaking
Burns within this careworn breast;
Madly do I crave that morrow
That may bring surcease of sorrow
For a nature of unrest.

Long before this yearning, yearning,
And this hellish, ceaseless burning
Took possession of my heart,
My young life was gay and merry,
And my nature, blithe and cheery,
With this fell sorrow had no part.

Now forever gnawing, gnawing,
Drop by drop my life blood drawing,
In my soul this canker dwells;
On he leads, this fiend Ambition,
Leads me onward to perdition,
Casting o'er me all his spells.

Passion's slave, I'm moaning, moaning,
In an endless thralldom groaning,
With an age of care bent low.
There's no respite from this slavery,
For the fiend, in practiced knavery,
Takes all from me save my woe.

When at night ne'er sleeping, sleeping,
Long nocturnal watch I'm keeping,
Phantom honors 'round me spring;
As I seek them, in derision
Laughs the fiend, removes the vision,
Buries deeper down his sting.

Thus my soul is wasting, wasting, Craving ever, never tasting
The renown it holds so dear;
And the fiend is ever working,
Ever near its victim lurking—
Thus forever dwells it there.

Yet I live, thus hoping, hoping,
In a world of darkness groping
For the hidden path of fame.
To the grave my course is bending,
And this dreary life is ending,
And this toiling for a name. E. A. P